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THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE

AND
PROTESTANT BEACON.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER. WHOM TO
KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

VOL. VIII.—NEW SERIES



LONDON:

W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, 117 to 119, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

1864.

P R E F A C E.

How amazingly rapid is the flight of time! Personally we are more and more astounded in the contemplation.

However our readers in general may feel this, unless they have had some experience of the matter, they can have little conception of the seemingly additional fleetness of weeks and months and years, as realized in connexion with the press. Where publications have stately to appear, even though it be at intervals of a month, still they are almost uninterruptedly on the mind, and the ever-constant demand upon one's time and attention causes a new month to be, as it were, ever dawning. The same idea—only somewhat enlarged—presents itself as respects the year. It is amazing how quickly the closing month appears to present itself, and a new December calls for another Preface.

But, brethren beloved, although we may witness change and vicissitude with respect to time and the world, yet how cheering is the consideration that there is no change whatever in our God. He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." "With Him is no variableness, neither the shadow of a turning." Oh, how blessed is this fact! Come what change there may in the creature, and although one and another may be called away by the unsparing hand of Death, yet Jesus is the same. He, too, "rests in His love," and "hates putting away." It is as true of Him now as of old, "Having loved His own, which were in the world, He loveth them unto the end."

This, beloved, is something—and how great a something, too—upon which to fall back.

Be assured, moreover, as we advance onward and homeward, the reality and the blessedness of this truth will be yet more and more tested.

If not as a matter of choice, yet as one of sheer necessity, we believe our God will compel His children to relax their hold of the world. Hence, if from no other cause, the trials and tribulations connected therewith the Lord will so overrule as to compel His dear children to sit more loosely to the things of time and sense. He will cause them, by His all-wise and in His ever-loving discipline, to feel that "this is not their rest; it is polluted."

And need we remark that, whatever may be the special methods and the peculiar measures by which a wise and tender and gracious God may fix this truth upon the heart and conscience of His child, such instruction must be salutary and profitable to the last degree?

Would to God that many of our readers could thus construe and interpret the Lord's dealings with them, both in providence and grace. All He does with regard to them He is prompted by infinite love and boundless wisdom and tenderness in the doing. He afflicts because He loves. "If ye are without chastisement, whereof *all* are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons, for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?"

At this season it may be that remarks are looked for with regard to the times in which we live. We are prepared to admit that they are solemn and momentous. Our readers have long been familiar with our opinion on this head. As years advance, and time closes in, we are justified in expecting that the general aspect of things will become additionally solemn and important. Much of Scripture has yet to be fulfilled, many events must of necessity occur, then "cometh the end," and we often think that end is much nearer than men are wont to consider. We believe we are nearer the Saturday night of time than is generally imagined. "The coming of the Son of man" is not so remote as people think. To us it appears that Infidelity and Popery are making such rapid progress in our own long highly-favoured England, that the land is ripening for destruction. Everything socially, politically, nationally, bespeaks a coming crisis. If there be not a callous indifference, then there is what the Scriptures declare there should be, "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."

But, come what may, beloved, and amid all the dangers and destructions by which the ark of God may be surrounded, "the Scriptures cannot be broken." Still it stands as firmly and as blessedly upon record as ever, "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." Then—

"What shall injure you,
Ye hedged about by God?"

If we look to the prophet, in the anticipation of coming calamities, how sweet and how forcible was his language, "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain" (Isa. xxvi. 20, 21). Then if we consider what the Lord Himself said, in the prospect of the destruction of Jerusalem, or in the near approach of the

termination of all things, how consolatory are His words, "But when ye shall hear of wars and commotions, *be not terrified.*" Now supposing this counsel were limited to the calamities about to befall Jerusalem, would not such calamities be quite as solemn and as overwhelming to those then addressed as any that may befall our own land? Can *we*, beloved, be more deeply interested about our present state of things than were *those* then resident in the holy city? Yet mark the language, "*Be not terrified.*"

Again, later down in the chapter, the Lord assures His disciples, "There shall not an hair of your head perish." We would have every poor Spirit-quicken'd soul remember, that those to whom the Lord thus addressed Himself were not more loved by Jesus, nor had they a larger interest in Him, than themselves. He loves all His people with the same love, He redeemed them by the same blood, and is equally tender with all.

"To Him the *weakest*
Is dear as the *strong.*"

Again, after the Lord had testified, "And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory," He adds, for their comfort and fearlessness, "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

Beloved, we cannot conceive of language more cheering or fear-assuaging. That, under these very circumstances, when confusion and destruction are about to befall a God-dishonouring world, His own dear blood-bought ones are to "look up" hopefully and joyfully, and to "lift up their heads" expectingly and exultingly, knowing that their "redemption," their full and final freedom from all sin—trial—thralldom—temptation, the entire consummation of all their hopes, joys, and anticipations—salvation, in all its perfection, purity, and power, "draweth nigh"—is about to be divinely developed and personally realized in all its fulness, blessedness, and satisfaction.

Beloved, these are no cunningly-devised fables, but divine realities, as sweetly set forth and graciously commented upon by our blessed Lord Himself. We know, therefore, of nothing more calculated to cheer the heart of His drooping ones, and to cause them to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God," than these precious verities.

Such may reason with themselves, and ask, "How shall *I* stand in that great day?" Beloved, if thou art a poor sensible sinner, looking for salvation simply and exclusively to Jesus, thou needest not be under any apprehension as to how thou shalt stand under those momentous circumstances. As experienced throughout the pathway of the wilderness, so assuredly shall it then be found to be equally true,

"He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Supported by His omnipotent hand."

As in past life, so in all the after-circumstances of life, shalt thou prove the truth of His own covenant engagement, "My people shall never be ashamed." Here, beloved, is our hope and stay and consolation, Not my faith nor my feelings, nor my experience (however blessed all these in their place), but the covenant oath and immutable engagements of Him who "willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec."

Shall we not, then, beloved, in the prospect exultingly sing—

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd
With joy shall I lift up my head.

"Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through Him I am
From sin's tremendous guilt and shame.

"When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
'Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me!'"

THE EDITOR.

Totterdown, Bedminster, Nov., 1864.

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"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

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"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 85,
NEW SERIES. }

JANUARY, 1864.

{ No. 1,177,
OLD SERIES.

1864.—OUR DESIRE!

"Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for His mercies are great,"

2 SAM. xxiv. 14.

BRETHREN BELOVED,—Recollecting what befell ourselves during the year just now brought to a close, and feeling our utter ignorance of what a day or an hour may bring forth, the above portion is most congenial to the spirit. Called away as one of our dear family circle has been since the 1st of January, 1863, and little suspecting such an occurrence when that beloved one formed one of our midnight congregation*—the last service she ever attended—the last time, indeed, she ever stepped over the threshold of this our habitation, we cannot but enter upon the present year with peculiar feelings—yea, feelings intermingled with much fear and trembling. We dare not say we have no fears. Yea, we are wont oftentimes to say, we have never been privileged to reach that favoured condition of which the Apostle speaks, "Perfect love casteth out fear: fear hath torment; he that feareth is not made perfect in love." Hence, having fear—and the Lord alone knows how much and how manifold—we are necessarily "not made perfect in love."

If you ask, dear reader, "Are you fearful about the ultimate issue?" we answer, No; nor do we doubt that at the *end* we shall say as *now*, "He hath done ALL things well." Not judging by sight or sense, but simply in a way of childlike confidence and trust, considering who our God is—what He is—what He has done—and what He has covenanted to do,—we verily believe we shall as much admire Him and adore Him for what is in the *future* as has been in the *past*. We believe we shall thank Him *then*, as we are compelled to thank Him *now*, for His preventing mercies, as well as for His preserving and providing mercies. We shall thank Him *in time to come* that He has not permitted us to have our own way in regard to our fleshly choice, even as we have again and again done so with respect to *time past*.

This we steadfastly believe; but, beloved, our exercise and our fear and our misgiving arise from the contemplation in the abstract of what it may please our God, in this, that, or the other respect, to put upon us. Our concern is "about

* We invariably have a service at the close of the year, commencing at 11 p.m., on the night of the 31st of December, and ending at a quarter past 12 a.m., on the morning of the new year. On the last, as well as on previous occasions, the church was full, and the congregation seemed becomingly impressed with the solemnity of the service.

the moveables," as dear TRIGGS used to term them. We are quite aware of the seeming absurdity of it, whilst one is privileged to be at a point about a covenant interest in covenant verities.

We can easily conceive how some poor trembling reader will exclaim, "Why, if I had 'made my calling and election sure,' as you have; if I could say, 'I know whom I have believed,' as you can, 'The Lord is mine, and I am His,'—why, these little trivial things would have no weight whatever with me. I should count them light as air; they would not weigh the weight of a feather."

Ah, poor soul, you may think so. We know one that used to say the same. But permit us to remind you, that whatever our God intends to be a trouble or a trial, shall be so. Trial or affliction does not become such in point of weight or magnitude, but only as it is ordained and regulated by infinite wisdom and boundless love. Hence a dear servant of God—we refer to the late ALGAR LOCK—used to say, "If God intends that a grasshopper should be my burden, that grasshopper will be beyond my control." Not unfrequently, the very *minuteness* of the trial constitutes its *magnitude*. Its smallness and seeming absurdity would prevent the subject of it from naming it to others, lest thereby he should expose himself to ridicule. Hence he is compelled to bear his burden alone, and is deprived of the sweets of human sympathy. The Lord's object is simply this—to keep His people in a perpetual state of dependance upon Himself. It matters not where they are, nor what they are—be there position high or low—number them with rich or poor; what God intends to be a cross, shall be a cross; that which He designed for a burden, shall be a burden: be it headache or heart-ache—a thorn or a threat; be it what it may, or come through whatever channel it does—it is of divine appointment, and can alone be brought under divine control.

Viewing the matter in this light, beloved, the language of our text is most agreeable to the spirit: "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great." Yes, this is in very deed the simple utterance of the heart. This is the uppermost thought with us, whilst stepping over the threshold of another year, with all its unseen details. This is our watchword—this our hope—here, and here alone, is our stronghold. We have not the veriest particle of confidence in self or the creature. Perhaps we never felt more forcibly the truth of God's word, "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool;" "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm;" "The most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge." Oh, in how many thousand ways has one been taught that most difficult lesson of "ceasing from man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

Moreover, beloved, just in proportion as we are enabled to say, "Let us fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great," and to adopt it as our own, in that very proportion are we diverted from ourselves, and all passing or prospective circumstances, and can testify, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him;" "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident" (Psalm xxvii. 3). Again, "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee: so that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me" (Heb. xiii. 5, 6).

Reader, here, we repeat, is our stronghold: not in self—not in past experience even—but in the covenant word of a covenant God. And how blessed it is to come before Him with a "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good,"—a "Remember the word unto Thy servant upon which Thou hast caused me to hope,"—a "Do as Thou hast said." Oh, how unspeakably blessed it is when by a simple, precious faith we are enabled to hold our God to His word.

Reader, do you know what this is? Have you had a rich experience of the same? If so, then you know what it is to sing with the poet—

"Makes sov'reign mercy dear to me,
And Jesus all in all."

Beloved, the circumstances connected with the words of our text are very important. David, we are told, was moved to number Israel and Judah. We have often wondered what inclined him to do so; whether it was pride or unbelief. In the Nebuchadnezzar spirit, "Is not this great Babylon that *I* have built?" the king of Israel might have desired to know the extent of his army; or, apprehensive of other wars, he might, in a spirit of unbelief, have wanted to calculate upon his strength to engage therein: in either case, it would have been indulging in a carnal—and therefore a sinful—spirit. David never had won a battle upon any such principles, nor does any child of God gain the victory upon any similar grounds. In every conflict in which the Psalmist, or any of God's people, engage, is most clearly to be traced that all-important truth, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." "The Lord delighteth not in the strength of the horse; He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man." "The lame take the prey;" and all this is to hide pride from man, and that glory may be given to whom alone the glory is due.

Joab, the captain of the host, remonstrated with David, and sought to show him the impropriety of the course he proposed to pursue; but his remonstrance was of no avail. This is another proof of the Lord's great condescension in raising up instruments here and there as checks and hindrances to us, when tempted to pursue a self-willed or rebellious course. Who of us cannot retrace such in our own experience? Who of us that knows anything of divine teaching and training, but can look back, and clearly trace, in regard to this or that rebellious step, how conscience checked, and how this obstacle and that barrier was thrown up in our way, gently to restrain and to admonish? But ah, we would not see, or, seeing, would not give heed; so bent were we upon the gratification of our own self-will. Reader, is it not so? Must you not plead guilty? At the same time, can you but admire the patience and the forbearance and the long-suffering of your God in thus bearing with your manners in the wilderness? Do not such reviews endear the lines of the poet—

"And are we wretches yet alive,
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell."

There is another striking feature with regard to David in this matter of the numbering of the people. Though Joab and the captains of the host were engaged upwards of nine months in this service, yet it would seem that there was no relenting, nor any sense of his sin, upon the part of David, until the work was completed; and not even then, until Gad, David's seer, came unto him with a message from the Lord. How does this prove the dreadfully-hardening nature of sin; and this the more so in the Psalmist, because in the matter of Uriah he had continued a similar interval in a state of hardness and impenitency. How does this, at the same time, prove that sin will not of itself convince of sin, much less impart sorrow on account of it. This is the work of God the Holy Ghost alone, whose special prerogative it is to convince of sin, and to give true godly sorrow and repentance for having sinned.

But when the Holy Ghost does convince of sin, there is no resisting that con-

viction. Only let it be His pleasure to exercise His own rightful prerogative, and to put forth His own almighty power, the soul is sure to fall under it. So was it with the Psalmist. Hence we read, "And David's heart smote him after that he had numbered the people. And David said unto the Lord, I have sinned greatly in that I have done: and now, I beseech thee, O Lord, take away the iniquity of Thy servant; for I have done very foolishly" (2 Sam. xxiv. 10).

Reader, this was not the first time David had "done very foolishly," and one would have thought that the recollection of past folly would have acted as a caution; but, ah! it is useless in these, as well as in many other respects, to calculate upon past knowledge or experience. Never till we are rid of "a heart that is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," shall we be safe. Satan tempting, and the world alluring with so much that is congenial with our own poor fallen natures, we shall ever be liable to fall under every fresh bait or renewed enticement; and only be safe and secure as we are upheld from moment to moment by Him who is mighty to save, and who has said, for our encouragement, that "when the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

Here, tried and tempted one, is our mercy.

We read, that "when David was up in the morning, the word of the Lord came unto the prophet Gad, David's seer, saying, Go and say unto David, Thus saith the Lord, I offer thee three things; choose thee one of them, that I may do it unto thee. So Gad came to David, and told him, and said unto him, Shall seven years of famine come unto thee in thy land? or wilt thou flee three months before thine enemies, while they pursue thee? or that there be three days' pestilence in thy land? Now advise, and see what answer I shall return to Him that sent me" (2 Sam. xxiv. 11—13). Then come the words of our text: "And David said unto Gad, I am in a great strait: let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for his mercies are great: and let me not fall into the hand of man" (2 Sam. xxiv. 14). Ah, yes, David had had enough of his own way. He no longer desired to choose for himself. Hence in this his difficulty, he desires the Lord to choose for him. "Let us fall now," said he, "into the hand of the Lord." He had that knowledge of the Lord—He had so richly and so blessedly proved His mercy, grace, and power, that he was content to leave himself in His hands. He knew—and therefore testified—that "His mercies were great." He knew that he had been—that he must still continue to be—a poor dependent upon divine mercy. He had nothing else to look to—nought else to depend upon. Had TOPLADY lived in the Psalmist's day, their testimony would have perfectly harmonized:—

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can having nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view."

Reader, can *you* sing of this mercy? Is this your hope?—this, and this alone, your confidence? Oh, then, we say, all hail; blessed be our God for this His divine instruction. Come through what channel it may, or by whatever instrumentality, it is of God; the result proves it to be so; and you shall have to bless God through all eternity for even "the terrible things in righteousness" by which you have been taught.

Once more, we cannot but admire the spirit manifested by the Psalmist when he contemplated the scourge and the chastisement which he had been the means of bringing upon the people. We read, "David spake unto the Lord when he saw the angel that smote the people, and said, Lo, I have sinned, and I have done wickedly: but these sheep, what have they done? let Thine hand, I pray Thee, be against me, and against my father's house" (2 Sam. xxiv. 17).

When in his right mind, how little disposed is a child of God, in any respect whatever, to take advantage of his fellow-man. How *honest* grace makes him; not in the mere common acceptation of the term, but in all the bearings of the heart and conscience, either as it respects himself or others. And how we see that afflictions, when sanctified, and trials, when blessed of our God, lead to this melting and mellowing of heart which was so beautifully manifested in David under the circumstances before us. How docile and childlike does he become. What true greatness is apparent even in this his, so to speak, littleness. How admirable the course he pursued with respect to Araunah, and the purchase of the threshing-floor; and how intensely anxious was David that the plague might be stayed.

Reader, the subject is fraught with the utmost teaching. May we have grace from above to learn therefrom.

And now with respect to all the unseen realities of this opening year, may we have grace at all times, and under all the varied circumstances which day by day and hour by hour it shall open, to exclaim, "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for His mercies are great: and let me not fall into the hand of man." Amen: so be it, holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty.

Bedminster.

THE EDITOR.

THE OLD MAN IN HIS NINETY-FIFTH YEAR.

DURING our recent preaching tour in West Somerset, we were introduced to a dear old saint in his 95th year. The visit was most refreshing. We cannot now attempt to describe it, nor is it needful, inasmuch as one present promised to note down the particulars of what passed, which, we doubt not, will be read with interest by our readers. There was one feeling, however, which pervaded the mind as we sat gazing upon that remarkable man; it was his perfect calmness and holy serenity. "Here," thought we, "is this dear old servant of God, who has, indeed, for so many, many years borne the burden and heat of the day, now sitting calm and tranquil before the Lord, just waiting the pleasure of the Lord, whilst I am borne down with weight, and care and anxiety, 'troubled about many things' [oh, how many the Lord knows!]" "And what," thought I, "do I get by all my anxiety—my fretting and fuming? Can I make the crooked straight, or the darkness light, or the rough places plain? Does not the Lord work, irrespective of this aged one? Are *his* labours necessary in order that matters should go on as usual. Does the Lord do without *him*? Then why not without *me*? How can such a poor worm as I help the mighty God of Israel? Why may not I 'be still and know that He is God,' as well as this dear old Father in Christ? Why should not I not 'stand still and see the salvation of the Lord,' as well as he? What comes of all my anxiety? my sleepless hours and toilsome days?"

Oh, God, my Father-God, give me more of this simple, childlike Christ-glorifying, reposing upon thyself; give me indeed to feel that

"'Tis enough that *Thou* shouldst care,
Why should *I* the burden bear?"

2

D.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

A WORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[Read Psalm lxxi., especially verses 5, 6, 7, 8.]

“Remember!”—REV. ii. 5.

BELOVED, as the heavy door of the Old Year for ever closes, and the gate of the New Year springs open before us, you and I have need to be thoughtful. We have reason to head the title-page of 1864 with our watchword—*Remember!* And, among the many things that busy memory will call up, do we not remember—

1st. *Our years of unregeneracy.* It is well we should call them up in review; not for the purpose of raking over the corruptions of the heart, but to give vent to expressions of unfeigned thankfulness to God, who hath redeemed our lives from destruction. As dear HART sings—

“My brethren, reflect
On what *we have been*;
How God had respect
To us under sin.
When lower and lower
We every day fell,
He stretched forth His power,
And SNATCHED us from hell.”

“Oh, to grace how great a debtor!” And, beloved, can we attribute our salvation to anything else than the fact spoken by our Lord to Ananias in the case of the rebel Saul of Tarsus? “Go thy way: *he is a chosen vessel unto me.*” I have analyzed my conversion to God again and again, and, I must confess, I can come to no other starting point than this: “*He is a chosen vessel unto me.*” Oh! how it melts one’s heart to think of this fact, as the cry goes forth—

“Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there’s room;
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?”

Man’s choice leads to wretchedness; God’s choice brings joyfulness. So then, beloved, in reviewing the years of our unregeneracy, and thinking of the Lord’s marvellous goodness to us at such a time, could any language more completely embody our feelings than that which I have drawn your attention to at the heading of this paper? “By Thee, [O God,] have I been holden up from the womb: Thou art He that took me out of my mother’s bowels: my praise shall be continually of Thee. I am as a wonder unto many: but Thou art my strong refuge. Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise and with Thy honour all the day.”

And then turning over another page in the history of the past, does not memory call up, beloved, that hallowed season—the *day of our spiritual birth*; or, if not the precise day, at all events the eventful period of our lives when mighty grace *met us, melted us, and moulded us* a new creature in Christ Jesus? Ah, what a melting time it was! we cannot think of it without tears of gratitude flowing freely. Some of us could take you to the spot where it occurred. We remember one brother in the Lord leading us on to the roof of his house, and, bidding us look at the corner of a certain field in view, he exclaimed, “There’s

where the Lord first met with me, and upon that grassy bank I kneeled and confessed my sins before Him, realizing Jesus as my Saviour and Sin-Bearer." We recollect a sister in Christ taking us into her garden, and exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. C., if these trees could speak, they would tell that it was here I received the manifestation of pardoning love and mercy, and was set at happy liberty of soul." And the writer could conduct the reader to a certain chapel, where, within its walls, through the preaching of the word, he was led to lay hold of a precious Christ as his Mediator, and to hear the welcome sound, "I have blotted out thy sins as a cloud, and thy transgressions as a thick cloud." It is a wonderful thought! a dead soul quickened by the mighty power of the Holy Spirit to live a new creature in Christ. We have reason to remember it.

But, lest these remarks should discourage some who cannot thus point to the particular time when grace's mighty change was effected, let me add a word of

COMFORT FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

This is the grand point (as expressed by the apostle Paul in Romans viii. 9): "If so be the Spirit of God dwell in you." "Ah!" says the little one, "this is just what I want to know, Does the Spirit of God dwell in me? I read and hear of the necessity of the new birth; and Jesus Himself declared, that without this, it is impossible to enter the kingdom of heaven; but the point I want cleared up is, Am I born of the Spirit?" Precious inquiry! Little one, let Scripture reply to it. And we need go no further than a few verses in this hallowed chapter to bring out tests of regeneration, and to lead you to an assurance upon this momentous matter. The Apostle tells us, that they that are born of the Spirit "*walk after the Spirit.*" Now, when we walk after any person, we follow him, we enjoy companionship with him, and our aim is to converse with him, and to drink in his wishes and desires. Now, is it so with you and the Spirit of God? Is it not your earnest desire to follow the leadings of the Spirit? your daily prayer to be taught and guided by Him? and your incessant craving is for those precious unfoldings and manifestations that He alone can give. And then the Apostle says of such, that they "*mind the things of the Spirit;*" that is to say, their thoughts are after Him. The wretched trifles of time sicken their hearts; the bent of their thoughts and desires are after the things of God, and their wills are brought into subjection to His. Now you know, little one, that this is your case. There you get creeping into prayer-meetings; listening with attentive, longing ear to the conversation of those who love Jesus, and panting after the ministry of the word; while the companion of your life is the Bible, and you keep dipping into it with the earnest desire to be taught concerning a Father's will. Now, this is "*mind the things of the Spirit.*" And then the Apostle speaks of the carnal mind as enmity against God, inferring that the spiritual mind is *in love with God*. And is it not so, little one, with you? are you at enmity with Jesus? do you hate Him? "Oh, no!" methinks I hear you emphatically reply. "If nothing else, this poor heart of mine does beat high at the mention of the name of Jesus." Well, then, I argue thus: I want to know whether I am "born of the Spirit." God tells me, by His servant Paul, that those that are so, "walk after the Spirit"—this, by the grace of God, I am doing; and that such "*mind the things of the Spirit.*" Yes, I can say that my daily pantings are after Him, and those things which He alone can reveal. And then, I do love Jesus! Yes; Thou who knowest all things—dear Jesus!—thou knowest, if nothing else, I do love Thee, and my soul-loathing and lamentation is that I do not love Thee more. Well, then, I take God at His word: such are born of the Spirit, and

I am born of the Spirit. But methinks we hear one say, "But is not this presumption?" Nay, O man! the presumption is on the other side. *To doubt God's Word is presumption: to believe it, is to honour Him.* And what then? If these things be so, what is the result? "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." And again, "To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Oh, then, I rejoice in these four words: No condemnation—life—and peace!" "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!"

"What condescending love!
Jehovah dwells with man;
Reveals His glories from above,
And shows His Gospel plan."

Little one, take the comfort of these words, and of this line of argument scripturally drawn.

And now, beloved, passing from our years of unregeneracy and the time of our spiritual birth, and from the evidences of that hallowed change, must we not remember, at such a season as this, *all the Lord's wonderful dealings with us since He allured us and brought us out into the wilderness?* "Ye that have escaped," saith the prophet Jeremiah, "remember the Lord." Ah! if it was the Lord who *saved*, it is the Lord who has *supported* ever since, and delivered us out of many a trial. And what wonderful deliverances some of them have been, beloved, have they not? So signal! Memory (may be) calls up *a soul-sinking time*, when faith, it seemed, must have been shipwrecked, but from the fact that underneath were the everlasting arms. Or it may be we look back upon *a head-aching time*, when pecuniary matters pressed heavily upon the brain, and it seemed as if all must be given up in despair. Oh, how opportune was the help! and how it came in a way least expected! True, you had to say, "He hath stripped me of my glory" (Job. xix. 9); but you were obliged presently to add, "But He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." And then thou dost recollect that *heart-aching time*, when sorrow prostrated soul and body; how sweet was the balm of His soothing promises, and how lovingly and gently He poured it into thy wounded spirit. Beloved, in reviewing the Lord's wondrous dealings with us, must we not inscribe upon the pages of our past history, the golden words, "The Lord will preserve him *and keep him alive*, and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and Thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies?" (Psalm xli. 2). This is the secret why we are sustained, "*He will keep him alive.*" Oh, how life's cares dull our spiritual vision, and make us dwarfs in divine things! What should we do but for this blessed promise, "*He will keep him alive?*"

And this brings us to another and most important matter, viz., We should remember *our first love*. It was forgetfulness of Him that called forth the Lord Jesus' rebuke to the Church at Ephesus: "Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Oh, for the revivings of first love—the renewal of such seasons as we enjoyed "when first we knew the Lord!" There is so much in this tiresome world that chokes, and clogs, and crushes. "Oh, but," said one to us the other day, "see, we live in a Gospel land, and have Gospel light. Look at our privileges." True; but sometimes the very glut of so-called religious services *Pharisees the soul*, and, in the midst of "the many privileges," we lose our first love. Alas! alas! we too often get the confectionary of creature doings, instead of the strong meat of the word; and at the end of a Sabbath-day, with all our privileges, *we are starving*. Oh, for the

word clothed with the unction and power of the Holy Spirit! Oh, for the pourings out of the good old wine of the kingdom! Oh, for the stirrings up of the Holy Ghost, to the keeping under the strivings of the flesh! We get from the pulpit beautiful thoughts and grand ideas, but, as a poor Christian man said to us a few days ago, "You know, sir, *ideas* won't feed hungry souls." And we might add, with dear HART:—

"Dry doctrine cannot save us,
Blind zeal or false devotion;
The feeblest prayer,
If faith be there,
Exceeds all empty notion."

And then, beloved, time's warnings make us remember another matter, viz., "*How frail we are.*" Yes, every day is making thinner life's brittle thread, while many broken links of our family circles are already lying low in the dust. Death has been making sad havoc amongst us during the past year; as dear E. B. M. sings in a new precious little leaflet, reviewing the closing year:—

"Many dear ones gone to glory,
Entered with us on the year;
We are left, but they are taken,
And before the throne appear.

"Once they struggled with corruption;
Groan'd beneath the load of sin;
Felt the power of temptation,
And the warfare from within."

Yes, beloved, there are few homes—

"But one dead lamb is there."

Memory calls to mind one who during the past year has lost his dearest earthly comfort, of whom it may be said—

"Ah! from a wife's tomb
The stricken husband went his way,
To brave alone life's trials;"

and of another, whose bleeding heart mourns the loss of a beloved husband, who has left a band of little helpless ones to look in vain through empty rooms for "*Father*;" and of a third, who watched with pent-up sorrow the fading of a loved child, and whose heart-strings well nigh broke as they laid his treasure in the silent grave. Ah!

"This is a world of sorrow, all things are dying;
And those most precious are the first to fall."

And yet, painful as these losses are to flesh and blood, we are to remember that the Hand that commanded the severing cannot err. If that Hand brings to the bitterness of *earthly partings*, it also leads to the home of *happy meetings*. Our walks to the grave are nothing, compared to Jesus' walk to Calvary.

And now, lastly, beloved, if years are fast rolling away, and time is hurrying us onwards, while some are even hearing the waves of Jordan beating upon their life's margin, may we not wistfully turn our eyes upwards and *think of home*? Sweet words for tired souls that are feeling the weariness of life's up-hills! Home! Yes, the mansion is already prepared for the weary pilgrim, and faith

sees written over its portals, in golden letters: "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me: for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world," and Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved me.

Take then thy staff, pilgrim friend, and face the future with *godly trust*, and let thine harp strike up such joy-notes as these:—

"Yes, I am pressing still
On up the narrow hill,
Still towards home!
Soon will its towers be seen,
Soon shall I enter in,
Never to roam."

REMEMBER!! "When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me" (Psalm xlii. 4).

PRAY—That a special blessing may rest upon the Editor and writers of the *Gospel Magazine*; that their tracings may be saturated with the Spirit, and their articles so bear the impress of the Holy One, that this year may be one of daily rememberings and unctuous unfoldings of our "*first love*." Amen.

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

LINES WRITTEN BY LADY FLORA HASTINGS,

ON BEQUEATHING HER BIBLE TO HER MOTHER.

OH! let the kindred circle far, in our northern land,
From heart to heart draw closer affection's strength'ning band;
To fill my place, long vacant, soon may the loved ones learn,
For to our pleasant dwelling I never shall return.

Peace to each heart that troubled my course of happy years!
Peace to each angry spirit that quenched my life in tears!
Let not the thought of vengeance be mingled with regret;
Forgive my wrongs, dear mother! seek even to forget.

Give to the friend, the stranger, whatever once was mine,
Nor keep the smallest token to wake fresh tears of thine;
Save one well-loved memorial with thee I fain would leave,
'Tis one that will not teach thee yet more for me to grieve.

'Twas mine when early childhood turned to its sacred page
The gay and thoughtless glances of almost infant age;
'Twas mine in days yet brighter, the joyous days of youth,
When never had affliction bowed down mine ear to truth.

'Twas mine when deep devotion hung breathless on each line,
Of pardon, peace, and promise, 'till I could call them mine;
'Till on my soul awakening, the gift of heavenly love,
The spirit of adoption, descended from above.

Unmarked, unhelped, unheeded, in heart I've walked alone;
Unknown the prayers I uttered, the hopes I held unknown;
'Till in the hour of trial upon the mighty main,
With strength and succour laden to bear the weight of pain.

Then, oh! I fain would leave thee, for now my hours are few,
The hidden mine of treasure whence all my strength I drew;
Take then the gift, my mother, and 'till thy path is trod,
Thy child's last token cherish—it is the Book of God.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

"Sal sapit omnia"—"Sall seasons all things."

A SALUTATION upon the opening of the new and hitherto unknown periods of the year 1864, to the one Church of God which are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called saints, who in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours, for whom we are "bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth" (2 Thess. i. 3); whose hearts we pray the Lord to "direct into the love of God, and into the patience of Christ" (2 Thess. iii. 5, old Bible reading).

Solitary as the messengers of Job—though not with their tidings of lamentation, mourning, and woe—we meet you at the wonted season of salutation, praying that your "hearts may be comforted, being knit together in love, and to all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ" (Col. ii. 2). "For which cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ" (Eph. iii. 14—19).

The Holy Scriptures abound with metaphors from the stores of nature, in illustrating and setting forth the Person and work of Him who "is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world" (John iv. 42), and is one of the means adopted by the Great Teacher, of giving instruction to the one Church of the Lord Jesus in the glorifying of Him, and teaching "them all things, and bringing all things to their remembrance" (John xiv. 26): still "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God" (1 Cor. ii. 14); the revelation of the Spirit being to search out "the deep things of God" (1 Cor. ii. 10), and comparing spiritual things with spiritual, bestowing a spiritual discernment that they may know things that differ, and be found "sincere and without offence till the day of Christ" (Phil. i. 10).

In the limits of our yearly salutation to you, beloved fellow-pilgrims, we can only draw your attention to one of those divine similitudes in which Job saith, "He revealeth (or uncovereth) the ear, and sealeth instruction" (Job xxxiii. 16, old reading). And surely there is always a profit of soul to be obtained when eyeing the Lord Jesus, in any and every endeared similitude under which the Holy Ghost reveals Him to His people; and it is further blessed to behold how the Lord Jesus is distinguished in Scripture by the different names He bears; and it becomes doubly blessed, as we behold the pleasure Jehovah takes in speaking of Him unto His people, "the One chosen out from among the people" Psalm lxxxix. 19. "My Servant, whom I uphold: mine Elect, in whom my soul delighteth" (Isa. xlii. 1). "My salvation unto the ends of the earth" (Isa. xlix. 6). And no less the Church, as she receives divine tuition, says, "He is altogether lovely" (Song v. 16); and the great apostle Paul, having caught the fervour of the third heavens, in the highest triumph of his soul, says, "Christ is all and in all" (Col. iii. 11): all and every name, perfection, and grace centre in Him, making known that Jehovah's good intention from everlasting has been to exalt and glorify the Person of His co-equal and co-eternal Son.

In opening upon the unknown year by the wheel of revolving time brought round, we would pause and give thanks to our God, who has caused us, through the unsatisfying year of the world's age, always to triumph in Christ, and who we still trust, as we pass through the troubled sea of the one now entered upon, will make manifest the knowledge of His savour in every place (Zech. x. 11; 2 Cor. ii. 14).

The Church has been well taught to whom she is indebted for the mercies which crown every year (Psalm lxxv. 11), and where to look for the dropping paths in future, for who but Jesus their Covenant Head could "receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of His salvation" (Psalm xxiv. 5); and that it must be so is evident, because "there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore" (Psalm cxxxiii. 3). And whose name shall continue but the Son, who shall establish His Father's name for ever (Psalm lxxii. 17)? Thus the Holy Ghost by the prophet confirms the Church of old in this blessed truth: "And thou shalt swear, the Lord liveth, in truth, in judgment, and in righteousness; and the nations shall bless themselves in Him, and in Him shall they glory" (Jer. iv. 2; with Isa. lxxv. 16; 1 Cor. i. 30). And from the same Divine Teacher we are instructed to draw profit from every name or character the Lord Jesus bears unto His people, in all of which He is set before us as the one and only way unto the Father's giving encouragement unto all who so come, that they "shall in nowise be cast out." Hence the Church, calling upon God as a covenant God, takes shelter beneath His wings in the twofold character—as the shield of Jehovah's appointing, and as the One He hath anointed (Psalm lxxxiv. 9); and who can be the Anointed of God but Jesus? (For confirmation see Psalm lxxxix. 20; Isa. lxi. 1; Matt. iii. 7.) Well knowing that the whole ministry of the Lord the Spirit is to glorify the covenant Head in His Person and work, and for that purpose has called the most beautiful and best-adapted metaphors and figures from nature, to bring Him within reach of our capacities, we desire to salute you in Him as "the salt of the covenant," which was enjoined upon the Church in the wilderness in no way to be lacking; and, as there is nothing savoury of meat without salt, so there can be no offering acceptable to God the Father where the Lord Jesus Himself is not; so also the savoury meat that every redeemed and regenerate soul loves, causing the sweet "savour of their good ointments to go forth" (Song i. 3).

"*Salta salti omnia*,"—the waymark of our salutation, upon entering upon the year 1864, verifies the great truth that He is the one Sanctifier, inasmuch as its purport and meaning is, "Salt seasons all things," and Jesus sweetens all for His people, preserving and keeping them pure for ever, casting the salt of the covenant upon all their offerings when offered before the Lord.

"And every oblation of thy meat-offering shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat-offering: with all thy offerings thou shalt offer salt" (Lev. ii. 13).

The nature and use of salt in the commonalties of life are so well understood, as to need no observation from us in drawing attention thereunto, as being one of those illustrative metaphors used by the Holy Ghost for the purpose of glorifying the Lord Jesus, for who but Him can be "a covenant of salt for ever before the Lord" (Num. xviii. 19)? And do we not read "that the Lord God of Israel gave the kingdom over Israel," to Him as our spiritual David, "for ever, even to Him and to his sons," or seed, "by a covenant of salt" (2 Chron. xiii. 5)? It is somewhat remarkable, that from Scripture we gather that there is a twofold use of salt spoken of—the one destructive, as in the instance

of Lot's wife (Gen. xix. 26). The miry places of the prophet were not to be healed, but "given to salt" (Ezek. xlvii. 11); and the Psalmist speaks of the Lord turning "a fruitful land into saltness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein" (Psalm cvii. 34, marginal reading).

We now seek the mind of the Holy Ghost respecting the use of it as a figure of good, in reference to the Lord Jesus; and sure the ordinance of it in the Jewish Church throws a great light upon it, for if those things attached thereto were only "a shadow of good things to come" (Heb. x. 1), by their voice proclaiming "the way into the holiest of all was not made perfect" (Heb. ix. 8), we are greatly enlightened why every meat-offering was seasoned with salt. There was never to be any want of the salt; salt was to be offered with all offerings, and, which tends to give it dignity, it was to be considered "the salt of the covenant of Jehovah."

One of the properties of salt is preservation, or saving from corruption, and this in the highest sense can only be said of Jesus, who having been called in righteousness by Jehovah, and given for a covenant unto the people, becomes in His Person and work the one sole Preserver of His people (Jude i.); and so delighted is Jehovah in the Lord Jesus that He cannot withhold from His Church the solemn engagement between them by this "covenant of salt;" and He said, "It is a light thing that Thou shouldest be my Servant, to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give Thee for a light to the Gentiles, that Thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth" (Isa. xlix. 6).

Admitting the essence and nature of salt to preserve from corruption, it at once throws a light upon that salt which was never to be omitted in the offering of the Jewish altar, and the one object the Lord had in view when He enjoined upon that people, that "in all their offerings they should offer salt," figuratively setting forth the Lord Jesus Christ as "the salt of the covenant of Thy God;" of what importance must His person, blood, and righteousness be in and with all our offerings, taught by the Holy Ghost in after days, the alone source of their preservation. "For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren" (Heb. ii. 11), thus showing that there was no coming unto the Father but by Him.

Taking further into consideration the universal use of salt, how essential for all purposes of food, as the man of Uz asks, "Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt?" (Job vi. 6). Not only does it give a taste to the articles of meat, but is the sole prevention from corruption; thus, the common act of curing meat by the use of salt partakes much of a spiritual nature, and took its rise apparently from the divine care of our nature, by the salt of the covenant showing that the fallen nature of the whole Church can only be accepted in Christ, and our poor nature be cured and preserved from everlasting corruption but by the Lord Jesus.

Again, salt, as one of the natural productions of the earth, is of the Lord's providing. The ingenuity and art of man might cause it to minister in various ways of usefulness; but in its purity of nature as the salt of the earth, "rock salt," there is nothing of human production or contrivance, but is of Jehovah's providing: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" (1 Cor. x. 26); so that in the salt of the covenant we offer nothing of our own for acceptance. The provision made for us in Christ being Jehovah's salvation for the curing of the souls of His people unto the end of the world; and so very jealous is our God of His own honour, that He hath declared with His name that His "glory He will not give unto another, neither His praise to graven images" (Isa. xlii. 8;

xlvi. 11). Thus the injunction to Israel, if they built an altar unto Him. "An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt-offerings, and thy peace-offerings, thy sheep, and thine oxen: in all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee; and if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it" (Exod. xx. 24, 25). And was not this prefigured in the Bethel pillar of Jacob? (Gen. xxviii. 18; xxxi. 13, 45; xxxv. 14).

Salt, without controversy, setting forth the Lord Jesus Christ, being the first and the last in all our offerings, fulfils that sweet promise given by Jehovah: "For in mine holy mountain, in the mountain of the height of Israel, saith the Lord God, there shall all the house of Israel, all of them in the land, serve me: there will I accept them, and there will I require your offerings, and the first-fruits of your oblations, with all your holy things. I will accept you with your sweet savour, when I bring you out from the people, and gather you out of the countries wherein ye have been scattered; and I will be sanctified in you before the heathen" (Ezek. xx. 40, 41). And what "sweet savour" can this be but the gift of Christ to us as an offering and sacrifice to God "for a sweetsmelling savour?" (Eph. v. 2).

Further, "the salt of the covenant" was connected with the meat-offering "made by fire" unto the Lord, as it was to be sprinkled thereon, and the priest burning the whole of the sacrifice prefigured the Lord Jesus under all the fire of divine wrath, wherein both soul and body was made an offering for sin "made by fire;" and the Lord showed His acceptance by the fire which came out from the Lord, and consumed upon the altar "the burnt-offering," the Lord smelling "a sweet savour of meat," the testimony that the consumption of the sacrifice set forth the salvation of the people by the death of Christ, as the salted sacrifice, else the fire of divine justice would have destroyed them. Well may the redeemed of the Lord shout and sing for the greatness of the Holy One of Israel, who is in their midst, and declare His doings among the people, "for He hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified Himself in Israel" (Isa. xii. 6; xlv. 23). Here is the salt of the covenant which can never be lacking.

Hence, like Him whom it prefigures, who was set for "a sign to be spoken against of many in Israel," and should become either "the savour of life unto life, or the savour of death unto death" (Luke ii. 34; 2 Cor. ii. 16). As "the salt of the covenant," He will preserve the burning bush from being consumed (Exod. iii. 3). It becomes a standing ordinance at Marah, to prove how He can render every bitter thing sweet; and again, the "cruse of salt," contrary to nature, shall heal the brackish waters of Jericho (1 Kings ii. 19—23); in short, wherever this salt of the covenant is found, the motto of our salutation is carried out, "*Salt seasons all.*" "Destroy it not: for a blessing is in it" (Isa. lxxv. 8).

"Salt is good: but if the salt has lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" (Mark ix. 50.) There is no recovering its nature; so "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost" (2 Cor. iv. 3). Nothing short of the salt of the covenant will save from utter destruction, as that which now saves will one day be the everlasting condemnation of those who have lacked "the salt of the covenant of the Lord;" for, if Jesus be not the salt within ourselves, and sprinkled upon all and every sacrifice, who then can give acceptance to the sinner?

Brethren beloved, suffer in this, which probably may be our last salutation unto you a word of exhortation. The provision of our God in this "salt

of the covenant," is like the eastern monarch's gift unto the returning captives—"salt, without prescribing how much" (Ezra vii. 22). See that your speech be seasoned at all times with grace, "seasoned with salt" (Col. iv. 6); that throughout the untrodden year, and under all the exercises therein, there may be no "lack of the salt of the covenant of thy God," but Jesus viewed in all and enjoyed in all. The salt within you will bear out the truthfulness of our salutation, "*Sal sapit omnia*," "Salt seasons all things."

London.

A STRIPLING.

OUR BROAD-SHEET ALMANACK.

By the time this Almanack has found its way to the cottager's hand, or been set up in the artizan's room, 1863 will have fled for ever! Not one moment can be recalled! Were thousands or even millions sterling offered for the detention or return of one of its fleeting hours, such offer would be altogether in vain. The knell of the departing year would still sound, unmoved by any proposal, however great.

And yet, alas! conscious as we, poor erring mortals, are, of this fact; instructed as we have been in it year after year, how little are we influenced by it. Although we have seen one year so rapidly pass away, and another, and another, and another, come and go in the place of such other, and other, and other, yet how slow, alas! are we to give heed to that most important of all lessons, namely, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

God's providence confirms God's word, yea, it is commonly the very striking expositor of that word. For example, we read thus in the book of Ecclesiastes, "For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun? For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night." Again, in the same book we read, that "all the days of his vain life which he spendeth are a shadow: for who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?" Now, can there be greater truths than these? Has the man any rest whose time and whose talents are wholly engrossed upon how he "can buy, and sell, and get gain," so as to add house to house, and field to field? Is it not a truth to be seen in operation every day, that "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase?" Is it not plain that the more a man has the more he wants? and is it not equally true that whilst "the sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much, the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep?"

Moreover, can there be any disputing the fact, that "as he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labour which he may carry away in his hand?" Whilst "he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them," have we not proof, day by day, that all that gold can do for him who all his lifetime grasped it, is, as far as he himself is concerned, to secure for him a little more pomp, and a little more show, whilst he is being conveyed to the narrow house appointed for all living? And what will that avail *him*? The spirit shall have returned to God who gave it, to render an account of the talents once entrusted to him, and the which he had probably so abused—not recollecting that whilst here he was but a steward over that which had for a brief season been placed in his hands, and the which, at the judgment of the great day, he would have to account for; "for God

shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

In conformity with the words of Solomon, are those of the Psalmist, who says, "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree: yet he passed away, and, lo, he was gone: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found."

Hence, reader, we may well offer the prayer of Agur, "Two things have I required of Thee; deny me them not before I die: remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

We may well also set before us perpetually the fact, that "better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

The past year has been to many a painfully-eventful one. Numbers have been called to surrender one and another and another object most near and dear to them, and, in doing so, have proved that few trials and afflictions can exceed in weight and importance that severance of human ties which pierces to the very heart's core, inflicting the deadliest wound, and producing an anguish—a bitterness—a heart-sorrow, that none but God Himself can soothe and subdue.

Still, where the Holy Ghost is pleased to implant His grace, the recipient does, even with respect to the keenest of trials and the severest of all afflictions, sooner or later exclaim, "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Such, in connection with trial and affliction, become additionally impressed with the conviction that earth is not their home; that in it they have no continuing city; that, being only strangers and pilgrims here, as all their fathers were, they look for—and are journeying to—"a city which hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God." Of such persons, and of all the perplexities and privations they meet with in their journey through life, it may be said, in the language of one of our great poets:—

"His hand the good man
Fastens on the skies,

And bids earth roll,
Nor feels her idle whirl."

Beloved reader, since what we have stated is simply true, and beyond all contradiction; since the word of God and plain matters of fact day by day harmonize, permit me, in much affection, to suggest very specially for thy adoption, upon this the opening of another year, with all the hidden realities of which we must necessarily be in perfect ignorance, the following scriptural counsel: let it be deeply graven upon thy heart, as well as appended to the walls of thy habitation:—

"My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments. For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: so shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."—*Old Jonathan's Almanack for 1864.*

If Satan be permitted sometimes to speak through disciples, how should we learn to cease from man?—*Rev. W. Borrow.*

"THE LORD HATH NEED OF HIM."

Or what had the Lord need? Of the ass's colt wherewith to accomplish His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Without this poor despised animal the ancient prophecy would not have been fulfilled, which was predicted five hundred years before the event took place: "Thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass" (Zech. ix. 9). Wondrous condescension of the great King over the whole earth, thus to visit His dominions and assert His right to the throne which cost Him, as the God-Man, His life's blood to establish. The animal upon which Christ thus entered Jerusalem is a true representation of the Church of Christ. It was commanded under the law that the first-born of the ass was to be redeemed with a lamb; if this were not done, the ass was to die (Exod. xiii. 13). Here we see a type of God's Church redeemed by the Lamb of God; hence Christ says of all the elect: "Because I live, ye shall live also: he that believeth in me shall never die." But we notice here the nature which the redeemed possess by reason of the Adam fall: "Man is born like a wild ass's colt" (Job. xi. 12); "a wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure" (Jer. ii. 24). What a faithful likeness of every poor unconverted sinner! What a true description of every child of God in his days of darkness! "They sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind"—"a wild ass alone by herself" (Hos. viii. 9). "Having no hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. ii. 12). "But the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion." The secretly loved before all worlds, must be called openly in time to the knowledge of Christ, and the old prediction must be fulfilled: "Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine" (Gen. xlix. 11). Thus Christ and the sinner are brought together. "Having redemption through His blood; the forgiveness of sins;" and that because *the Lord had need of him*. This unfolds the secret of manifested love to the sinner. In this typical colt, we view the elect of God subdued by sovereign power, and, under the control of Jesus, made the means of exalting Him through His spiritual dominions: "As the King eternal, immortal, invisible." (John xviii. 36) This is the blessed work of every believer. "Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord of His Church.

Christ the true Melchizedec, as King of Righteousness and King of Peace, reigns now over His spiritual dominions, and exercises His divine authority with sovereign sway. His elect are His subjects: "they are translated into the kingdom of His dear Son" (Col. i. 13). His word contains His laws, and His Spirit is the administrator of grace, who sets up in the heart "the kingdom of God, which is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." As King of the Jews (Matt. ii. 2) Christ came unto His own people: "as King of the Jews" He was crucified, and risen from the dead as Conqueror; He hath on His vesture a name written "King of kings and Lord of lords" (John xix. 19). This is the pledge and earnest to the Church of that glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Which in His times He shall show, who is the blessed and only Potentate" (1 Tim. vi. 15), when all the ancient prophecies shall be exhausted in the glories of Immanuel's reign, and the Lord Christ shall be King over all the earth.* To assert that Christ is not

* "There is a singular prophecy to the inhabitants of Gilead and Bashan in Mic. vii. 14. As the new earth is to be given to the saints, who can tell but that part conquered by Israel will be the chief paradise, and Christ receive the highest praises where He suffered the greatest shame?"—*W. Huntington*, vol. iii. p. 214.

reigning as King in His Church now, because of the apparent confusion and disorder that is manifested, is something like the impression of the ignorant observer beholding a vast piece of machinery, which to him is all confusion, but to the practised eye of the engineer is all order. But there is a needs-be for this word: "Be ye reconciled to God;" both as to doctrines and dealings; reconciled to the truths which hit at the angles in our nature set up by Satan against God: when these are removed, and truth lives where error reigned, and the believer is brought into a peaceful experience of interest in salvation, then the tug of war begins with God's dealings. What crooked places remain to the very last to be evened. What valleys to be exalted. What hills to be levelled. Hence the need of a King in Zion to rule, counsel, guide, control and fight with enemies the saints cannot cope with. They are called to travel a road of which they know not a step before them, with foes on every side; they make mistakes all the way, "leaving undone the things they should do, and doing what they ought not to do." With two natures opposed to each other, living in two kingdoms at the same time, watched by hosts from hell, scared by Satan, the wonder is, not that so many fall, as that any stand, which not one would do for a second, but for the kingly grace of the Great Melchizedec, whose omnipotent power secures the elect from finally falling, and also preserves them from the unseen traps laid in their way while in the wilderness here below.

We would now ask the reader to take a glance with us at some of the animal creation, of which mention is made in the word of God, and concerning which may be affixed the same motto—"The Lord hath need of him."

Let us look first at the reptile through which all the world-wide sin and sorrow was introduced. We have the fatal story told us in the 3rd of Genesis thus—"Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" Here appears his subtlety, he injects the doubt which ends in disobedience. "And the Lord God said, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field: and I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

Job, speaking of the Almighty, says, "By His Spirit He hath garnished the heavens, His hands have formed the crooked serpent." God is the doer of all things is a truth declared in Scripture (Deut. xxviii., Lam. iii. 2—16, Exod. vii. 3, Josh. xi. 20, Prov. xvi. 4; John. xii. 40, Rom. ix. 18—22, Rev. xix. 23); and yet God can do no wrong, for His nature is essential holiness, and His doings must be in accordance with His nature. Furthermore, sin is the transgression of the law; but God is above law, and "where no law is there is no transgression." "He doeth as He will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth" in holiness and true righteousness; and as Creator and Possessor of all things, turns His Creation to whatever use His wisdom sees fit. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Yea, though a world be drowned, the cities of the plain burnt, the inhabitants of Canaan put to the sword, unheard-of judgments befall His chosen people, and "the heavens and earth that are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment, and perdition of ungodly men" (2 Pet. iii. 7). The deeds done by the master that are lawful and right are punishable when done by the child or the servant. But reason must stand back, for it affords no light, and can offer no guidance as to God's dealings or doctrines. Before Divine Sovereignty "the wisdom of the wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid." The pro-

phet's challenge applies to every age—"Shall the work say of Him that made it, He made me not? or shall the thing framed say of Him that framed it, He had no understanding?" But it is faith alone that looks with unblinking eye at God's truth, acknowledges His headship, bows to His sovereignty, trusts Him with the issues of life and death, and crowns Him Lord of all.

But furthermore, results not only proclaim divine power but divine love. God's design was (as revealed in His word) that good should be evolved out of the evil of the fall. The Church saved in Jesus was to be in a higher, happier, and safer state than Adam's unfallen race could ever attain. Chosen in Christ, saved by blood, justified by righteousness, regenerated by the Spirit, and preserved unto eternal bliss; it was "to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord (Eph. iii. 10).

In the sorrowful life and shameful death of the Christ of God, we trace the fulfilment of the ancient prediction addressed in the garden by God to the serpent—"Thou shalt bruise his heel;" but in the salvation of the elect we read the triumphs of the cross, and the further fulfilment of the promise to the Church, "it shall bruise thy head." This was the bud of blessing that enclosed all the mercy present and future, of which the apostle thus speaks—"And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

CHURCH EXTENSION IN CARLISLE.

THE *London Gazette* of Tuesday, September 15, publishes an order of the Queen in Council constituting the new Ecclesiastical, or Peel, District of St. James, Denton Holme, in the parish of the Holy Trinity, Carlisle; and thus it notices the auspicious termination of a negotiation which has been pending for at least fifteen months. The stipend of the incumbent of this new district is to be £150 per annum, which will be paid in half-yearly instalments by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in consideration of a capital sum of £2,460 cash, and £1,200 3 per cent. Consols, placed in their hands by the late Joseph Ferguson, Esq. (£400), George Head Head, Esq. (£300), and others (including the Rev. Edmund Holland, of Benhall Lodge, Suffolk, £1,000), personal friends of the Bishop of Carlisle. The patronage is, by desire of the donors, vested in five trustees—viz., the present Bishop, Dean, and Archdeacon of Carlisle, the Rev. E. Auriol, M.A., of St. Dunstan's, London, and the Rev. Charles Kemble, M.A., of the Abbey Church, Bath. The district includes within it Cummersdale and Holme Head, with Charlotte Street and Melbourne Street, Shaddongate; and, in short, all that portion of Trinity Parish which, beginning with the Caldew Bridge, is included between the River Caldew on the east, and the Murrell Hill road to Dalston on the west. The Rev. D. A. Doudney, jun., B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, Curate of Stanwix, has been nominated to the incumbency. The erection of the new church (towards which the Countess of Waldegrave has already placed in the Bishop's hands the sum of £400) will be proceeded with as soon as the remaining funds are forthcoming. Meanwhile, the rev. gentleman will (by the kind permission of Mr. Ferguson, of Morton House) officiate in the Holme Head School-room. The opening services were held on Sunday, October 4. The Lord Bishop of the diocese preached on that occasion in the morning at 11 o'clock, and the Venerable Archdeacon Phelps in the evening at 6.30.—*Carlisle Patriot*.

“ALWAYS REJOICING.”

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It has often been said that “*explanations are mystifications*,” and you and I have often found them so; but I, for one, do not see why they should be so. If a writer keeps to the point, and takes care to define his terms, so that the party he wishes to convey his sentiments to shall have the same idea formed in his mind by the same term that he himself has, I do not see why explanations should not be what they profess to be. Now, to carry out this theory in connection with my views upon the question of “always rejoicing,” and the views of those of your contributors who are, or seem to be, opposed to me in this matter, allow me to state the case as briefly and as clearly as possible.

A correspondent of yours (A. S. G.) some time back set out with the assertion that the true Christian was always rejoicing; or that, if he were not always rejoicing, he did not know the Lord (or words to that effect—I have not the article by me); and he took good care to *define* his terms, for he added, in a note, that what he meant by rejoicing was something like skipping and leaping. Nothing that can be said in explanation of that correspondent's assertions can alter or modify his original letter. Its language and meaning are apparent to every reader with common sense. Now that letter not only offended, but actually pained, many of your readers; and I felt called upon to reply to it, and refute it. I did so. I showed as distinctly as man can state a case to his fellow-man, that no matter what Paul meant by “always rejoicing,” the experience of Christians was *not* what your correspondent would make it out to be. Christians are *not* always in a skipping and leaping humour, either physically or spiritually. In my letter I also took upon me to deprive your correspondent of two texts which he seemed to dwell upon with much complacency—viz., Phil. iii. 1, and iv. 4; and suggested that, after all that has been made of them, it might turn out that the word rendered “*rejoice*” in them, simply meant “*farewell*,” and pointed out to your readers a fact in connection with the selfsame word, viz., that in 2 Cor. xiii. 11, our translators had rendered it “*farewell*.” So far all is clear. But here you, my dear brother, stepped into the arena, and attempted to reconcile your correspondent “A. S. G.” and me. You strove to show that there was really little or no difference between your two contributors! I stared in amazement, but fancying that you knew more of “A. S. G.’s” mind upon the matter than he himself was able to convey to your readers, I was not willing to question the propriety of your remarks, and should have let the matter drop; but in last month's magazine, either “A. S. G.,” or some friend for him, came again upon the stage under the title of “A Friend in Christ,” and, after some approving terms as to my goodness and zeal (if he knew how I hate the term “*good*” when applied to man, I am sure he would not have thus insulted me), began to throw ridicule upon my rendering *χαίρει ἐν κυρίῳ*, *farewell in the Lord*, sneeringly suggesting that, if that were legitimate, then, when the disciples were told to rejoice because their names were written in heaven, the passage might be rendered, “Good-bye, because your names are written in heaven.” And, again, he remarked, that the idea of bidding the Philippians “farewell” in the *middle* of a letter is absurd.

This correspondent does not attempt to disprove my arguments on the “*always rejoicing*” theory. He leaves the main question untouched, but strives to divert the attention of your readers from it, to my scholarship! Now, I ask

what has my scholarship or ignorance to do with the question of "always rejoicing"? Have I not proved to a demonstration that Christians do *not* always rejoice, as your correspondent "A. S. G." asserted they did? And would not the greatest dunce in the world, into whose heart the Spirit of God had shone, be as good a witness in this matter as the profoundest scholar? Surely so! What has Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin to do with the *experience* of the children of God? And, though my scholarship might not be equal to the task of improving the translation of a Greek word in the Scriptures, *if* the main question were settled, why attempt to cover an ignominious retreat under "a Greek fire"? Why not have honestly confessed that a great mistake had been made by the originator of this "always rejoicing" correspondence? This is the course that ought to have been adopted.

However, not to wander from the last point, viz., your contributor, "A Friend in Christ," ridicules my rendering of *χαίρετε*, and *χαίρετε ἐν κυρίῳ*, "farewell," and "farewell in the Lord." When I saw his letter, I said to myself, "Though this suggestion of mine does not in the least affect my arguments, perhaps I have made a mistake in the Greek." Well, I wrote a note of inquiry upon the subject to the Bishop of Manchester, one of the ripest Greek scholars of his day, and here are his Lordship's words in reply:—

"It would be absurd to draw any positive and secondary conclusion from the use of *χαίρετε*. It is the simple word form of greeting. *χαίρετε ἐν κυρίῳ* is merely, 'May all go well with you in a Christian way; May you be happy as a Christian ought to be'—i.e., in Christ. To the Philippian, the especially beloved Church, this would come with peculiar fitness. But it is used similarly to others—e.g., 1 Thess. v. 16."

Upon such an authority as this, I think I can afford to be magnanimous towards "A. S. G." and "A Friend in Christ," and say, "You are certainly no oracles, yet *χαίρετε ἐν κυρίῳ*!"

But, my brother, it is unwarrantable in any man rushing into print and making assertions about things of which he evidently knows nothing. "A Friend in Christ" says, "It would be very strange that St. Paul should break off in the middle of exhortations to say good-bye."

Now read what a great "Grecian" says upon this very practice of St. Paul. Dean Alford thus comments on Phil. iii. 1:—"He appears to have been closing his epistle, but to have again gone off," &c. And again, on Phil. iv. 8, "He resumes again his intention of closing his epistle with which he had begun chapter iii. 1, but from which he had been diverted by incidental subjects."

Here then we have it proved that it was no uncommon thing with St. Paul to say "farewell" in the very *middle* of a letter. What then is the value of your correspondent's criticism of my suggestion? May I not request of you to do by him what he has requested of you to do by me, and say, "Pray undeceive your readers about the worth of 'A Friend in Christ's' criticisms?"

But, lastly, to show the unfairness of "A Friend in Christ's" remarks about the legitimacy of making one rendering of a Greek word in one place do duty for that word *wherever* it occurs, I would put the case thus before your readers—To be "*in the flesh*," sometimes means to be in the body (Phil. i. 24). Then living saints who are in the body must be displeasing to God! For it is written, they "that are *in the flesh* cannot please God" Rom. viii. 8! Or again, the word "*world*" sometimes means only the Roman empire (Luke ii. 1). Then, sin entered only into the Roman empire! for it is written, "By one man sin entered into the *world*" (Rom. v. 12)!

Tricks in reasoning like these are unworthy of the contributors to the *Gospel*

Magazine, yet positively it is by precisely a similar trick your correspondent, "A Friend in Christ," strives to force me into an absurdity, when he would have us believe that, because *χαίρετε* means "farewell" in many places in the Scripture, it may be forced to mean so in *all*!

I now say farewell to you, my dear brother, and to your correspondents. I have no ill-feeling towards any man; but I certainly will not be trifled with. If men will play tricks with me, they must abide the consequences.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM PARKS.

P.S.—I am really ashamed in having my insignificant name so frequently before your readers. It would seem as if I were thrusting myself into notoriety; but the Lord is my witness I hate publicity, and that nothing but a sense of duty induces me to write or speak at all.

[Before dismissing the foregoing subject, we will just remark, that, if the two distinct natures which are to be found in every believer are kept in view, then it will be understood how the flesh, or old nature, is bowed down under the weight of care, or trouble, or temptation, which is ordered of God for the trial of faith, at the very time the new man rejoices in the Lord, or experiences what our brother PARKS has defined as a holy confiding in, and resting in childlike assurance upon, the Lord. This is what *we* understand as the meaning of the Apostle's "rejoicing always," and which we have already attempted to show was intended by the prophet Habakkuk: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation" (Hab. iii. 17, 18). Sure we are that we have only to appeal to the experience of the Lord's living family for proof, that, when most tried, most tempted, when men and things have seemed most successfully to conspire against them, then, driven out of themselves—compelled to relinquish all human props and fleshly confidences, they have, of necessity, been thrown upon the Lord, and inwardly rejoiced in the realizing Him as their staff and their stay, entering into at least a measure of the blessedness experienced by the Psalmist when he said, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me;" realizing, too, in the very midst, in a fleshly point of view, of the most painful and discouraging of circumstances, what David felt when he exclaimed, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God" (Psa. xlii. 11). All this is as distinct from a fleshly, free-will, superficial rejoicing, as light is distinct from darkness, and is one of those special and peculiar secrets which the Lord graciously makes known, sooner or later, to His tried and tempted ones.

Again we say, that this, in our opinion, was the rejoicing which our correspondent, A. GOODRIDGE, had in view; and we ground that opinion upon our personal knowledge of the man and his principles.—Ed.]

"LEST ANY MAN SHOULD BOAST."

OUR very graces should humble us as well as our sins—as the latter, because they are ours; so the former, because they are none of ours. Believer, didst thou ever write one letter without God's guidance? Didst thou ever shed one penitential tear till God smote thy rock, and melted thy heart?

"SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The apostle Peter says, "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." I would specially seek grace to do this when compelled to differ with a brother in the Lord, and to defend what I believe to be in accordance with the teaching of Holy Scripture. Personalities, or contemptuous reflections, on even an erring brother, are not likely to convince him, nor aid the consideration of any question. I therefore cannot but regret the tone of Mr. Parks' letter in your October number. It is a small matter, however, with me that I should be judged by man's judgment. I would only just ask him in grace to believe that I am as jealous for the truth *revealed in the Scriptures*—especially in these days of apostasy—as he wishes to be; and, if contending for what he so sternly reprobates is my offence, let him bear with me. Truth I believe he pleads for, and I want nothing else. If our brother will from the Word make it clear that I am in a delusion—as he thinks—I hope the Lord will give me grace to bow to his better teaching. The Word must be the only appeal.

There are two or three things in his letter which, for the truth's sake, demand a reply. In his remarks on the *letter* and *spirit* of the Word, he complains of the "crude ideas" of those who quote the letter of the Word, and say, "If your experience be not in accordance with that, you are out of the secret." This, I suppose, he applies to my reflections on the passages quoted from the epistles to the Corinthians and Philippians; but, if it should prove that the *letter* and *spirit* both agree, what then? This I shall endeavour to show. However wrong such judgment may be, surely to make my measure of experience the standard wherewith to judge whether others are *partakers of grace at all*, must be worse. To be out of a higher secret in the divine life may be true of us all—for none of us know all truth; but to question the existence of grace at all, he must see is rash in the extreme. It was because I found such statements put forth that I wrote my former letter.

In a discourse put into my hands, published by our brother of Openshaw, I find this: "I will not say that Christians *never* rejoice, or are *never* on the mount, for this would be untrue; but I can have no hesitation in asserting that it is *utterly impossible* for them to be *always* rejoicing, and I should strongly suspect the existence of grace in that man who felt or taught otherwise." This is not only hurting, but as good as cutting off, many of the most favoured children altogether: first, Paul, as the Scripture witnesseth; second, a larger number—blessed be God—of the family from that time to this, and many faithful servants of Christ—myself also—for teaching otherwise. Let us look into the Word. Experience is well as endorsing Scripture, but not setting it aside. If they do not agree, which is wrong? The one is pure, perfect, unchangeable; the other often mixed—flesh sometimes being mistaken for spirit; imperfect, for our attainment is imperfect; changeable, for our souls are not always in the same realization of what is ours in Christ. True Christian experience is the measure of our individual attainment by the Spirit of the knowledge of our portion in Christ, and *is always sure to agree with the written Word*. It is, however, to be distinguished from the motions of the flesh, which are always the same to the end—set against the Word and Spirit's teaching in the soul. They co-exist, but are opposite the one to the other. The same Spirit that wrote the Word must give the understanding to receive it, and He must apply it. This He will do, not by bits and

scraps taken without the context, and set one against another, which is so often done, and man's explanation given to reconcile them, but by leading us humbly and prayerfully, and sometimes with much soul-exercise, by the light of the holy place, to consider the whole scope, connexion, and harmony of Scripture as He has been pleased to give it to us. This no natural man can do.

Truth never alters, but the measure of our apprehension (experience) individually of it, will necessarily vary, and therefore is an uncertain standard. There are babes, young men, and fathers in Christ. Be it that I am the babe. This is no small mercy. But our brother suspects me altogether, because I do not exactly see with him, and because I dare to state my experience as one with the plain teaching of the written Word. It is always preaching and teaching from disconnected portions and texts of Scripture, that is, I believe, the reason why there is so little intelligence among God's children in the Word, and they are so often differing as to points of doctrine and experience. There is so much to unlearn; and this the flesh rebels against. Hence it is but the few who are willing implicitly and without prejudice to bow to Scripture. The *letter* and *spirit* are both made light of; and, when one desires to bring them to the one standard, we get the reply, "The letter killeth." Will such just turn to the passage, and they will find it is not the *letter of Holy Scripture* that killeth, but the *letter of the law*. Surely this is Satan's way, in these last days, of keeping souls in ignorance, and casting contempt on the Word.

Our brother says I blunder by "clinging to the letter of Scripture." I am very jealous of the letter of Scripture in these days, and will contend for a word if necessary. If I err, I err on the safe side. He will find, however, that the *letter* and *spirit* in this case—as always—both agree; and, if so, then I leave his remarks to speak for themselves.

If any humble soul will closely and prayerfully read the 2nd epistle to the Corinthians and the epistle to the Philippians through, they will find an under-truth—or, as it has been called, a "ground tone"—running through each in particular, as in every epistle. This is the key to the understanding of the whole epistle. In the former it is the believer—for Paul was set forth as an example to all who should believe on him to life everlasting—beset on all sides in the path of service; suffering from the world and the Church; "troubled on every side;" and in exact proportion realizing the comfort and support of an ever-present God—"the Father of mercies and God of all comfort"—mark, in the troubles. Therefore he rejoices in them. And he would not have the saints at Corinth be ignorant of it, that they also might be partakers with him of the sufferings and also of the consolations. They could not know one without the other. Is he persecuted? Does he despair of life? He trusts in a delivering God who raiseth the dead. Is he tried because of the state of the Church, and because they thought lightly of him for writing to them the truth? He has a clear conscience before God, and he knows they will be his rejoicing, and he theirs, in the day of the Lord Jesus. At Troas, he tells us, he had no "rest in spirit" because Titus was not come; and he goes over to Macedonia. There also he has no "rest in his flesh;" "without fightings, within fears" (not about his standing before God—as some teach—but about the work of the Gospel). "God, who comforteth those who are cast down," however, comforted him by the coming of Titus, and his bringing him good tidings of them. He says, he is overflowing with joy in all his tribulations (2 Cor. vii. 4). Wherever he goes, opposition and sore affliction—for the path of service is always the path of suffering—and because of suffering, also of joy. They are inseparable. But he is always led about in triumph in Christ. It is a triumphant march; for as the sufferings for

Christ abound, the consolations *by* Christ abound also. So all through. "Our *light* affliction is but for a moment"—they were heavy enough in themselves—for he is looking not by the eye of *sense* at things seen, which were ready to crush him (and which our brother says it is impossible to help doing), but with the eye of *faith* to things unseen and eternal beyond. This is how God comforts. His God you see is with him *in* it all—not *afterwards*. That would be leaving him without comfort and joy in the very moment of need. He is a *present* help to him. True, in *chastening* we get the fruit—the lesson of the affliction—*afterwards*; but here it is the comfort given *in* it. Hence the joy. The passage quoted (Heb. xii. 11.) refers to *chastening*, being not joyous, but grievous—quite a different thing. Yet all affliction is grievous to the flesh, but because of the consolations he is *always rejoicing*. When I am weak, *then* (not afterwards) *am* I strong. Ah! if I was feelingly more weak, I should be stronger. He glories—exults in it all—takes pleasure in necessities, in distresses for Christ's sake. "We are glad *when we are weak*, and ye are strong." All for their sakes—because Christ's. "Death worketh in us, but life in you." Even the thorn in the flesh he glories in; not when taken away—that was not to be—but because of grace given to bear it. "For my strength is made perfect *in weakness*"—not *afterwards*. Who would wish the trial removed then? There could be no joy to him, nor glory to God, if it were so. I say, in all this we see a child of God *in* the greatest trouble, personal and relative, it is possible for him to be in down here, "sorrowful," and yet *at the same time* "always rejoicing." The very troubles the occasion of the joy, because the seasonable consolation much more abounds. The grand truth, then, of this epistle—and it is written, beloved children of God, for us; yes, for us, whatever may be said—is this, *suffering for Christ in service here, but God always with us in it*. Hence the comfort; hence the joy. But then, as we have said, we must be partakers of the *sorrows* before we can know the *joys*, and that is why so few now seem to understand this secret. Our brother says, "Paul's experience and mine are two different things." Yes, that may be, but *in measure* I say it is true of every saint suffering for Christ and the Gospel sake till Jesus comes. In proportion as we have grace, in the power of the Spirit, to walk in this pathway, we shall know this experience; and because our brother says he has never been able to do it, then others—in the rich grace of our God—may, and hence are able from their own experience to speak of what they have tasted, to the praise of His name. Mind, I do not cut any dear saint off who has not; I only protest against teaching that it is *impossible of attainment*. Many, I am afraid, have not attained unto it; but it is for us not to be teaching according to our own or their experience—especially in these sad days of departure from Christ—but to set forth the doctrine and experience found in the infallible Word, for our own good and theirs too. The under-truth in the epistle to the Philippians is not God down here with us *in* the troubles, but the spirit lifted up to God *above* the troubles, in the power of that resurrection life we have in Christ Jesus. *It is joy and confidence in the Lord, and no trust in the flesh, which is a dead thing under His feet*. Ah, this is the mystery of Christ crucified. When talking to a brother once on this secret of life in Christ, he said, "But how did you get it?" A very important question in these days. I answered, "Just, my dear brother, where you must get it—at the cross. It is there I find what the flesh is; and I am henceforth called to count it dead and for ever done for as before God." The Apostle, when writing this epistle, is not, mark, about in service as when he wrote the former one; he is in bonds; he has a chain on him as a prisoner in his hired house at Rome. We have here different trials, and hence different

experience—joy, but differently ministered. It is not *suffering in service*, but *service in suffering*. His bonds in Cæsar's palace, and in all other places, are turning out to the furtherance of the Gospel; and many of the brethren are made bolder to speak the Word thereby—some, indeed, from envy and strife. But he rejoices—not now in anything ministered to him, as in Corinthians—no, he takes no account of the flesh at all; but in Christ, and everything that is for His glory. Self is quite out of sight. To die or live he cares not. To live in bonds? It is for their furtherance and *joy* in the faith. He has joy, and he desires others to be partakers with him, and to add to it by their unity and love in the Spirit, for Christ's sake. To die there? It is gain to him. He has joy every way. He may yet be poured out as a drink-offering in the service of their faith, but he rejoices with them all on that account. As of the true circumcision—dead, buried, and risen with Christ (Col. ii. 11, 12.)—it is *service in the Spirit*, boasting in Christ Jesus, and *no trust at all in the flesh*. He once gloried in it, but now he counts everything dung and dross for Christ; to know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings (which He endured in service down here), “and be made conformable to His death,” if he may but attain by these trials, or in any other way, to the resurrection from among the dead. The apprehension of the prize of his high calling—perfect conformity to Him in death and resurrection—the flesh dead, and the spirit with Him up above it all, was that after which he was pressing. Past attainments he would leave behind, and present afflictions—as one dead in the flesh—keep under his feet, and stretch forth for the mark—the object—Christ, and conformity to Him in everything. As a citizen of the heavenly city, “earthly things” are beneath him. Troubles there were; bonds and afflictions without; lukewarmness, strife, and schism within; sore distress for himself, and perhaps death. He is not without feeling about them, but he is not brought under their power; he is really *up above them* in spirit—not *in* them, as in Corinthians—content under all circumstances, for he is living in Christ, and he has all things in Him. So much, then, for the spirit of these epistles. We have two conditions of soul, and joy in both. First, God with us *in* our troubles here—hence comfort and joy. Second, the soul up there with God in Christ, *above* the troubles—hence joy and confidence. The latter is of course a higher attainment than the former.

Now a word or two as to the *letter*. In Phil. i. 18, ii. 17, iii. 1, iv. 4, 10, we have χαίρω translated rejoice, and correctly so too. But our brother says when it is imperative it is “farewell.” This is true sometimes, as it is also a form of salutation; the infinitive likewise sometimes means “greeting.” It is imperative here, however, only as enforcing by exhortation the *under-truth* of the whole epistle. Confidence and standing fast in the Lord is what he exhorts them to. It seems strange to be giving them three or four farewells almost in the middle of the epistle. Does he mean to say that χαίρει and χαίρετε always should be translated “farewell;” and χαίρετε *ev* too? Does he believe it should be “farewell” in 1 Thess. v. 16, where, as here, it is connected with many practical exhortations? If our brother will get two Greek scholars of repute to endorse his criticism, I shall begin to suspect our translation wrong. This I am not afraid of. But how is it he now contends for it meaning simply “farewell,” when in the discourse I have already referred to, I read, “The more correct reading of the passage would be, ‘*Make your boast in the Lord* always,’ &c.” Now which of these criticisms are we to receive? for any one can see that they are very different. He says it should be “Boast in the Lord” one time, and “Farewell *in the Lord*” at another—an expression, by-the-bye, not to be found elsewhere.

And our translation is "Rejoice in the Lord." I fear no contradiction in saying that χαίρω in this passage is correctly translated "Rejoice," or "Be glad." Alford says so, and remarks it is the "ground tone" of the epistle, as I have shown. "Boast," as was pointed out in a former letter, is another word, in the original *καυχᾶσθαι*, and conveys another idea, *glorying* or *exulting* in a thing; whereas this is *gladness* and *delight* of soul, which he allows in his letter. I think I need say no more to show that "farewell" in these passages is quite inadmissible. In the epistle to the Corinthians it is "rejoicing," and so here. I am afraid such criticism, in order to "cut the ground from under me," is likely to disturb the minds of many simple Christians. I do not strive for my view of the passage, but for the mind of the Spirit, and I am willing to be put right by any brother better taught than myself.

The question is not, "Are believers always rejoicing?" or, "Why are they not always rejoicing?" This I have not touched. It is clear enough the majority are not. While I am fully persuaded that every particle of spiritual joy in the soul must be produced there by the sovereign power of God the Spirit, suffice it to say, that if the majority of Christians I meet were to tell me they were always rejoicing, I should tremble for them. The pathway of obedience in the sovereign purpose of God is the pathway of peace and joy (John xv. 10, 11). There are seasons of backsliding, and sometimes grievous departure from God, when the soul is sure to be enveloped in darkness and gloom. In times of discipline to bring the wanderer back, there will be no gladness and rejoicing. No chastening is joyous, but grievous. Till the sin is charged home by the Spirit on the soul, there must be darkness; deep trouble will follow, with self-judgment and self-humbling, and then joy is restored (Psalm li. 7). I suppose he would not contend this is the proper type of Christian experience. It is the absolute denial of the possibility of a believer always rejoicing in the Lord, which I often meet with—that a soul can be *sorrowful* and *rejoicing* at the same time, that I do object to. I cannot understand how any one who sees the two natures, and the distinct principles of each—at the same time believing the words of Scripture, and in the abiding and indwelling Comforter, and that grace reigns—can find any difficulty in such a doctrine. The holy Jesus knew perfectly what it was to be troubled and full of sorrow down here, and yet to be always rejoicing in the Lord. Of course we can only know this in part, as I have said. He who said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," said also, "Be of good cheer."

I hope our brother will bear with me in love when I say, such expressions as "it is an absurdity"—"an impossibility"—"nonsense," and others similar to these, which I have met with in his writings, when dealing with these divine mysteries, sound to me very like *natural* wisdom, *natural* will, and *natural* power, though I know he is a determined opponent of such errors. At any rate, I get such remarks from natural men—I was going to say—every day in the week. For the truth sake, I would prefer other mightier weapons. If I measure any of the deep things of God by my own standard of what is possible, I shall be sure to be confounded; but, if I think of His deep counsels of love, the almightiness of His rich grace, and the great mystery of the resurrection life of the believer in Christ by the Spirit, I shall be measuring everything then in the soul's experience, not by my wisdom and power, but by the wisdom and power of the Holy Ghost. Which is the most God-honouring doctrine, and most confounding to the creature, to say no Christian can be always rejoicing in the Lord, because of the trials incident to his present condition in this world, or to say that God can and does by His Spirit so support His people in the trials, or lift them in spirit *above* them, that they can rejoice in Him notwithstanding? The one limits the Spirit; the

other honours the abiding Comforter. The one leaves the believer in measure under the power of his troubles, and so he can give but little testimony to the power of grace; the other makes the Christian a wonder to himself, to saints, to angels, and to men. The one is in harmony with God's promises, which are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus; the other is against them. When was it the Hebrew youths walked at liberty—in the furnace or out? When were Paul and Silas singing songs? When did Peter and John rejoice? When have the martyrs of Christ shown the greatest joy and confidence—when torn from home and children, incarcerated and put to death; or when earthly things went well with them? Ah, I am afraid this is indeed a mystery that few now can enter into. Most Christians now suffer, not from following Christ, but for not following Him. But I do know some suffering in different ways for Christ—true children of sorrow—who will tell our brother the same story. More sorrow *for* the Lord, my brother, and then more joy *in* Him.

The truth is, multitudes of God's truly called children have never been brought into the liberty of the Gospel. They know a pardoning God, as babes know a parent, by the sweets and kisses they get; but they have no intelligent apprehension of their relationship to Him in Christ Jesus; so directly they get a trial, or miss a comfort, they question everything, and cry out as if they had no Father at all. They are like Israel—in fact, we all are, till the Spirit sets us free; I know I was—trembling on the shores of the Red Sea, not knowing a present salvation. They have not come through it in their experience—set free for ever from sin and the bondage of the flesh; and the trials of service in the wilderness, and the conflict in the heavenly places, with the supplies, comforts, and joys—only found there—are of course unknown. Many who talk and write about experience do not get it from the Word, or the Spirit's teaching; it is merely talking about self, and ministering to the flesh. With such teaching, how can we expect God's children to grow in the knowledge of Him? The Spirit will never put His seal on man's theology, but on His own Word. No marvel, then, some remain babes all their days. Some say, "Well, it is God's sovereign will;" and I say it is His will for me to set forth the truth. The mystery of the heavenly life is but little apprehended by the many, and *mere salvation* is what principally occupies their thoughts. When by the Spirit the old man is counted dead through faith—irrecoverably vile and worthless—and the new life, and the springs of the new life, are realized to be up in a risen Jesus; I say, when by the Spirit the soul is once taught this, "*You are no more in the flesh, but in the Spirit*" as before God—one with Jesus for ever—our standing and relationship, however tried we may be, will never be cut from under us. The spouse in the Canticles passes through many experiences, but she never once questions her relationship to her Beloved; nor do the apostles once. Flesh always questions and doubts to the end; but it is the Spirit that, notwithstanding all the opposings of the flesh, is enabled to rejoice, and say, "My Beloved." Joy in the soul is not always the same; it ebbs and flows according to the depth and nature of the trial, and the measure of support. The *deeper* the trial, however, when following Christ, the *greater* the joy. So I have proved it. I do not say a believer can be always *joyful*, or *full of joy*. No; communion is, alas! often disturbed, and it is only as I walk in the presence of God, in full fellowship with the Father and the Son, that my joy is full (1 John i.). But my standing and relationship in Christ never can be, though the measure of my apprehension may; and hence, though I cannot always be *joyful*, I may be always *rejoicing in Him*, as I have said before, and never so much as when I have nothing else to rejoice in. It is important to bear in mind that this joy is the very strength

of the soul for service here (Psalm li. 12). "The joy of the Lord is our strength." Hence those who fright the soul of joy, and—unlike Christ who spake those loving words to His disciples *that their joy might be full*—seem to speak as if the best and safest place for a believer is to be full of doubts, gloomy forebodings, and depressing sorrows; do not only hinder in the knowledge of God, but also in the path of holy service. It is neither sanctifying nor edifying. There are always things enough to try a true child of God who lives godly in Christ Jesus, and cause him to groan—his very body of corruption will do this—without ministering to the morbid nature, and so stirring up self-pity and self-love. The measure of strength for service is the measure of joy; the measure of joy is the measure of faith; and the measure of faith is the measure of God's grace by the Spirit in us, which is the very principle and power of the new life.

A dear sister in the Lord, of many years' standing, who had questioned this life of joy in the Lord, said to me the other day, "Well, I think I can honestly say I can rejoice in the Lord under all circumstances." I would give dear tried souls a few thoughts that the Spirit may use for their joy in the faith. Jesus has gone a rougher way before you! The work of your salvation is for ever finished! That same One who was down here lives for you, to bring you through! Your Representative, Forerunner, and High Priest is gone in, and you must follow! A throne of grace you are invited to for mercy and help! The indwelling Spirit keeps you, and will surely comfort you, till He comes again! A loving Father cares for you, and will treat you as a child under all circumstances, whatever you may think! A living hope—Christ—is yours, to an inheritance in heaven! A mansion is being prepared for you in the Father's house! A kingdom you are heir to, and through suffering—as He told you—you must go to it; so you see you are in the way! Certain glory is before you, and in "a little while" you will be like Him, and with Him, for ever! If crossed and bereaved, it is to wean you from earth, and make you long for Jesus' return! Whatever your trial, there is enough to give you joy in Him! May "the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing!" One thing be sure of, that if you suffer as a Christian, then you may rejoice, for through the love of God our Saviour all must be well; and every trial must issue in your good, and the glory of God.

I am bold to declare, before saints and sinners, to the praise of His free and abounding grace—whether it may appear "folly and free-will" I leave—but as before the Lord I write—that I have experienced in measure the truth of what I have written, and I long to do so more, because I believe it is *possible of attainment*; and, however "crude" it may sound to some, I am responsible to God alone to teach the same truth to others; and I believe I have the voice of Scripture, apostolic experience, and the testimony of the most distinguished saints of God from that day to this, with me. I bow to no brother in maintaining the free, sovereign, eternal, electing, and discriminating grace of God the Father by Jesus Christ, and revealed only by God the Holy Ghost to the hearts of His own people. But I contend *free grace* brings salvation and joy and peace to the soul *now*, and gives me union with a living Jesus—eternal oneness by the Spirit; and to bring the motions of the flesh into account, which will be to the end the same, is building again what I have declared to be destroyed for ever at the cross. It leads to living on *self*, and not *Christ*, and consistently ends in Wesleyanism—to-day a child of God, and to-morrow a child of the devil. If I were to look at *myself* for a moment, at any time, as to title to glory, I should be cast down enough, and believe the devil himself had as good. For years I never got beyond this. I groan now, not because of the reign of the flesh *in Egypt*, but *in the heavenlies* to drop the *dead* flesh altogether. Groaning in Egypt, ar

groaning in Canaan, are two different things. Let a living Christ be our theme, and the children will rejoice. With all our brother's zeal for "old-fashioned divinity," I cannot allow that his teaching in this matter agrees with the best of their writings, any more than with Scripture. But Scripture is the only authority with me. I just quote from a godly and honoured dignitary of the Church of England:—

"Whatsoever hazards, whether outward or inward—whatsoever affliction and temptation I endure—yet this one thing puts me out of hazard, and in that I will rejoice, that the salvation of my soul depends not upon my own strength, but is in my Saviour's hands." To which I say, Amen.

Having now dealt with this subject at large, both in the *letter* and *spirit* of Scripture, I will leave it with the Lord; and, if I have said anything amiss, either contrary to His truth, or to the hurt of any of His own, may He forgive it.

Ever yours, in our living Head,

Bath.

ALFRED S. GOODBRIDGE.

"LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—Many a time have I been on the point of sending you a line for publication in your Magazine; indeed, several of its readers in this neighbourhood have recognised me as a former contributor, and inquired the reason of my present silence. To them I made the same excuse that I now record; Satan has hindered me with the thought, that nothing that I could write would edify the Church, and that, moreover, your correspondents seemed more numerous than ever. This has served as a cloak for laziness; yet within me a fire has been kindling, and many a time have I been "weary with forbearing." Well, your correspondents this month, however numerous, have failed to quiet my conscience. On the contrary, he (of Lucknow) has shamed me into writing. What! the Editor have a cheering word from India, and none from Sussex? Never! By the way, I hope if this catches the eye of Mr. Southby, that he will introduce himself to a brother of mine, who has just gone to Lucknow as Deputy Commissioner, beloved both in the flesh and in the Lord.

What says Mr. S.? The pages of our Magazine are doubly sweet to him in that barren land; in fact, next to his Bible. Ah! and so they are to me, though in this favoured country, and surrounded with Gospel preachers and religious literature. I am bound to tell you, Sir, that they are as savoury to me now, as they were six years ago, when I wrote to tell you that I carried them about in my pocket till they were all devoured. It is the only periodical that I look out for, and really relish. There is always an article for me. If the editor hasn't hit it, G. C. has, or some one else. In many instances, Editor, G. C., and all, have been led to write for me. I have often noticed in its pages a wonderful similarity in the articles of the same month. I have been struck with a deep sense of the blessed Spirit's presence and guidance in this matter. Notes from all parts of the world, not only rich in the same experience, love, and doctrine, but actually dwelling on the same subjects (incidentally), opening up the same points with new freshness (at the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be confirmed), and dove-tailing in one with the other, in a manner truly remarkable. I have felt awe—not surprise—in reading through the Magazine, to find the same thoughts and texts repeated by various writers

undesignedly. In this I recognise the Lord the Spirit's hand, and I congratulate you on the rich amount of heavenly dew that rests upon your labours.

I was glad you were enabled to claim the sympathy of your readers in your heavy domestic affliction. The blow was felt by us, and kindled prayer that will bring a blessing upon you. How many are the instances at the present time of sudden death among the young! How doubly sad when the affliction occurs in a family where we can have no hope that true religion is known and inculcated! Such instances have lately occurred in my knowledge. But how is death robbed of its terrors, and the trial turned into rejoicing, when we feel assured that "all is well."

Permit me, Sir, before concluding, to add a word on the subject of "Always Rejoicing." It gives me an opportunity of alluding to a fault very prominent among professors, and continually commented upon by the world, viz:—the uncharitableness and harshness in their intercourse with one another. The devil does everything he can to mar God's work. He lets the world alone, but he bespatters the visible church as much as possible. He knows that the family of God live separate from the world's vanities, and therefore loses no opportunity to tempt them to show a harsh unloving exterior, that their witness against an ungodly generation may be put down as an eccentric misanthropic moroseness. Moreover, the higher the doctrine held, the more calvinistic and sound doctrine is professed, the more power, in this respect, does the enemy seem to possess. Is it so, brethren? Beautiful and lovely are the exceptions. Still, is it not a wide-spread fault? Has the world no pretext for saying, "Oh, he's only a cross-grained Calvinist?" I trust the evil may not be as bad elsewhere as it is in Sussex. Here it begins in every village between the church and chapel; the line of separation is broad and distinct, and, where it not for trade and other minor motives, I verily believe the parties would separate their very dwellings. The higher the doctrines preached at chapel, the more intense is the feeling of seeming jealousy against all who claim to be fellow Christians, and of animosity against all men. They who claim more faith than all, show it not in bearing the infirmities of the weak, but in railing against church, minister, system, and all. It is no good professing that you love the truth, nay, that you see with him in many points; unless you go to his chapel, and forswear your own, you must be an ignorant presumer. I write from experience, and could also tell of the walls that our arch-enemy raises up between members of families and warm friends, immediately upon a change of views, or of church denomination. I have read with much pleasure your remarks (page 447) on misunderstanding of words spoken or written. Those who insist upon making a person an offender for a word, come eventually into that state that they remain at home alone, for they can "hear" no one. Anything indulged in soon becomes a habit, and our stern task-master. Those who so readily find fault, soon get to themselves itching ears which will cause them many a groan. Then how soon do explanations become recriminations. This should not be. We cannot contend for the faith in wrath. If we would edify the Church it must be in love. What sweet and appropriate lines those are which you gave us, "They're dear to God." I was much struck with them, and committed them to memory at once, before coming to the article, "The Letter and the Spirit of the Word." I trust that the honoured author of "Sermons on the Five Points" will not suppose that the above strictures are aimed at him. I own, however, that the subject was suggested by reading his remarks on "A. S. G.'s" contribution to your Magazine for September. I think Mr. Parks writes hastily and harshly. For myself, I entirely agree with "A. S. G." I cannot deduce from his short

article the inference that we do not know the Lord, or else that our experience is contrary to Scripture if we do not rejoice. "A. S. G." would doubtless allow that faith is not always in active exercise, and that it is at such times that the Apostle's precept is applicable.

Mr. Parks' arguments, moreover, are singularly weak. To show that the "letter" may be misunderstood, he puts in opposition our Lord's words and those of James: "We are *tried* by God, *tempted* by Satan, and *troubled* by sin." The "*trials*" of faith by God are covenant blessings. The latter are treated of by James (i. 1—12). He then proceeds to speak of *temptations*, against which it was that our Lord taught us to pray, and not against *trials*. Again, the promise of God stands sure, that He will provide all things necessary for His people in this life. This promise has been, is, and ever will be fully performed by Him, notwithstanding all that man may say. And, lastly, as to the precept "Rejoice!" Let the reader consult Phil. iii. 1, iv. 4—10; and 2 Cor. xiii. 11 in the original. I have come to the conclusion, that if any change should be made in our version, it ought to be in the latter instance, where "Farewell" might be rendered "Rejoice." We cannot rejoice too much. Our Lord remains the same for ever, but we change daily. Had I more space, I would not be so curt in my criticisms of Mr. Parks' letter. I hope he will not put it to an unloving spirit, for I love him sincerely in the Lord.

Lindfield.

I am, Sir, &c.,
T. B. L.

[We have struck our pen through one sentence of the foregoing letter. The beloved writer will at once see why. To insert it would only be to open the matter afresh, when we have already declared it closed. That T. B. L.'s view of the whole proceedings coincides with our own—dwelling in the neighbourhood as he does—is necessarily additionally satisfactory. We hope our beloved brother will not allow so long an interval to pass again without writing—his pieces are much valued.—EDITOR.]

THE CHURCH'S NEW YEAR'S SONG.

We'RE Pilgrims here and Strangers,
Our home is not on earth,
Our treasure is in Heaven,
And we of royal birth;
Then let us *live* as *Pilgrims*,
And take our daily cross,
Esteeming all things round us,
As vanity and dross.

We're Pilgrims here and Strangers,
But Israel's God is nigh,
And He will lead and guide us,
With His Parental eye;
While *God*, our *God* is with us,
No evil need we fear,
His arm is strong to save us,
His ear will ever hear.

We're Pilgrims here and Strangers,
But passing on to rest;
And soon shall be with Jesus,
In heav'nly mansions blest:
We then shall be translated,
From clouds and darkness here,
To yonder land of sunshine,
Where all is bright and clear.

We're Pilgrims here and Strangers,
But Jesus is our King!
And when His presence cheers us,
It tunes our hearts to sing:
Oh! let us raise our voices,
In shouts of sov'reign grace,
Till with the saints in glory,
Each soul shall find a place.

* To be had post-free of Mrs. Moens, 47, Bath Row, Birmingham, 6d. per dozen, or 3s. 6d. per hundred.

A FEW DAYS IN SCOTLAND.—No. II.

Tuesday, August 11.—Short morning service in Mr. Macdonald's private chapel, as usual. In the forenoon, a cattle-show was held upon the grounds contiguous to St. Martin's Abbey, which has been encouraged by Mr. Macdonald for the purpose of stimulating the peasantry to a laudable rivalry in the improvement of their farms and breeding of stock. As in Ireland, so in Scotland, this movement has been attended with the greatest possible advantage to the small as well as to the wealthier farmers. Was pleased with the very great propriety with which the attendants at this cattle-show conducted themselves.

In the afternoon, walked with the missionary (a dear man of God) to a village called Colace, at the top of Duncenian Hill, where giant Macbeth's castle stood. These places are famous in Scottish history. To our left (as stated in our last paper) stretched for a considerable distance the Grampian Hills; and all along the valley lay the line of railway from Perth to Aberdeen. The view reminded us of our first visit to Scotland, in the summer of 1859, when we travelled by that route to Balmoral, in order to present the first volume of Dr. Gill's Commentary to Her Majesty, who, with the much-lamented Prince Consort, was then staying in her Highland home. In proof of the business habits of Her Majesty, we may mention that at the time we were at the hotel in the vicinity of the Castle, Her Majesty and the Prince Consort had gone to the shooting-lodge, some miles distant. Upon their return that evening, tidings came, by express messenger, of the death of the Duke of Wellington. The grief of Her Majesty, upon receipt of this intelligence, is well known; notwithstanding which, the volume was placed in the Queen's hands in the same hour or so as the bulletin of the duke's death, and its receipt was immediately acknowledged. This was one, therefore, among the many proofs, that the Queen never suffers grief, however acute, to interfere with the due discharge of duty.

Our little company at Colace, in one of the small houses, or cottages rather, reminded us very much of our first cottage meetings in Ireland. The scene by which we were surrounded was not at all unlike that in the very heart of Tipperary, where we were privileged, in the year 1846, to commence our humble labours in the sister isle. In the review of all the diversified scenes, we could but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Oh, how good, and how gracious, and how faithful did He appear in and through all one had been privileged to witness! Truly one could but exclaim, "He hath done all things well." It was a most soul-refreshing service in that little Scotch home; the people joined so heartily in the whole scene. It was, moreover, additionally interesting to ourselves from the fact that many in that little assembly had been hearers of M'Cheyne when he exchanged services with Bonar, whose church stood hard by that village. On this occasion, as well as subsequently, we were introduced by the missionary to several of the dear people of God. One had been a great sufferer for many years, but there was the recognition of a Father's hand in connexion with her sufferings. Another witnessed a good confession, but there were the deep traces of sorrow of heart. In another there was liveliness of soul, and the marked attachment to the dear family of God. Another, the intense hungering and thirsting after the bread and water of life. It was pleasing to witness the various shades of experience, and different traits of Christian character. We admired the outspokenness.

At sight of Andrew Bonar's manse, we were greatly struck with its simplicity,

and the extreme loneliness of its position. In the previous house, occupying the same site, M'Cheyne passed many weeks during each year. There was but one house near; and the village, in which it would seem the principal portion of Mr. Bonar's charge resided, is very like an Irish village. In the centre stands a somewhat peculiar stone, with the date 1686 inscribed on it. How singularly must this village and the neighbourhood around have contrasted in the minds of M'Cheyne and Bonar with the scenes of travel in the Holy Land and elsewhere, with which they had been favoured. No doubt the extreme quiet by which they were here surrounded, aided them materially in the production of their works. Still we could but feel how wise and how condescending our God is in the appointment of His servants, and in the arrangement of the bounds of their habitation. Subject as some are constitutionally to deep depression of spirits, the residing in such a locality would be next to impossible. Our Irish home, with its far-spread sea, its beautiful strand, and towering cliffs, was to our mind infinitely before it. Moreover, our God was pleased there to give us abundance of occupation. But for that, neither Irish, nor Scotch, nor English village life would do for a temperament that must be nourished with excitement, connected with occupation from moment to moment: otherwise the mind, left to prey upon itself, would soon sink into a condition of distressing apathy and indifference.

Blessed be our God for giving His poor creatures something to do.

(To be continued.)

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL AND ITS PREACHER.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,— * * * * * Methinks I now hear the solemn tones of that man of God, William Borrows, in several Derby pulpits: "One Lord, one faith, one *spiritual* baptism," when describing the state and characteristics of "the Church redeemed from among men," a favourite expression of his. I am glad you have published his "*Sacred Maxims*" in the Magazine. I will just mention a singular coincidence. On Trinity Sunday, our young curate, Mr. J——, was ordained. I had seen him at church, but was not acquainted with him; I felt deeply anxious about him, and my heart was greatly drawn towards him. I resolved to do what would have given great offence to a merely carnal heart. I procured a copy of the venerable Mr. Borrows' little work, and in the fly-leaf wrote:—"From one who will ever remember the departed preacher and his acceptable words: 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee, and make thee as His servant the prophet, very bold in declaring His salvation which shall be for ever, and His righteousness which shall not be abolished.'" I wished him to know, there was *one*, at *least*, in the congregation, who would feel an anxious interest in the character of the message he was about to deliver. The little memento was left in the hands of the vicar, Mr. M——, who was three years curate to Mr. Krause, at Bethesda. I desired my name to be kept a secret, but Mr. M—— divulged it. In a few days, Mr. J—— called at my house to acknowledge the gift.

I have now to thank you, my dear Sir, for your kindness in endeavouring to promote an acquaintance between Mr. J—— and myself, and for the more than kind terms in which you spoke of me—far more than I deserve. But I must not omit to tell you my opinion of Mr. J—— as a preacher. He is far beyond

my-expectations, and his sermons are pithy and full of the Gospel; I have heard him about twelve times, and only twice has he used the word "offer," which I have made bold to tell him I think is unscriptural. He, however, distinctly declares the work of God the Holy Ghost in quickening and revealing Christ in the poor sinner's heart. Sunday morning-week, was a rich feast at his hands, from "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom," and my poor soul delighted itself in fatness.

I have heard the good old Dean in the Cathedral about twelve times (Sunday afternoons), and I have oft been melted under the sound of a free-grace Gospel. Truly our God "alone worketh great marvels." Glorious as our cathedral is for its material beauty, it never was so glorious as now. The good old man was anxious to commence his ministry in unmistakeable sounds, so a series of sermons on *Divine Forgiveness* was commenced, and large numbers have heard them. To our God be all the praise. I will enumerate most of the texts: "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness," &c. "In whom we have redemption through His blood," &c. (two). "I, even I, am He that blotteth out," &c. "Who forgiveth *all* thine iniquities." "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered" (two). "Her sins, which are many, are all forgiven." "Him hath God exalted," &c. (continued next Sunday). The self-righteous devil has been roused, and by the mouth of an old gentleman, for many years a constant attendant, has spoken out: "I don't like the Dean's preaching, he gives a man who has tried to live well all his life no better chance than a profligate man." Again, "I cannot help thinking the Dean must have been an awful sinner in his younger days, to be preaching always about forgiveness." In my turn, I tried to be a preacher, and clenched the Dean's nail with the hammer of the 3rd chapter of Romans. May the Holy Ghost drive it home.

Dear Editor, farewell! All grace be with you.

Yours in Jesus,
R. H.

A PRISON SONG.

As Adam by transgression fell,
So I the laws defied;
Oh, may my lonely prison cell,
To me be sanctified..

Justice denies me liberty,
But, in this hour of need,
If God has mercy upon me,
I shall be free indeed.

Laden with sin, oppressed with shame,
Before His throne I kneel;
A brand plucked from the burning flame—
Oh, none but Christ can heal!

To Him I'll bear my load of care,
To Him my grief I'll tell;
I know, I feel, He'll hear my prayer,
Yes! from a prison cell.

There's not a spot so dark and drear
But God will enter in;
Oh, may His Spirit visit here,
And cleanse me from my sin.

Here I would all His mercies tell,
Here feel my sins forgiven,
For God can make a prison cell
The very gate of heaven.

H. H.

DEATH produces a new and strange life; the life born of putrefaction. So Adam's spiritual death gave birth to "the worm that never dieth" in his guilty soul.—*Biddulph*.

OBITUARY.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE REV. R. PYM,

LATE RECTOR OF ELMLEY, YORKSHIRE.

THE subject of the following brief memoir was one who lived much alone; he sought retirement, often saying to his friends that he did not wish to become a public character. But, during the last few months of his life, the Lord so powerfully blessed him that he repeatedly spoke and wrote to those friends who were favoured in having intercourse with him, requesting them to call upon the Lord's people to praise Him for the great favours with which He supported and comforted him on a dying bed. Nothing could be more repulsive to his feelings than the idea of exalting a "hell-deserving sinner" (as he frequently called himself); but if the "riches of grace" could be magnified, and any of the Lord's tried family, "who through fear of death, are all their life-time subject to bondage," might be encouraged by the relation of the Lord's gracious dealings with him, then he would not object to such an attempt being made.

The Rev. ROBERT PYM was born, July 15th, 1793. He was the third son of FRANCIS PYM, Esq., of the Hasells, Bedfordshire. Early in life, he entered business as a banker's clerk, in London, where he followed the devices and desires of his own sinful heart, and frequently, in after life, referred to that time with deep humiliation. But it was there that the Lord began the work of grace upon his soul; he felt burdened, but knew not what was the matter, and often sighed and mourned over his wretched condition. In this state he entered Christ Church, Newgate Street, and heard a sermon from the Bishop of Lichfield (Ryder) on the words, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. ii. 20). The text, rather than the sermon, powerfully affected his mind, and was the means of discovering to him the way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and he found "peace in believing," though far from being acquainted with the deep truths revealed in the Word, which, in later life, by the blessed teaching and power of the Holy Spirit, became the joy and rejoicing of his heart. Soon after this, being much disposed to leave the monotonous employment of a banker's clerk, and to seek the good of immortal souls, he determined to enter the ministry, and, after the usual college preparation, was in due time ordained. This he never spoke of without acknowledging the wonder-working hand of the Lord, and in most self-abasing terms would declare that God had chosen one of the weakest things in the world to preach the "truth as it is in Jesus." He now earnestly besought the Lord that "His word might not return unto Him void, but accomplish that which He pleased, and prosper in the thing whereto He sent it." He has been known constantly to spend many hours on a Sabbath morning in prayer, seeking that *he* might be nothing, but, the Holy Spirit speaking in him, and by him, God alone might be glorified. At this time, while waiting for a field of labour, the heart of Lord Scarborough was inclined, through a mutual friend, to offer him a living in Yorkshire, which was then vacant. Lord Scarborough said "it was a miserable neighbourhood, and no gentleman would like to live there, but a *curate* might be put in to do the duty." When this was mentioned to Mr. PYM, he at once said, "he should wish to do the work himself, and live amongst his people." He was therefore inducted into the Rectory of Elmley, near Wakefield, in the year 1830, and there he continued to labour till 1861, when the Lord was pleased to lay him

aside, that he might glorify Him by nearly twelvemonths' bodily weakness and suffering. During this time of sickness he was permitted to enjoy so much of the communicable glory and blessedness of Jehovah as manifested in the person of Jesus, that the poor tabernacle could scarcely contain the "joy unspeakable" with which he was at times filled to overflowing. For many years he was subject to much bondage through fear of death, evident in letters written between the years 1846 and 1850, when the Lord appeared in a marked way, and delivered him from it by a blessed application of Heb. v. 7. The last few months of his life, he was so greatly favoured, that he earnestly longed "to depart, and to be with Christ," of whose glory he was permitted so sweetly to taste on earth. In September, 1861, he wrote to a friend:—

"I wish to reply to yours, that I may have the pleasure of once more communicating spiritually with you in our present state. We do not at any time know what a day may bring forth. But when the Lord's hand is upon one so near the completion of the threescore years and ten as I am now drawing to, it becomes me not to disregard the warning voice. Blessed be God, He will not let me do that. He has laid me by from public ministering. It is with much difficulty that I can now communicate my thoughts to you by means of pen, ink, and paper."

Soon after the date of this letter, he was seized with epileptic fits, and became the subject of great darkness of soul. A member of his family attended him, and by the order of the medical man he was kept as quiet as possible; even those Christian friends with whom Mr. PYM delighted to hold intercourse being refused admittance into his room. On November 3rd, one of the Lord's people, with whom he had held sweet communion and fellowship for upwards of seventeen years, went to see him. After some difficulty he had an interview with Mr. PYM. He found him in a state of most painful soul-desertion. The Lord had permitted Satan for a season to tempt him, that, like Job, his faith might be tried; and, to use his own words, "that he might make room for the manifestation of the mighty power of God in delivering him out of such a state." He was lying on the sofa, looking extremely dejected, and to his friend's anxious inquiry, "How are you, Mr. PYM?" he replied, "You are come to see a deceived hypocrite." He quoted many passages of Scripture which he thought appeared all against him, such as Heb. vi. 4—6; 1 Cor. iii. 12—17; 1 Peter iv. 17, &c., &c. He said he had been in this state six weeks without any ray of light, or the least relief to the anguish of his spirit, and he thought the whole Bible seemed to tell against him. In vain did his friend try to explain the Word, and to show how little the passages he quoted applied to him; he could receive no comfort. At length his friend said, "Well, Mr. PYM, I have come here to hear you preach for seventeen years, and your aim has always been to lead people to look out of themselves to Christ, and now you are doing nothing but looking to yourself." This appeared for a moment to give relief, and Mr. PYM replied, "Thank you, thank you, I *am*, and have been doing nothing else for six weeks." Soon after this he sank back on the sofa quite exhausted, and the friend left with a solemn awful feeling that the enemy of souls was there, and that nothing but the almighty power of Jehovah-Jesus could conquer this mighty foe, and set the captive free. This friend, on his homeward journey, stopped at the house of a dear child of God, at Hebden Bridge, and there engaged in prayer with two or three of the Lord's people on behalf of Mr. PYM. When they rose from their knees, they each expressed their belief, from what they had felt in prayer, that deliverance would soon arrive. The Lord is faithful to His word (Matt. xviii. 19), and accordingly sent light and blessing into the soul of His dear servant that

very evening, and by five o'clock the next morning he rang for his servant to bring him pencil and paper that he might write to his friend. He dated his letter, "Elmley, Monday morning, 5 a.m., November 4th, 1861. *In bed,*" commencing with, "Your visit has been blessed, *very much blessed*;" he then quotes about fifty passages of Scripture, which had been the subject of his meditation that morning, concluding—

"To retain our understanding here, we have to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life. In this *Satan* withstands and opposes us *to the utmost*, and in the present day there are but few who can meet the need of those who are brought to this. Those who are brought to this, what are they not made to experience of themselves, and their indwelling sin? I must write no more, nor read this over! Pray for me! Pray for me! all and every one to whom it is given to pray, in the faith of the Gospel. May I say now, once more, as heretofore, yours affectionately, in the Gospel, ROBERT PYM."

Those who have never known these depths of Satan will not be able to understand the state of thralldom and bondage which this servant of God experienced, nor can they fully appreciate the powerful deliverance which was granted. Such are ready to say, "He went too far—it was wrong of him to speak so decidedly of his condition." But, should such persons ever come into the same state, they will find that Satan is too powerful for any less than an Almighty arm to control or subdue. On November 6th he wrote to the same friend:—

"I have been one of the vilest of sinners. In me, that is in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing; but, sensibly, all that is evil. Nothing but gospel truth, 'the truth that is in Jesus,' could possibly avail me anything under this present affliction. I have been the subject of fearful darkness of soul—the hidings of God's face from me as He is in Christ. I have been in the deepest waters, and have endured a fiery furnace of soul-trial, in which I have been made so acquainted with myself, that I need not think it *strange*, as it seems impossible that I could be saved, except by fire; a needs-be existing that I should at this time be 'in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of my faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having not seen I love, in whom though now I see Him not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, *receiving the end of my faith*, even the salvation of my soul.' I am deeply convinced, and satisfied at this moment, that I cannot yet be finally saved, unless *I am kept by the power of God through faith*, and that to this keeping by God's power through faith (God's gift) must be ascribed my having continued believing under the trials which for so many years faith has been subjected to in me."

November 22nd he writes:—

"I could indeed desire the company of some one of the Lord's dear family with whom it were permitted to me to talk familiarly about death and approaching eternity; but it is not allowed on account of the extreme weakness of the brain, &c. The Lord, at times, has been most kind to me; wonderful things have been opened and discovered to me; precious things brought to my mind: but some seasons (also) of soul-trial and darkness."

The friend mentioned above visited Mr. PYM at intervals during the remainder of his days on earth, and always found him rejoicing in God. But, as no memorandum was taken of the conversation which occurred, we can best describe his state in his own words from letters written to friends at the time. The following are selected:—

"Elmley, Jan. 18, 1862. My dear fellow-member in the mystical body of which the ever-blessed, great, and glorious Lord Jesus is the Head, in whom the life of

each one is safely hid and eternally secured in God. Glorious mystery! I would that I could communicate with you on the blessed things which from time to time are occupying my mind; but I have got past this *by letter*. I feel the want of some one to pray with, who could, heart and soul, join with me in my addresses, and prayers, and praises, offered to the Divine Majesty on the throne of grace. I have been much tried in my mind since yesterday morning on and off, at times feeling as though I were made up of two persons in my body and soul, and when incapable of serving the Lord in and with my mind, sadly tried by seemingly knowing of nothing else of which Robert Pym was made, or which constituted R. P., but the body of sin and death. I have wept much at times. When alone, weeping this morning in my bed, I thought there was comfort set forth in the word respecting some that were weepers upon earth, and I have just been looking at Rev. vii. 13, with the reply to the question put in that verse, contained in those which follow to the end of the chapter, and I conclude, as I did in bed this morning, that a weeping sinner in this world like me may truly find much comfort from such a portion of the word of Him that cannot lie. Our dear ever-blessed Lord when on earth preached in the same comforting, consoling way, knowing that amongst His followers there would be weeping sinners on earth, who would be rejoicing saints in heaven, when He said "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." My head says desist, so farewell, with Christian affection, from, R. P."

The next letter was written the following day :—

"Elmley, Jan. 19, 1862. My dear friend in our ever-blessed Christ, would that I could in any little way speak the praise of the Lord as I am called upon to do by His unspeakable goodness to me in every way since I closed my last to you, about noon yesterday. It would ill become me not to make the attempt. He blessed me at every turn, in every way, all yesterday, in temporal things, accompanying all with such sweet spiritual comfort and consolation, that I was in the blessed enjoyment of the peace of God which passeth all understanding in a way requiring you to be here an eye witness, and, as far as you could be, a soul partaker, to be able to form any idea at all coming up to the reality. I had comfortable and refreshing sleep during many hours last night. From four this morning I had the presence of the Lord, and an unceasing communion with Him, surpassing anything I ever before experienced. Such freedom in pouring out my whole soul! The only thing I felt to need was to be out of the bondage of the body, the earthly house of this tabernacle, and actually with my soul in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, mortality swallowed up of life, in that presence of Jesus which fills the whole soul, when out of the body, with a sensible participation of His glory, and enables it for a realization (with all other spirits made perfect in heaven) of that union which is of being in and of one spirit with the Lord. A dismission from the body or release, seemed all that was wanting to be immediately so received into a present Christ who filled all surrounding space immeasurably, to find myself at once in heaven, where is Christ's visible presence, with that of all the holy angels around and before the throne of manifested glory, and the spirits of all the elect already gone before into that everlasting kingdom of Jesus Christ, into which at death, we are assured from God's word, an entrance has been (as it will be to you and me) abundantly manifested. My head says, write no more. Farewell, my dear brother. You know what my farewells would include, all blessings you can ever need, and all provided for you in Jesus.—R. P."

These two letters are sufficiently indicative of Mr. PYM's experience at this time, though, as he drew nearer the end of his pilgrimage, he had less darkness and more manifested enjoyment. As the body became weaker he became unable to write even with the pencil, and he then employed his man servant to write at his dictation to friends; and, when too feeble to dictate, he would describe his case and have it written, reading it over afterwards, and adding a few words to render it more intelligible. The following is transcribed from one such letter :—

"When I, in compliance with my master's wishes, read to him various parts of the word, which he much enjoys, he says it is such precious food to his soul. Yesterday he directed me to read, amongst others, the 19th Psalm, and when at verse 10 remarked, 'That is a just description of what the Word is to me. If you can understand what sugar-plums or barley-sugar are to children, you can understand something of what the Holy Spirit makes the Word at times to me, in my present particular situation, both in hearing it read, and also when meditating upon it.'"

The friend who visited him on Nov. 3, spent about five weeks with him during May and June, and the Lord in a most wonderful way favoured and blessed them together. The time was chiefly spent in reading the Word and prayer, and they had most blessed communications from God in Christ by the power of the Holy Spirit. Mr. PYM often said he had deeper sights of God than language could describe. Sometimes he would exclaim twenty times together, "Blessed, blessed, blessed be His holy name!" At times they were so filled with the glory of God, that their bodies were crushed as it were by it, and repeatedly has Mr. PYM cried out, "Lord, my poor body will not contain it;" and many, many times would he exclaim, "Oh it is wonderful—wonderful, that thou shouldst *save me!* such a vile sinner as *me!*" The Holy Ghost revealed God in Christ, and faith being in lively exercise, their souls were filled to overflowing, and tears of love and joy were abundantly shed. If any of the servants entered the room, Mr. PYM could not help saying to them, "God has been blessing our poor souls." And he often longed for other friends to share it also, and would say, "Oh, tell them, tell them of the Lord's goodness." The latter end of July the same friend again visited Mr. PYM, staying with him about a fortnight. He found the body much weaker, but the soul more than ever rejoicing in God. Sometimes he would talk about the Lord and His goodness to his soul, until he was so overcome that he was attacked with one of the seizures with which he was afflicted, and on this account many Christian friends were not permitted to see him.

He gradually declined in bodily strength until Aug. 10, when he had an apoplectic fit. He was then quite unconscious for a day or two, but on Thursday and Friday rallied again. He enjoyed the same blessed intercourse with God to the last. He was delighted if any fresh symptom appeared to betoken the approach of death, and would say to his man servant with evident pleasure, "I think I cannot last long." On Friday, Aug. 15, he said to one who was sitting by him, "It will soon be over now; it is all passing away: I am dying very happy, just as I wished to die. I am in union with Christ." To another he said, "I die unto sin daily, but Jesus lives in me. It is all Jesus—nothing but Jesus. When Jesus appears it will be all Jesus in heaven—I am dying." These were the last words he spoke. He gradually sunk until 20 minutes after 3 o'clock on Sabbath morning, Aug. 17, 1862, when he drew his last breath on earth, and entered upon an eternal Sabbath, and upon the full enjoyment of those satisfying pleasures which are to endure for ever, and for which he had so long and ardently panted. He was interred under the communion-table of Elmley Church, on Saturday, Aug. 23, there to wait the resurrection of the body, and the entire fruition of all the purposes of God's everlasting love to His chosen ones.

The Bible which Mr. PYM was in the habit of using, and which is abundantly underlined and marked, was found to contain the following lines, written by his own hand—"This Bible to be given after my decease to J. N., of ——. Nov. 5, 1861, ROBERT PYM. He most kindly visited me on the 3rd day of Nov. 1861—a Sabbath—when I was the subject of much soul darkness, spiritual trial

and trouble. After he was gone, his conversation was much blessed to the comfort of my soul (Isa. l. 10; John v. 39), and his visits since have been the same. I would give the Lord all the praise, thanking, blessing, and praising His holy name. May He exercise, strengthen, uphold, confirm, and establish my faith more and more, as He sees good to try it, and fulfil in me His own eternal praise and glory (2 Pet. i. 11)."

THE EDITOR'S TESTIMONY.

Dear Mr. PYM! We have rarely met a man with so tender, sympathizing a heart! Everything about him bespoke teaching of no common order, and withal that honesty that would not allow him to assume, or to follow simply for effect, another man's line of things. Whatever he might *see*, he would not *teach* but as he *realized*. Here was his honesty. He trembled at being beforehand with the Lord, or at coming before the people with what he had not "tasted, and handled, and felt, of the good word of life."

In proof of this, we remember in one letter to a beloved niece of his, how he spoke of *seeing* the liberty which some few others experience in a precious Christ, and how *he* longed to attain unto it, and to testify of it, but he could not. He felt it must be the Lord the Spirit's work to lead him into that liberty, and, when there, to proclaim it, under the felt power and preciousness of the same.

We remember, in a very early period of our correspondence, dear Mr. PYM took up an expression which we had happened just previously to have used—"We cannot study—we never could." He said it was precisely so with him. Hence his ministrations, either through the press or from the pulpit, were of a *spontaneous* character. We would not lay down a rule for others. But, whilst there are those who maintain that this bespeaks indolence, and so commonly apply the language of the psalmist thereto, in reference to his offering to the Lord that which cost him nothing, we cannot think this has a general application. We believe there are instances—and we are very much mistaken if Mr. PYM's was not among them—in which men of God have laboured intensely in the fires of temptation and trial—the very deepest and the very sorest of conflict—for what afterwards they have had to bring before the people. Some there are—and we know one who in a degree envies such—who can pore over page after page, and volume after volume, by the hour and the day, and almost the week, cutting and culling, and storing up, and in due time bringing forth; whilst others are to be students of the heart—spiritual anatomists—plodding over—diving into—severing and separating the varied, so to speak, arteries running through the vast mechanism of the human soul; the temper, disposition, and leading of the heart and conscience, expressed in that all-important word, *EXPERIENCE*; just that state of things laid down in the 107th psalm. Now where this is the case, the student is specially dependent upon God the Holy Ghost, who, in His own time, and that commonly at the eleventh hour, takes the key, unlocks the cabinet of the heart, and, by His own power, unitedly, as the Teacher, the Remembrancer, the Testifier of Christ, and the Comforter, sets the soul at large and at liberty, as He sheds light upon what such individual has aforetime heard, what he has seen with his eyes, and what he has looked upon, and his hands have handled of the word of life. In a letter which we shall hope to reproduce next month, we shall show how deep were Mr. PYM's exercises in reference to his preaching. How sore was his heart-travail, how keen his labour-pangs, in waiting upon the Lord for a supply for the spiritual wants and necessities of the people. However some may have to

reproach themselves on account of a lack of more diligent application, we cannot think it was the case with Mr. Pym. Where was there a more diligent student of the word than he? Who pored over his Bible more than he? Who spent more time in prayer than he? Hour upon his knees! Intense importunity! ardent wrestling! The going in before the King with "strong crying and tears," as did his Lord and Master before him. We believe this was eminently the case with Mr. Pym. And who had the insight into his heart that he had? Who more tender of the little ones than he? Who more thoroughly sympathized with the halt, the blind, the broken-hearted? How gentle his spirit! how tender his tones! Who would more tremble at wounding one of the Lord's little ones than the never-to-be-forgotten ROBERT PYM? Yet, withal, who more valiant for the truth as it is in Jesus?

But, though we have spoken thus, *his* was one of the instances in which we, as Editor, are called to suffer. His opinions and those of the late ARTHUR TRIGGS clashed—simply in mode of expression. They knew and loved and served the same Lord; but their mode of putting forward the truth varied. One word—and one alone—led to a misunderstanding—to discussion—to strife. The result was division. Seldom did we hear again from our now departed friend. The "Crumbs from Elmley" ceased to fall from the table of the *Gospel Magazine*. And yet essentially both Mr. PYM and Mr. TRIGGS held and rejoiced in the same glorious truths as appertaining to the salvation of the same all-precious Christ.

Well, they have now met where "they know even as they are known." They have no discord now—no division now. One in Him and one with Him, they bow admiringly and adoringly before the throne.

Oh, that our readers would take heed to these lessons from life, and learn, as we have so often entreated they would seek to do, to "differ and agree to differ," where non-essentials are concerned. When shall we see all alike, in every shade and hue? Never, never, till we arrive at home, and meet around the throne. Oh, what was the experience—what the testimony—of one of the honoured men whose names we have just mentioned? He once intimated to ourselves, that we embraced too many and took in too largely of this one and that one that could not pronounce our Shibboleth? but ah, what was his testimony in connexion with the deep, deep teaching to which he was subjected before the Lord took him? That he had ceased to judge—that he no longer wished to interfere with the Lord's prerogative as to who and what men were. He felt that it was to their own Master they stood or fell.

Men may say this savours of compromise; but a sick bed and a dying hour settles that question.

Once more, with regard to our dear departed brother, we may say, we shall never forget the cheering effect of his first letter to us, in connexion with the *Gospel Magazine*, some two or three and twenty years ago. The letter which we shall subjoin was addressed to us, just after we had buried two dear children and the loved sharer of our joys and sorrows. As so many years have passed since it was published, and as it so strikingly opens up a subject that has of late been canvassed in these pages, we feel the more justified in republishing it. Mr. PYM's letter contains the true definition of rejoicing in the Lord, in the midst of the greatest human privation or distress. A secret, simple, sacred uplifting of heart and peculiarly blessed reposing of soul in and upon the Lord, when at the same time drawn off by circumstances from a resting in, or in the least wise depending upon, an arm of flesh. This rejoicing in God of which our departed brother speaks, is purely the result of the Holy Ghost's operations upon

a redeemed sinner's heart, in immediate connexion with loving discipline. It is that special secret with which our poor fallen flesh has nought to do—a secret into a knowledge of which even the Lord's own dear people only are admitted, as flesh is foiled—the world despised—and Satan repelled. It is, in a word, the blessed fruits and effects of sanctified trial, when the Lord, as a special favour, takes His beloved ones into “the banquetting house, and His banner over them is love.”

[COPY.]

“To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

“MY DEAR BROTHER AND COMPANION IN TRIBULATION,—Since I addressed to you my letter of the 4th of last month, it has pleased our God that we should become personally acquainted. From the GOSPEL MAGAZINE of this month, I learn that that heavy affliction has come upon you, which, when I was in London, you were anticipating in painful anxiety, as in the ordering of the Lord's providence respecting you, whereby you are plunged under the waves of inexpressible mental anguish. It has brought upon you such a weight of affliction, that you are sensible you can do nothing with it yourself. God, and God only, can work by means, so calculated to crush us as a moth before Him; unless He is Himself therein directing and controlling, to His own appointed ends of loving-kindness and mercy. You are compelled to own this is of God. He leads you in it, to look to Him, to call upon Him; to cast all your care upon Him, believing that He careth for you. You now realize, that in the good hope of the Gospel, are everlasting arms of support, of which you have before heard much, and known something—but never as at this present time. I partake with you, my brother, in this your grief—while, I humbly hope, I can enter a little into the peculiar nature of that comfort, which our loving and compassionate Lord is so administering to you, as, that while truly sensible of the overwhelming nature of the weight of affliction laid upon you, you are sensible of an upholding power replete with consolations and encouragements unknown to any but the tried ones of the Lord's blood-bought family. Oh, precious, precious Christ! Oh, precious, precious truth! Oh, precious, precious Spirit, that can afford anything so effectually soul-supporting, so sweetly healing, so subduing of the rebellious emotions of carnal self.

“The changes of which you are now the subject—namely, seasons of almost insupportable mental agony, followed by those of effectual applications of truth and Christ to your poor soul, bear a testimony that you are not left to yourself under this affliction, but that the unerring wisdom of God is in the direction of this dispensation. You are not able to resist the force of this testimony; you are obliged to own that this trying providence is, in its every effect, and its every consequence yet discovered, of God, and God only; and that of love, and the carrying out of His pure mercy towards you. I trust, you are enabled to say, notwithstanding the heavy weight of affliction under which you groan, herein I do rejoice, and will rejoice.

“Since I saw you in London, I have myself been brought into very close contact with an affliction, similar in its kind, and attended with circumstances not less peculiarly aggravating. A much beloved brother, of whom I was speaking to you, has, during that time, been bereaved of one of the most valuable of wives, and left with twelve motherless children; six of them under twelve years of age, while the youngest has scarce yet seen three months in this world of sin and sorrow. This dear saint was a daughter of affliction, like the many of the Lord's family on earth. She had borne to her husband fourteen children in the course of seventeen years, while she had been, at different periods during that time, in situations to have borne to him three more, had not the providence of God directed otherwise. The anxious, sensitive, affectionate Christian mother of such a family, and under such circumstances, could not have failed to be a daughter of affliction. On one occasion of her being confined, I remember she had a sweet child dying of inflammation of the brain, and her own confinement was brought on rather prematurely, from witnessing the sufferings of her child, and the anguish of mind she experienced from the poor child being incapable of recognising its parents.

"This dear tried saint was taken ill on the Sabbath-day after our interview, and on the morning of the next, just one week, she resigned her spirit to Him who gave it.

"During the week of her illness, and the one which preceded it, the whole of her numerous family had been the subjects of sickness. Yet, in the midst of all this, under much bodily exhaustion, and in the immediate prospect of death, Jesus was all-sufficient. Calmness, peace, and cheerful resignation, sweetly characterised the closing scene. Death was, in the providence of God, the carrying out to her, as a chosen and beloved one in Christ, purposes of mercy and love, revealed and made known by promise, and accomplished in faithfulness.

"In the interview she had with those of her children of an age to profit, under God, by the conversation of a dying Christian mother, she bore this sweet testimony—'My dear children,' said she, 'I have such a sense of the preciousness of Jesus, that I can willingly part from you all, and your dear father. I am going to see the King in His beauty; and I am indeed unspeakably happy, in the prospect of so soon being admitted into his presence.' This is an all-sufficient testimony. It is of God and not man. It will do for life—it will do for death. A sense of the preciousness of Jesus, through His discovery of Himself to us, is indeed all we want in life or death. It is that by which we rise superior to all earthly things in life; and it is that by which we are made sensibly to triumph in the hour of death. It has brought Jesus into the midst of the scene of trial and affliction, to which this providence has called me: His voice has been heard saying, 'Peace, be still—It is I, be not afraid.' I have thus found, whatever may be the depths of grief into which the Lord plunges us, under afflicting dispensations, that sensible grief and sorrow, amounting almost to brokenness of heart, is not incompatible with such a looking to Jesus, as brings the sweetest comfort. These things are not opposed one to the other in the living Christian's experience. Looking to Him, we greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, we are in heaviness through manifold trials. While our faith is being tried, as it were by fire, that it might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus, is it not the case, that, believing in Him at such seasons of mental anguish, we yet rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? It is holy, heavenly, spiritual joy that can thus discover itself, in the midst of a sensible inexpressible weight of affliction; heavy affliction excludes all other joy. 'In the world,' saith Christ, 'ye shall have tribulation.' Not only *from* the world, but *in* it. The very circumstance of the living spiritual child of God being in the world, shall be sufficient to cause him tribulation. But at the same time, in Christ we have peace. Sensible tribulation from being in the world, and sensible peace in Christ through faith, go together. Under a sense of nearness to Christ in our trouble, and contemplation of what He is to us, and what the love of our God in Him, we find our sorrow of heart and brokenness of spirit sanctified and blessed to us. At such seasons we are the subjects of sweetly renewed impressions of divine truth, on our spirits—the furnace we are in, so melting us, under the controlling influence of Him, who has ordered it, as to render us capable of their reception. I like to hear of the dealings of God with His called ones—both those of judgment and those of mercy. While the Lord's judgments are a great deep, past finding out, in the ark, Christ Jesus, we ride through them, under them, and over them, and joy and rejoice in his sensibly supporting arm, protecting love, and sweetly sanctifying grace. What great things do sanctified afflictions for those, found under them to be in Christ. We cannot review the way, which the Lord our God has led us, all our days, through this wilderness, but we are constrained to say, 'In the midst of judgment, He has remembered mercy.' 'He that believeth shall not be ashamed.' 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all our days.' When we are told that many are the afflictions of the righteous; that through much tribulation, we must enter the kingdom of heaven; and that it is better to go to the house of mourning, than the house of feasting, we are warranted to expect that much benefit is ordained of God to His Church at large, and to the individuals who compose it, through the afflictions of the righteous. On this account I confess I like to hear them. Among many benefits which I think arise from our being conversant with the afflictions of the righteous, either in ourselves or others, is that they tend to draw out into exercise the kindling feelings of our new natures towards our brethren in Christ. It seems to sweeten our Christian communion, and

give a confidence to our spiritual affection, when we believe our Christian brother has, in the school of Christ, been brought to know what is meant by having fellowship with Christ in His sufferings, and in this way been effectually taught as the elect of God, holy and beloved, to put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering. The bowels of God's mercy to his people is Christ. In the furnace of affliction, the blessed Spirit teaches us to put on Christ, as the bowels of God's mercy to our own selves; and in so doing to put on bowels of mercies towards our brethren in Christ. We are told that 'whom the Lord did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that he might be the first or chief born amongst many brethren.' This is indeed a sweet scripture. We are conformed to Christ in our new natures, which are begotten of God, and cannot sin; even as Christ, begotten of the Spirit in the womb of the virgin, was that holy thing which was to be called the Son of God. We know also, that there is an appointed hour, when Christ shall change our vile bodies, that they may be like unto His glorious body; while in the meantime, we are the subjects of sweet exhortation to let the mind which was in Christ, be in us—to put off the old man and put on the new; which, in other words, is a manifesting in our conduct that likeness to Christ in which we were new created by the Holy Ghost. Now, my dear afflicted brother in Christ, I do not think that our own particular afflictions have much to do with our being conformed to Christ in this latter sense—in our manifesting the mind and the Spirit that was in Him. May not this consideration, under God, tend to reconcile us to those afflictions which we know by experience are not joyous in themselves but grievous, and hard to be endured? Again, I do think that hearing of the afflictions of our brethren, tends also to our manifesting a conformity of mind and spirit to our blessed Lord and Master. To this end we have a sweet scripture (Phil. ii. 1, 2), 'If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies, fulfil ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind.' Thus I have penned to you a few straggling thoughts which have arisen in my mind under my own affliction, and on reading of yours. I send them to you, as I would fain fulfil the law of Christ towards you, in bearing with you your present burden. There is no such thing as bearing one another's burden, in a spiritual sense; excepting, as we are in Christ, and mutually realize our being in Him. Then expressed sympathy, and suitably applied truth in the way of scripture consolation and encouragement, is, under the influences of the Spirit, found by us to be a means which our God has provided, whereby to alleviate the weight of sorrow and grief which, under our affliction, he has laid upon us. I would, at this season, specially commend you in Christian love to Him in whose hands you are.

"As in Christ,

"Your brother and companion in tribulation,

"*Elmley, June 3rd, 1841.*"

"ROBERT PYM."

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF RUTH BRYAN.

FEB. 3, 1850.—I have this week been somewhat tossed in mind to find Christians of many years standing very jealous of any one having too much enjoyment. This very thing has grieved me ever since I was brought out of bondage. It seems marvellous if I am saved, and positively know it, how can I but be joyful and sing aloud of His righteousness who was "made sin for me?" My sorrow is that I do not rejoice more. Lord, what is for Thy glory increase; what is of the flesh take away. Creature opinions confuse me; but Thy teachings my soul understands. I do marvel to hear so little of Thee and Thy finished salvation, from believers of forty years' standing. Lord, increase our faith and simplicity.

PROTESTANT BEACON.

THE PRISON MINISTERS ACT.

THE priests have already broken ground on the Prison Ministers Act. The Act is permissive, that is, it allows justices to appoint *a Catholic priest with a salary* to act as Romish chaplain in certain gaols. The justices have hardly done so in any case, but they will be required to do so, and very soon pressure will be put on them, and annoyance, and in the end threats of personal violence towards any one or more magistrates who, understanding the nature of the Catholic conspiracy, indomitably resist the endowment in a Protestant country with Protestant money, of a party of priests, the conscientious, avowed, and determined enemies of our laws and our liberties. It will be at the peril, however—the life peril—of any magistrate, at any time, fairly to develop the fatal evils which must ensue from the admission into our gaols of men, such as priests usually are, and these to have secret, uncontrolled conference (under religious sanctions too) with criminals of every kind—the incendiary, the poisoner, the forger, the swindler—with any one whose peculiar depravity may be, and ought to be, made available for the glory of God and His Church. The history of the Romish Church is full of the use made of (what would commonly be called, in a worldly sense,) wicked persons, in promoting the interests of the Church of Rome. Let the sentiment of religious fanaticism be well developed by a clever priest in the soul of a cruel or otherwise unscrupulous person, and by continual intercourse such an one may be completely prepared, when he regains his liberty, to commit any crime that his spiritual teacher tells him will glorify God, and completely purge his own soul.

Crimes of religious fanaticism are as rife now, probably more so, than in the times of Gevard or Ravallac; the art of poisoning is carried on now-a-days in England as well as in Italy with masterful skill and success. Some will poison *one side of a knife*, and, carefully dividing an apple, give the poisoned half to the heretical victim. In Ireland there are few murders which are not of a religious origin, and which priests instigate rather than prevent. Sir George Bowyer, in the House of Commons, a few months ago said, “If the Government would make certain concessions to the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Ireland, and repeal the law which prevents the Romish Bishops from approaching Her Majesty in their spiritual character, *murders would soon cease, and the law would be respected.*” So will it become in England, men of furious religious zeal, such as may always be developed among the criminal classes, properly manipulated by the priest, while undergoing their punishment in gaol, will commit any grievous crimes to which they may be instigated; and we shall have some Catholic member get up in his place in Parliament and declare, “Let concessions be further made to us Catholics, and murders shall cease in England, and the law shall be respected.” Yes, until the next time. The world was solemnly assured, “that if Catholic emancipation be granted, the Catholics will become peaceable and loyal subjects,” but it has not been so; on the contrary, they have behaved much worse ever since, and so they will continue, as long as they are unresisted, and until they have brought the whole country under the foreign yoke of the Papal power, and have reduced Englishmen to the state of misery—misery of body and mind—which they have so well done in Italy and in Mexico. In the meantime, Magistrates

for the present must, in every instance, resist the endowment of gaol priests, and the Act must be repealed next session.

The life of no man will be safe so long as such paid priests, who acknowledge the principles of the Jesuits, are admitted to secret and unconstrained access to the most depraved of our gaol inmates. A few weeks ago, Mr. W. M. Wake, a guardian of the Sunderland Union, received a note, of which the following is a copy:—

"Mr. Wake, you have made many sad remarks against our religion, and only last week, you stated that the Roman Catholic priests were the most abominable and detestable set under heaven, and the most obnoxious. You hear no other guardian say such like—no, sir. The winter is coming; it matters not now where you be. Prepare yourself for death.

"You shall have a piece of lead put through your head, or your brains knocked out. We value not our lives, for your life we will have. Death is your doom. You would have got it some time since had we not been four minutes too late, when gunpowder was used by you in St. George's Square.

"We have made our minds up to die for you [illegible] of religion. You are a source of trouble to us. You shall be put out of this world before long. Prepare for death.

"Mr. Morgan Wake, St. George's Square, Bp. Wearmouth."

This note was written in a disguised hand, and by one not so illiterate as he desired to appear to be.

Francis Amicus says: "It will be lawful for an Ecclesiastic, or one of a religious order, to kill a calumniator, who threatens to spread atrocious accusations against himself or his religion, when other means of defence are wanting."—*Principles of the Jesuits*, p. 220.

Banney says: "The right of defence extends itself to everything which is necessary for insuring protection from every injury. Still, the calumniator should be first warned that he desist from his slander; and if he will not, he should be killed, and not openly, on account of the scandal, but secretly."—*The principles of the Jesuits*, p. 209. All this is being followed out to a great extent in Poland by the insurrectionists.

Surely it cannot be seriously intended to pension priests as religious teachers in our gaols, who themselves set the law so grossly at defiance, as witness last year the Wiseman-riots in Hyde Park, when a large brigade of furious Irishmen dispersed, on three successive Sabbath days, a meeting of Englishmen, who wanted, quite lawfully, but very foolishly, to have a talk about Garibaldi. Wiseman's carriage was at these riots. Further, a few weeks ago, a case came before John Campbell, Esq., and Lieutenant-Colonel Chambers, at the County Magistrates' Court, Liverpool, in which two priests, the Rev. T. Kelly, of the Roman Catholic Chapel, Marsh Lane, and the Rev. Samuel Isaac Walsh, of St. John's Roman Catholic Chapel, Bootle, appeared by summons, charging them with having assaulted police-constable Robert Carter (664), and interfered with him in the execution of his duty. Deputy chief-constable King conducted the case on behalf of the officer, and Mr. Deighton, barrister, appeared for the defendants.

Police-officer Carter (664), stated, that on Wednesday afternoon, the 23rd instant, he had three boys in custody for attempting to steal clothes from a line at the bottom of Campbell Street, Bootle. He was taking the boys along Regent Road, when he met four Catholic priests, two of them being the defendants, the Rev. Father Kelly, and the Rev. Father Walsh. Father Kelly said, addressing the officer, "Are you the father of these boys?" He (witness) replied, "No, I am not." Father Kelly then said, "Where are you taking them to?" and also

asked who witness was, to which he replied that he was a police-officer (No. 664), and was going to take them to the police station, but he declined to say what they had been doing. Father Kelly said, "You are not going to take the boys in that way." Witness replied that they must go some way. Father Kelly then said, "Let them go;" a request which was of course not complied with. Father Kelly then got hold of his arms, and held him, whilst the other defendant took hold of one of the boys, and during the struggle the lad succeeded in making his escape. A woman then came up, and took hold of another of the lads, and he, too, was rescued. A mob of about fifty persons had by this time collected, some of whom got hold of witness by the collar, while two men, apparently dock-labourers, who were armed, the one with a hammer, and the other with a crowbar, threatened, that if he did not liberate the boys, they would knock his brains out. The other boy was then rescued from him. The two defendants took hold of his arms, and held them in such a manner that he did not recover the use of them for three hours afterwards. He could not lift them up. Cross-examined by Mr. Deighton: Was in plain clothes. Did not knock any of the boys on the ground, nor ill-treat them at all. Did not tell Father Kelly he was a police-officer when all was over; told him at the commencement. Other witnesses corroborated this evidence.

The bench, after retiring for a short time to consider the case, returned into court, when Mr. Campbell intimated that they had carefully weighed the evidence on both sides, and had come to the conclusion that the assault was proved; and not only so, but that there had been an improper interference with the officer in the execution of his duty, which was no trifling matter in this country. The law would sanction the bench inflicting a penalty of £20 upon the defendants, but they consider that, under all the circumstances, it would be unwise to extend it to the extreme amount of the penalty. The defendants must pay a fine of £5 and costs, and in default to go to gaol for a month. It was painful for the bench to act in a matter of this kind, when gentlemen such as those before them appeared in court, but they had a duty to perform, and in discharging it he thought they had dealt leniently in the present case.

A notice of appeal against the decision having been given, Mr. Campbell said, it appeared that the defendants could not appeal. The case might have been sent to the sessions, and, so far as the bench were concerned, it would have been more satisfactory to have tried it elsewhere.

The fines were paid immediately, and the defendants left the court.

Strange men these priests to be paid to reform our criminals when they themselves are the secret instigators of crime, and appear in public, as in the above case, the open violators of the law. What further can we expect, when Magistrates already are so tender to these priestly ruffians, now that Mr. Serjeant Shee, a bigoted Catholic, is made a judge?

The justices of Liverpool have just appointed a priest as Catholic Chaplain to the gaol at a salary of £303 a-year, in the case of so flagrantly violent a breach of law as Kelly has been guilty of. We hear about setting a thief to catch a thief; but now we set a lawless person, in truth a ruffian himself, to reform a ruffian.

In the midst of deserved judgments which come upon the world, God always remembers His people whom He hath chosen out of the world.

Perhaps no subject is more marvellous, when we connect it with the power of God to punish, than His long-suffering and forbearance.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 86, }
NEW SERIES. }

FEBRUARY, 1864.

{ No. 1,178,
OLD SERIES.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

"And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."—HEB. ii. 15.

MANY of our readers are the subjects of the fear of death. Their condition is aptly described by the Apostle, who declares such, as above, to be "all their lifetime subject to bondage." It haunts them like a spectre wherever they go, and however they may be engaged. It is a continuous burden, and weighs down their spirits beyond expression. "How will it be with thee in the swellings of Jordan?" is a question that seems, as it were, to divest them of every particle of strength. Satan, that arch enemy and accomplished student of our poor fallen humanity, knows well, from long and careful observation, their weak point; and here he makes his assault. *Such suffer a thousand deaths in anticipation of the one;* and we believe that, almost without exception, when such really come to the river's brink, they are far less fearful than many who have scarcely given the subject a thought; and how is this? It is because they continue to realize, what during their pilgrimage they had continuously experienced, that the Lord is still what He ever has been—JEHOVAH-JIREH—the Lord will see and provide. What child of God has not, in every perplexity, difficulty, or sorrow, proved Him to be so? The greater the extremity, the more marked and manifest the interposition of an Almighty hand. The more absolute and intense the creature-weakness, the more obvious and blessed the divine succour and sustaining. No forfeiture of the divine promise, nor failure of divine power, all the chequered course of the wilderness, but wisdom, grace, and help so communicated as to ratify and confirm the covenant: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." "Thy place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; thy bread shall be given thee, thy waters shall be sure."

Now this having been realized by the weakest, the most timid and trembling of the Lord's dear children, through all their pilgrim journey, such shall—such *must* of necessity—continue to realize the same divine presence and power; for of what avail would it be, had the Lord been to His people all that they could possibly need during their pilgrimage, and then to fail them or to forsake them at its close? Such were to mock them. Such were to deceive as well as disappoint. Nay, such is not the manner of our God. His acts are worthy of Himself! His covenant oath and His covenant name are at stake. And, could His people see it, they would blessedly discover that every deliverance in rela-

tion to their daily passage through the wilderness, fraught as it is with trial and temptation each day and hour, is only a *pledge* and an *earnest* of their sure and certain victory over death, hell, and the grave. No wisdom or strength of their own had ever availed them amid the "deaths oft" which on their wilderness way they had encountered. In regard to every stage and every step of the journey, they had had abundant reason to exclaim, with respect to the mercies that had marked the same, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake." Since, then, they have ever been dependants upon divine grace, and paupers upon divine mercy, what more or less can they be, in meeting the last enemy? In a sense, the fear of death arises from a misapprehension of how matters really stand between God and the soul. The very sense of weakness, vileness, and utter unworthiness, if rightly applied, will only tend to dispel our fear of death. Why? Because we may thus reasonably and scripturally argue: Well, if I, a poor, sinful, hell-deserving worm, without a single particle of strength, wisdom, or goodness, have been brought on, and on, and on, even until now; and, if I dare not ascribe in the least possible iota my being so led, and nourished, and delivered to any but to the sovereign, gracious, and omnipotent power of Jehovah, may I not construe my being what I am, and where I am, into an assurance—an earnest—a pledge, that He who "hath delivered, and doth deliver, will still deliver;" that He will be mindful of His engagement, "The Lord will give grace, and He will give glory; and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly?"—yea, may I not gratefully and even joyfully sing—

"He that helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through;
And daily give me cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise."

"His love in times past forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through."

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More *happy*, but not more *secure*,
The glorified spirits in heaven?"

The subject of the fear of death has been one of late much upon our mind. One of our beloved readers, in particular, has been so long and so intensely exercised with it, that we would affectionately commend her case to the attention of our readers generally. We would entreat the Lord that a spirit of grace and supplication may be poured out upon them on her behalf. We long to see her, if the Lord will, delivered from this fear. We doubt not that she will realize abundant strength, and peace, and satisfaction, in the dark valley; but we venture to hope it may please the Lord to give her some sweet sight of Himself by precious faith, ere she reaches the river. We long to see her coming forth in blessing and praise, testifying to His gracious sovereign acts as her Daysman and Deliverer; singing as she journeys, "The Lord is my strength and song; He also hath become my salvation."

We have had, for some months, a work passing through the press, and which is now well nigh completed, entitled, "BIBLE LIVES AND BIBLE LESSONS; OR, GLEANINGS FROM THE BOOK OF GENESIS." The work has been written under

pressure, and when the heart has been permitted to vent its grief and its anguish before the Lord on paper. Some of the seasons of writing have been so special and so sacred, as to lead us to hope the work was not written for one's own sake alone, but for the glory of God, and the good of many precious souls, when the writer shall be no more. As the case to which we have alluded, in regard to the fear of death, was much pressing upon the mind whilst writing one or two of the chapters, we have resolved to quote the following from the work in question, and we pray God that the subject may be brought home with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. God grant that it may prove to be a word in season to many a poor tempest-tossed, Satan-worried, soul; and a covenant God shall have all the glory and the praise.

The annexed quotation is from chapter xix. of BIBLE LIVES AND BIBLE LESSONS:—

"We dwelt a little in our last chapter upon the fear of death, and endeavoured to show, upon the ground of Jehovah's covenant engagements, in His threefold character, why there was no real cause for the believer's being the subject of this fear. And yet it is so natural—so few, comparatively speaking, of the children of God but what are, more or less, the subjects of this fear—that it makes us additionally anxious to dwell a little more upon this point, hoping as we do that the Lord may, in mercy, make what we may be led to write instrumental in cheering the heart and dispelling the fears of those who may thus suffer.

"Now, by reference to the epistle to the Hebrews, we find that one part—and an essential part, too—of the work of Christ, was to meet the condition of those who were the subjects of the fear of death. In the 2nd of the Hebrews and 10th verse, it says: 'For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.' Again, in the 8th and 9th verses of the same chapter, it is recorded: 'Thou hast put all things in subjection under His feet. For in that He put all things in subjection under Him, He left nothing that is not put under Him. But now we see not yet all things put under Him. But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man.' God forbid that we should say anything derogatory to the name and honour of our most glorious Christ; but is it not clear, that, when Jesus the mighty God—one with the Father and the Eternal Spirit, co-equal and co-eternal—left His throne in glory, and came here below to tabernacle in our flesh, 'made of a woman, made under the law, that He might redeem them that were under the law,' He took upon Him our sinless infirmities? Yea, more, He placed Himself in the position of a learner; for so it is written, 'Though He were a Son (or the Son of the eternal God), yet *learned* He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect.' How! the immaculate Son of God made perfect? Not perfect as implying imperfection in His nature, because if He were in the leastwise tainted with sin, He could not offer a vicarious sacrifice. He must offer for Himself, and not absolutely and exclusively for the sins of His people, as their Daysman, Substitute, and Redeemer. But He was 'made perfect' in the accomplishment, development, and opening out of His mediatorial and substitutionary character, in His covenant engagements to *do* as well as to *suffer* for and on the behalf of His people. Christ was not only to *die*, but to *live* for His people here in the time-state. He was to *serve* as well as to *suffer*. He was to work out, actively, a righteousness which is 'unto all and upon all them that believe,' according to that glorious testimony, 'What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit' (Rom. viii. 3, 4). But He was to *die* also—here was His *passive* obedience. He was to die even the ignominious death of the cross, in order in His person, and by His one offering, to atone for—yea, to 'perfect for ever them that are sanctified.' Hence Christ, in the accomplishment of His work, was 'made perfect,' as a Saviour. As

He Himself declared, when addressing His Father, 'I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.'

"Now with regard to death, the Apostle distinctly affirms, 'The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.' Hence an essential part of the work of Christ was to destroy death—that is, so to divest it of strength and power as to render it harmless. And such, we contend, is the case, as far as the redeemed are concerned. This, we pray God, He will make us to prove from His own precious word. Speaking by the prophet Hosea, the Lord says, 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction: repentance shall be hid from mine eyes' (Hosea xiii. 14). Then with respect to His being 'made perfect,' or the carrying into execution His own pre-ordained work, we read in the last five verses of the second of the Hebrews: 'Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. For verily He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.'

"We ask, therefore, what was involved in this work? What had Christ to undergo in the accomplishment of it? We answer, that, though He had no sin *in* Him (we have already shown that had He not been 'holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners,' His work would have been neutralized), yet He had sin *upon* Him. He stood beneath this ponderous weight, and became wholly and solely responsible for the sin and for the condemnation of His redeemed. He stood accountable for them. He pledged Himself to be answerable for them. He sought their entire and eternal discharge upon the ground of His own service and sacrifice. He engaged to *live* for them and to *die* for them. In doing so, He took their nature into union with His divine nature, and became the subject of all their sinless infirmities, for (as we have seen) 'it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren;' to be 'in *all* points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'

"Now we believe in these infirmities were included the fear of death. We have already intimated that we tremble at the thought of advancing anything derogatory to our glorious Christ; but we cannot think that we dishonour Him by stating that He in His own person, as the Head and Representative of His body the Church, was the subject of the fear of death.

"Let us, by way of confirmation, turn to the Psalms, in most of which Christ was either the speaker or the spoken of or to. Look at the 22nd Psalm, about which there cannot be the slightest doubt that it is the language of Christ, inasmuch as some were the very words He expressed upon the cross: 'I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and Thou hast brought me into the dust of death. For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: they pierced my hands and my feet. I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me.' Whence this; but from the intense anguish of His soul? The wrath of God was poured out upon Him, as the Substitute of His redeemed; and, whilst enduring this, He combated all the horrors entailed not merely by natural but by eternal death. Again, look at the 40th Psalm: 'Withhold not Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth continually preserve me. For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me. Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.' What is this but earnest, importunate entreaty, under a sense of anguish and apprehension? Again, in the 69th Psalm, Christ is undoubtedly the speaker: 'Save me, O God; for the waters are come in upon my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my crying: my throat

is dried: mine eyes fail while I wait for my God. They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head: they that would destroy me, being mine enemies wrongfully, are mighty: then I restored that which I took not away. O God, Thou knowest my foolishness; and my sins are not hid from Thee." Here Christ was speaking as the Substitute and Representative of His people. Their sin (margin, guiltiness) was laid upon Him. He was answerable, and therefore cried out under the weight and enormity of them. Is not the 14th verse expressive of fear? 'Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink: let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.' Observe also the ardour of His entreaties: 'Hear me, O Lord: for Thy lovingkindness is good: turn unto me according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies. And hide not Thy face from Thy servant; for I am in trouble: hear me speedily. Draw nigh unto my soul, and redeem it: deliver me because of mine enemies. Thou hast known my reproach, and my shame, and my dishonour: mine adversaries are all before Thee. Reproach hath broken my heart: and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none.' Mark, moreover, the language of the 88th Psalm: 'Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and Thou hast afflicted me with all Thy waves. Selah. Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me; Thou hast made me an abomination unto them: I am shut up, and I cannot come forth. Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction: Lord, I have called daily upon Thee, I have stretched out my hands unto Thee. Wilt Thou shew wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise Thee? Selah. Shall Thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave? or Thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall Thy wonders be known in the dark? and Thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness? But unto Thee have I cried, O Lord; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent Thee. Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? why hidest Thou Thy face from me? I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up: while I suffer Thy terrors I am distracted. Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; Thy terrors have cut me off. They came round about me daily like water; they compassed me about together. Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.' We quote one more passage from the Psalms—the 55th—in which the 'fear of death' is most marked; and that this Psalm is likewise the language of Christ, there can be no question, for in it He distinctly refers to Judas, His betrayer: 'My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me.'

"Thus far we have confined ourselves to what was spoken, prophetically, of or by Christ; but now, if we pass on to what was literally manifested by Him in the days of His flesh, we shall (if so be the Spirit shines upon His word) see how fully all these prophetic testimonies of Him were ratified and confirmed. In speaking on one occasion to His disciples, He exclaimed, 'I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished.' Who can conceive—much less what language can depict—all that was involved in that one word, straitened? Without question it embraces all that was anxious, agonizing, weighty, and important to the last degree; a something from which the mind recoiled, and the heart sank back as it were into itself, into the utmost possible gloominess, and dark, dismal foreboding and apprehension. Again, when Christ, addressing His Father, exclaimed, 'Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee,' what did He mean but that identical hour appointed from all eternity, and in which was as it were embodied and brought into one form all the anguish, and terror, and dismay, involved in His suretyship undertakings? What did He mean by the Father's glorifying Him, but the impartation of help, and the communication of strength which should enable Him to put the finishing stroke to the work upon which He had entered?

"Is it not, moreover, testified of Him by the evangelist Matthew, in regard to His Gethsemane sufferings, that 'He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy? Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. And He went a little farther, and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou

wilt. And He cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.' Thus this going to and fro proved the intensity of His anguish, and that deep travail of soul under which He laboured. The testimony of the evangelist Mark is even more emphatic, for he declares that Jesus began to be '*sore amazed and to be very heavy*'; and saith unto them, My soul is *exceeding sorrowful unto death*: tarry ye here and watch:' as though He could not bear to be left alone, and yet could not rest, for we read, that 'He went forward a little, and fell on the ground [such was the intensity of His anguish—such His agony, that He fell on the ground], and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from Him. And He said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto Thee: take away this cup from me:' as much as to say, 'Since Thou art almighty, and nothing is too hard for Thee, is there not some means which Thou canst devise for releasing me from this responsibility?' Then, as though re-assured of the utter impossibility of it, and remembering afresh His suretyship engagements, He adds, 'Nevertheless not what I will [in my humanity], but what Thou wilt.' The evangelist Luke testifies further, 'And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.' Once more, we hear Him exclaim, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Here was intensity of darkness, as Jehovah veiled His face, and as it were turned away from His own Son, whilst that Son was in the act of putting away for ever, by His own sufferings and death, that sin and transgression which Jehovah abhorred.

"Finally, when Jesus had received the vinegar, 'He said, *It is finished*: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.'

"Now, seeing that Christ thus served and thus suffered—seeing that He in His own person endured all that was due to His Church and people—seeing (as the Apostle Peter renders it) that 'He bore our sins in His own body on the tree,' we ask, what *can* be left for the believer to do or to suffer? He felt and He feared for His redeemed, both representatively and mystically: representatively, as their Daysman, Substitute, and Surety; mystically, as one in them and with them; He the Head, they the members; according to that gracious declaration by the prophet Isaiah: 'In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old.'

"If such, then, be the case—and is it not so?—what ground is there for his or her fear or apprehension of death who is simply looking to, resting upon, confiding in a precious Christ as all their hope, all their salvation, all their desire? Expressly is it affirmed, in the language we have already quoted, that 'through death (that is, by His own death) He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and (mark this) *deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage*.'

"Oh, poor trembling one, when we think of what is recorded of this our glorious Surety—this our elder Brother—this our Friend that loveth at all times and that sticketh closer than a brother—this our Brother born for adversity; when we think that it is recorded of Him 'Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared' (Heb. v. 7); how little cause have we for fear. Moreover, have we not both the divine declaration: first, that 'we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin' (Heb. iv. 15); and, secondly, the direction, 'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need?' (Heb. iv. 16).

"Was it not upon these grounds that the Apostle Paul exclaimed, in the 15th of the 1st of Corinthians, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God,

which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;' and we may add, as He did, 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

"Oh that the Lord the Spirit may thus graciously direct the heart and eye of the reader simply and exclusively to Christ, as having served and suffered—not for Himself (for He needed not for Himself either to serve or to suffer)—but for him. He undertook—He entered upon—He pursued—He accomplished, for and on the behalf of every poor sensible sinner that has been accepted of God; that which at Calvary discharged Him from all the inconceivably weighty responsibilities of His suretyship engagements. His rising again confirmed His full rendering to divine justice all the honour and the homage due thereunto. He has ascended to heaven, and returned a mighty and triumphant Conqueror over sin, death, hell, and the grave.

"Since, then, 'He became sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him;' and since He 'died the just for the unjust that He might bring such sinners as we are to God;' what is there left for us each to do or to fear? He exclaimed, 'It is finished;' may we not triumph in the fact? May we not point to Moses with his law, and say, 'My Surety has paid my debts?' May we not gaze at death with its feigned sting, and say, 'There's none, for my Substitute received it into His very heart? May we not answer Satan with, 'Thou art a chained foe. My Jesus died for me; and because He died, I live eternally. Sinner I was—sinner I am—sinner I shall be to the latest moment of my earthly being; but He, by the shedding of His heart's blood, atoned for my transgression, and cancelled—and that for ever—my sins past, present, and to come?' May I not look into the dark and dismal grave, and say, 'My Lord, my Saviour, my Friend, my Husband, my eternal All and in All, has gone down into thy dark caverns before me;' and

" 'Why should they tremble to convey
Our bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume?'

"Oh that these remarks, growing out of the fact, that Sarah died, and that Abraham exclaimed, 'Give me a possession of a burying-place, that I may bury my dead out of my sight,' may prove to be a sweet, a salutary, a consolatory lesson from this Bible life to many an anxious and death-fearing reader.

THE EDITOR.

A DOCTOR'S NOTES.

MANY years ago, I was called upon to see a young lady who was brought home ill from school. She was in a decline, and lived but a few weeks. Being anxious about her spiritual state, I frequently spoke to her about her soul, and, on one occasion, when leaving me, she seemed much distressed about her sins. I endeavoured to point her to Jesus, the Lamb slain for sinners, and to lead her to that fountain, wherein all, even the vilest, may wash and be clean. I happened to call on the day of her death, and, observing her to get gradually worse, I felt unwilling to leave. After sitting for some time by her bedside, and reflecting upon the different circumstances of her illness, I was desirous for her to say something that might satisfy my mind as to her eternal welfare, and lifted up a silent prayer to God that such might be granted. I was much surprised and pleased, after her becoming apparently insensible, to hear her exclaim, with an animated voice, "Who will burst the gates of death? Who will burst the gates of death? My Lord, and my Saviour! Happy, happy, happy!" She never spoke a sensible word after, and shortly died.

PASTORAL HINTS.

REMEMBER, a living God must have a living people,—hence the dead in sin are none of His. Have *you* yet been quickened by the Spirit?

REMEMBER, till you see and *feel* how utterly sin has ruined you, you will never truly seek the Lord to save you. Conviction of sin ever precedes conversion to God. Have you yet realized this?

REMEMBER, your necessities are great. You need both a change of *state*, for condemnation hangs over you, and a change of *character*, for corruption dwells within you. In other words,

You need to be *justified*, for “he that believeth not is condemned *already*.” John iii. 18.

You need to be *regenerated*, for, “except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” John iii. 3.

You need to be *sanctified*, for, “without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” Heb. xii. 14.

REMEMBER that God *Himself* is above all friends.

Psalms lxiii. 25.

that God's *word* is above all books.

Psalms cxix. 72.

that God's *work* is above all employment.

1 Cor. xv. 58.

that God's *grace* is above all helps.

2 Cor. xii. 9.

that God's *peace* is above all joys.

Phil. iv. 7.

that God's *glory* is above all ends.

1 Cor. x. 31.

REMEMBER the following counsels of one now in glory:—

1. Live above earthly and creature comforts. Hab. iii. 17.

2. Beware of flatness and lukewarmness; this, if not carried immediately to the Lord, ends often in darkness and deadness. Rev. iii. 16.

3. Value *divine comforts* above all things, and prize *Christ* above all comforts. Psalms lxiii. 3.

4. Let that which torments others make your happiness; I mean self-denial, and renouncing your own will. Matt. xix. 29, 30.

5. Be ready to yield with joy to every conviction of the Spirit of God. Rev. ii. 7, 11, 17.

6. Be faithful to present grace, and aspire after a continual growth. 2 Pet. i. 10, 11.

7. Give the *present moment* to God, and avoid perplexing yourself about your past and future experience; by giving up yourself to Christ *as you are*, and being willing to receive him *now* as He is, leaving all the rest to Him, you will cut up a thousand temptations by the roots. Heb. iii. 6, 7.

BLAIRGOWRIE.

A CLERGYMAN with whom I was intimately acquainted, and who was conspicuous for his zeal in the advancement of religion, after spending the evening with some friends in the city of Exeter, had left them to return to his home. He had not gone far, before he recollected that his conversation had not been so profitable as it ought to have been. His conscience so smote him that he returned to the house and knocked at the door. A young lady of the family opened it, when the clergyman spoke but two words: “Fear God!” He said no more and left. These short and impressive words led to her conversion, a conversion which was subsequently attested by a holy life. “A word spoken in due season, how good is it!”

WAYSIDE NOTES.

VICTORY FOR THE VILEST.

[Read JOHN viii. 1—12.]

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."—JOHN viii. 7.

THE Lord teaches by line upon line, here a little and there a little, so that the Christian picks up lessons by the wayside. It was so with the writer a few mornings ago. He had started from the Great Metropolis for the country by an early train, when on looking round upon his fellow-passengers the face of a young female especially arrested his attention. There was care upon that youthful countenance of no ordinary kind, and very soon after starting the poor thing buried her face in her mother's bosom. I thought I read the tale of grief thus: A few years back that young person had left her country home for some situation in London. Probably for a time she conducted herself decently; but, alas! alas! some foul villain had led her astray, and she was now returning with her mother to the country home a broken-hearted erring one. Shall we turn from her with scorn and disdain? As such a thought arose in the mind it was met by this precious passage—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." True, many of us may be mercifully kept from outward temptation; but a look within is sufficient to bid us cry, "By the grace of God I am what I am." Upon turning to the passage thus dropped into the mind, the following pencillings were traced in our Wayside Note Book. Notice—

1st. Who it was that brought the poor erring woman to Jesus. It was the Scribes and Pharisees. Just like them—hypocrites as they are, ever ready to point the finger of scorn at the fallen one. And it would seem as if they had a double purpose in so doing; first, to bring the woman into condemnation, and, secondly, to try and bring the Redeemer into confusion: and in both purposes they failed. "They say unto Him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery. Now Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned: but what sayest Thou?" Mark the subtlety of their charge—"This they said, tempting Him, that they might accuse Him. But Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground, as though He heard them not. So when they continued asking Him, He lifted up Himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her." Oh, what a cutting reply! The charge brought by them against a poor creature recoiled upon themselves, met as it was by the wisdom of the All-wise. They could not answer it; it was too much for them. They were self-condemned and conscience-stricken, so that they "went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last." And what became of the poor erring one? Oh, mighty grace was in store for her, and her enemies were actually made use of by God to bring her to the feet of Him from whom flowed the very blessings she needed.

"Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst." And when He "lifted up Himself, and saw none but the woman, He said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." A fallen one alone with Jesus. What a contrast! what condescension! what a development of His mission—"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners." Beloved, I cannot read this poor woman's character in any other light than in that of a type of the Church of Christ; a lively representative

every poor sinner who is brought by sovereign grace to the feet of Jesus. And what does our dear Redeemer's act of forgiveness in this instance teach but the fact, that, however vile, Jesus is ready to pardon—

“Salvation's procured without money or price,
The poorest and vilest herein may rejoice;
Its pardon, and mercy, and love, are so free,
It comes to Manasseh, and Mary, and me.”

And shall such an act of free grace lead to further licentiousness? Absurd and blasphemous reasoning! What added our dear Redeemer? Mark the words—*“Go, and sin no more.”* And will a forgiven one just go and do the contrary? Nay, nay; it will be the study of her life and the earnest desire of her soul to do her Lord's bidding; and the constant cry at the throne will be, Hold Thou me up, that my feet *slip not*.

“This faithful saying let us own—
Well worthy 'tis to be believed;
That Christ into the world came down,
That sinners might by Him be saved:
*Sinners are high in His esteem,
And sinners highly value Him.”*

Pray for grace to deal gently with an erring one. Point such to the Saviour of sinners. Look within when inclined to censure another, and ask of God special help to keep you in the hour of temptation.

DEEP WATERS.

[Read ACTS xxvii.]

“A night and a day I have been in the deep.”—1 COR. xi. 25.

A night and a day in the deep, floating about amidst the crested billows, and yet saved! When the apostle Paul uttered this language he was referring to his voyage to Rome, when he was shipwrecked and cast upon the island of Melita. That voyage was one fraught with interest to the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Turn to Acts xxvii., and mark, reader, first, the declaration of the Apostle, that the voyage “should be with hurt and much damage” (ver. 10). Ah, this reminds us that the Christian in his voyage over the ocean of life will have to endure many a tossing and much rough sailing e'er he gains the port of heaven. And then notice that before the storm they passed a place called “the fair havens” (ver. 8), and were wafted smoothly on by the south wind which blew softly (ver. 13). Ah, when young in divine experience, we sail on proudly and loftily before “the fair havens” of self-satisfaction and security; and because the south wind blows so softly, we think the Christian's career an easy and happy one, and, boasting of our attainments, talk largely and loudly. “But not long after there arose a tempestuous wind called Euroclydon” (ver. 14). *“Not long, after”*—no, faith will soon have to be tried; smooth sailing is not good for us; the lull produces lethargy of spirit and coldness of heart: it is in the storm that the graces are alive, and faith is on the look out. But there is comfort for the Christian in the darkest hour—hope in the most gloomy night. “For there stood by me (says the Apostle) this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.” Therefore the servant of the Lord was enabled to cheer all about him,

and tell them the message the Lord had given him ; and then we find him giving thanks to God in the midst of the billows. Oh, who but the child of God can do this—exercise a peace of mind amidst the most trying circumstances, be calm when all around is troubled ? It is the secret stay he has upon the arm of Jesus that enables him to be so. And now, mark, it was all as Paul, instructed by the angel, had told them it would be—“all got safely to land.” And so it will be with every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ ; they will get home safely, but they will find the voyage a rough one.

“Smoothly along we cannot sail—
One day the calm, one day the gale ;
Ever the rocks on either side,
Ever the prow against the tide.

“Yet nearer the port by every wave—
Be strong, my soul—my heart, be brave ;
Theirs is the gain who suffer loss,
Theirs is the crown who bear the cross.”

Pray for faith to believe that, though deep calleth unto deep in your experience, yet underneath are God's everlasting arms ; and for the spirit of submission to a Father's will, reckoning that all the afflictions He appoints are only as so many billows that waft you nearer your eternal home.

WRESTLING FOR A BLESSING.

[Read GENESIS xxxii. 24—30.]

“I will not let Thee go, except thou bless me.”—GEN. xxxii. 26.

Such is very often the language of God's wrestlers. Their prayers partake of the character of wrestling from a felt need of a blessing ; so that no history in God's word is more precious to them than that of the wrestling Jacob, when he was left alone with the Lord Jesus Christ till the break of day. Ah, who can doubt but what it was the Lord Himself who thus touched the hollow of his thigh, and brought him to the ground ? Mark the words, “And Jacob was left alone ; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when He saw that He prevailed not against him, He touched the hollow of his thigh ; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with Him. And He said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let Thee go, except thou bless me.” Jacob was alone ; ah, alone with the God-man. What a wondrous contact ! what a mysterious closeness ! Reader, do you know what it is to be alone with God, so that your prayers are turned into wrestlings, and your petitions partake of the character of sighs, tears, and supplications ? And then notice, that the God-man touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh, as if to show him Jesus' power and Jacob's weakness, and yet permitted the weak one to prevail. Oh, what a mercy when our importunity lays tight hold of a precious Christ, and, with the determination of genuine faith, we are enabled to say, “I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.” We need His blessing ; we are poor miserable creatures without it ; but under it we can battle with life's cares, and think light of them—we can run through a troop, not fearing the consequences. And do mark the effect of the blessing upon Jacob—Before he received it he was flying from his own country and father's roof on account of Esau's rage ; but now we see him meeting his brother, and behold them clasped in each other's arms in the embrace of brotherly love. Yes, it is the felt blessing of God upon the soul that puts all matters right ; let us realize the revelation of Jesus, and we shall not care to fall out by the way. This day, then, beloved, may you and I have a Jacob's faith to go to the throne, exclaiming—

"Nay, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
"Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;

After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?
"No, I must maintain my hold—
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take.
When I plead for Jesu's sake."

Pray to have an increased measure of the spirit of prayer, that when you present yourself at the throne of grace, your petitions may not assume a cold and formal form of words, but an earnest wrestling of soul for a blessing.

HARD THINGS.

[Read PSALM lx.]

"Thou hast shewed Thy people hard things: Thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment."—PSALM lx. 3.

The young Christian passes over such a passage as this. To him life's journey seems easy and pleasant; and, full of young love and zeal, he thinks to become a shining light—

"Telling to others that surround,
What a dear Saviour he hath found."

But, when he gets further on the road, and has to encounter the assaults of the enemy and the buffetings of Satan, then can he enter into David's experimental exclamation—"Thou hast shewed Thy people hard things: Thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment," or "of trembling" (Isa. li. 17). The people of God were astonished to see their city and temple burnt; to behold the slain all around, and to mark the apparent triumph of their enemies. How is it God permits these things? might well have been their inquiry. And so now in the experience of the Lord's people, they are often brought to think, How is it God suffers such and such things to come to pass? I cannot understand it—surely it is fraught with evil. Ah, but all such reasoning is rebellion against Him, which must be checked. What we know not now we shall hereafter; and the next seven years, if we are spared, will explain much that is mysterious to us in the past seven years of our history; then shall we see it all right and well. As the Psalmist elsewhere states, "As for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men," &c., &c. "When I thought to know all these hard things, it was too painful for me. Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end." Yes, it is before God we gain the revelation of His mind and will, and see oft-times what we call crooked is straight; what we call mysterious is merciful.

Beloved, is God showing you some of His "hard things," and making you "drink the wine of astonishment?"

"He is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Pray to be delivered from rebellion, when the Lord shows you His hard things; and for patience to wait for their unfolding, believing that they must work for thy good and His glory.

BRAISED, BUT NOT BROKEN; CHOKED, BUT NOT QUENCHED.

[Read MATT. xii. 14—21.]

"A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory."—MATT. xii. 20.

If we were in the company of a hundred Christians, and were to ask them who is here portrayed by "the bruised reed and smoking flax," we question much if ninety-nine out of the hundred would not reply, "The Lord's afflicted people." And it might surprise them to be told that many learned men take an entirely different view thereof, telling us that the "bruised reed" and "the smoking flax" are terms of contempt for enemies, not of tenderness towards the afflicted righteous; and that the bearing of the passage shows that the Messiah should be long-suffering with His enemies for a season, till at length, the pride of their power having reached its height, He would overwhelm them with an effectual stroke of His judgment, and, despite all opposition, establish his promised kingdom in the earth. However true this may be, we shall not join those who would rob the children of God of the comfort they have many a time enjoyed under the shadow of this precious promise, especially as we believe that the mind of the Spirit is to present a beautifully emblematic representation of the state of weak believers, their union to their Saviour, and the fact that however bruised the reed may be, it shall not and cannot be torn off or broken; however choked the smoking flax may be with surrounding earthly circumstances, that yet the heavenly flame is there, and no power on the earth or under the earth shall quench it; for He who hath begun the good work will perform it until the day of the Lord Jesus. God never does work by halves; perfection is stamped upon all He has made: and, if this is so in works of creation, how much more is it so in His work of salvation. If the lilies of the field are perfect, so is the rose of Sharon.

Mark then, beloved, the character of the child of God in the significant emblems of "a bruised reed" and "smoking flax." A Christian is like "a bruised reed"—

1. Because his sins have crushed him.
2. Because a sense of mercy has bowed his head in contrition and humility; and,
3. Because he is planted by the water courses.

The reed bruised under a sense of sin—"Mine iniquities prevail against me. Thou hast set them, O God, before Thee; my secret sins in the light of Thy countenance."

The reed bowed under a sense of forgiveness—"I was nigh unto the pit, but God had mercy on me." "Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me."

The reed growing by the water course—"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters; that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

And then a Christian is like "smoking flax"—

1. Because the spark of grace is mixed with a great deal of corruption.
2. Because the cares of this world very often choke the word.
3. Because, though the spark of grace be little at first, yet shall it become great.

Ah, how truly do we find the smoke of creature corruption keeping under the

flame of love to Jesus. Why is it not quenched? Sweet fact! because the Lord has said, There is a blessing in it, destroy it not. And then, when we do get a little lift by the way, through the unfolding of the word, or a little sweet fellowship with Jesus ere we resume day by day life's many engagements, how soon, alas! do the cares choke the word, and we seem robbed of our little! But herein is our consolation, "*the smoking flax shall He not quench.*" It may appear little, but that little shall be fanned and kept alive by the wind of the Holy Spirit. Little things are oftentimes very important; the pupil of the eye how little, and yet what great things it beholds; the pearl how little, and yet how valuable; the new-born babe how little, and yet there is the germ of manhood. And so with the child of God, the babe in *grace*; how little, and yet there is that which shall terminate in "*an eternal weight of glory.*" The Lord will not cast us away because of our weakness; nay, as a mother's love is generally stronger towards her weakest child, so the Lord carries the little ones in His arms, and gently leads those that are heavy burdened. Oh, what a lesson do I learn from the Lord's conduct, namely, "*not to despise the day of small things.*" Some are harsh if the little ones do not come up to their standard; but we must treat babes as babes. Many are apt to exercise *a frosty severity*, which nips the buds of promise. Mercifully for us, the bud is in the hands of a gracious Gardener; so that while the unkindness of a fellow may cause the plant to droop, nothing can destroy it. Be it then our consolation, beloved, to know that a spark of fire is fire, as well as the whole element. True faith is faith though it be small in measure. Beloved,

"If strong thyself, support the weak—
If well, be tender to the sick;
To babes dear Jesus tells His mind,
And they who *SEEK* His face *shall find.*"

Pray for the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, that the bowed reed may lift up its head with joyful thankfulness, and the smoking flax be fanned into a lively flame of holy love to Jesus, until He crowns all with victory.

Bury St. Edmund's.

G. C.

"THE LORD HE IS GOD; THERE IS NONE ELSE BESIDE HIM"

(DEUT. iv. 33);

T H E R E F O R E—

A CKNOWLEDGE Him outwardly.
B elieve in Him steadfastly.
C all upon Him unceasingly.
D epend upon Him undoubtingly.
E xtol Him triumphantly.
F ollow Him closely.
G lorify Him actively.
H earken unto Him readily.
I mitate Him carefully.
J ustify Him boldly.
K now Him intimately.
L ove Him supremely.

M editate of Him constantly.
N ame Him reverentially.
O bey Him cheerfully.
P reach Him practically.
Q uote Him seasonably.
R ejoice in Him unspeakably.
S erve Him faithfully.
T hank Him abundantly.
U nderstand Him thoroughly.
V enture Him unhesitatingly.
W orship Him heartily.
Y ield to Him instantly.

CHARITY.

THE SAINTS' RIGHT, AND HIS LIES AGAINST IT.

JOB in his affliction had three friends who came to bemoan him and comfort him, but they proved themselves miserable comforters, for they soon fell to vain jangling, and laboured to prove Job a bad man, because of God's severity with him. God's testimony of Job is, that "he was a perfect and an upright man, and eschewed evil." But poor Job, driven to extremity, uttered in his afflictions some wrong speeches. "Wherefore hidest thou Thy face from me, and holdest me for Thine enemy?" and again, "My wound is incurable without transgression." If there was no cure for his wound, he could have no part in the health and cure of the Great Physician; and if the broken heart be not bound up, nothing can ensue but remediless grief and desperate sorrow (Isa. xvii. 11). Job concludes it from the common destruction which he suggests would be made of all without exception; "This is one thing, therefore I said it, He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked" (Job xix. 22). In this common slaughter who can escape? He predicts also the dismal end that he should make; not in the enjoyment of perfect day, or in the realms of ineffable light, but the reverse of all this. "Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, and without any order, and where the light is as darkness" (Job x. 20—22). These dismal regions of the shadow of death, without order, and where the light is as darkness, are ten times worse than the grave, and can be no other than hell itself. As for the grave, Job speaks pleasantly of it. "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master" (Job iii. 17—19). But "should I lie against my right hand?" No; I should not; and, sure I am, that none but the devil would set us at it. But why is it called lying? Because there is no truth in it; for not one thing spoken in this unbelieving and perverse spirit ever came to pass, and all Job said fell to the ground. Furthermore, it is called lying, because Job did not in his heart believe one word of this when his lips muttered it, for Job's faith and confession contradict the whole of it: "I know I shall be justified. I shall see God for myself. He also shall be my salvation: for an hypocrite shall not come before Him" (Job xiii. 16); and, "when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." All this was spoken in faith, and by the Holy Ghost, and all this came to pass; but as for all the rest, he did not believe one word of it when he spoke it, but spoke it in anger and rebellion. It is called lying, because it was contrary to his own spiritual knowledge. He knew that God had borne witness of him, and he knew that his name stood in the Lamb's book of life: "Also now, behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high" (Job xvi. 19.) He knew also that he had the love of God shed abroad in his heart, which is that charity that never fails: "But ye should say, Why persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter is found in me?" (Job xix. 28). "Should I lie against my right hand?" No; you should not; and none but Satan would set you at it. Hence it appears, that Job spoke contrary to his better knowledge, and contrary to his own conscience, and this, in plain English, is downright lying; and there is not a little of this scandalous trade carried on to this day among God's people, especially the convicted soul when in legal bondage, and the believer when in the furnace of affliction. The awakened soul in his chains, though at the same time equipped

with a firm hope, will bring forth his innumerable fears and doubts, and represent them ten times worse than he either feels them or fears them; and, if he has got treasured up in his own mind ten promises, and a thousand tokens for good, he will keep all these back, except you press him close, and squeeze them out of his heart. And what is this for? Why do they keep back part of the price? Why, this is done to move the bowels of mercy, and to excite your pity; and one-half they complain of they do not believe; and, though they make their case singular and desperate, they can see through an hypocrite, and censure him highly, and many that seem high in profession they envy not but prefer their own state much before theirs. But so it is, when we are in the furnace, though we know it is for our good; and, experience tells us, it ever has been so; yet enmity is so inflamed, hardness of heart and the perverseness of our own wills so averse to the cross, and we are so mortified at being stripped of peace and comfort, that our anger resents it, and we seek to be avenged on the Lord Himself for his fatherly anger, and we keep back all that we believe, and bring forth that which we do not believe, and thus our lips speak lies, and our tongues mutter perverseness. Reader, when thou art going to carry thy complaints to thy fellow Christian, bring forth all the *best* as well as the *worst*, and ask thyself whether thou believest all these evident tokens of perdition which thou art going to bring forth; and whether conscience will put her Amen to thy complaining oration; and if not, depend upon it that thou art going on with this old cursed trade of lying.—*Huntington's "Light Shining in Darkness."*

FAMILY PRAYER.

THE practice which may be truly considered as first and last in the arrangements of a Christian family is Family Prayer. This is, indeed, the only stated occasion on which the Christian can acknowledge God in his family; and this is the proper opportunity for diffusing religious instruction through his house. As we have here a subject of great moment, and, through a too great neglect of the duty, calling for the most serious admonition, one remark of general application may not be considered out of place here. If we acknowledge the duty of assembling the members of our household, night and morning, for the purpose of social worship, and hearing the Word of God, no consideration whatever of its singularity, or of its inconvenience, should be suffered to interfere with its performance. Domestic arrangements might very soon be made to bend to this object; they ought to do so, and it is a fact that no families are so well ordered as those which begin and end the day with Family Prayers. A family without prayer has been well compared to a garment without hem or selvage.

Archbishop Tillotson has strongly remarked, "The setting up of the constant worship of God in our families, is so necessary to the keeping up of religion, that where it is neglected I do not see how any family can in reason be esteemed a family of Christians, or indeed to be a Christian at all." And one greater than any inspired teacher has commanded us, "Thou shalt teach these things diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates."

THE passover was the preaching of Christ to the men of that generation; it was part and parcel of that Gospel which we now receive.—*Rev. W. Borrows.*

OUTLINES OF A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.—PSALM xxxii. 1, 2.

DAVID speaks here of things he had realized, tasted, handled, felt. He speaks of God's dealings with his soul, and the way He had led him; and the apostle Paul says, "All these things were written aforetime for our learning." By these things the saints may measure themselves, and so judge of their state; see what the Lord's dealings have been with them, and where they now stand. For what else are all these things recorded in the word, but that we may look into our breasts, and, by divine teaching, trace out where we are? The enemy will tell us these things are for Peter, and Paul, and John, and other eminent and honoured worthies; but it cannot be for such poor, weak, sinful wretches as you and I are. But, my friends, saints now are just the same as saints then; Satan would make us believe there is a difference, and by this he puts impediments in the believer's way; he is never wearied in his work, he is ever at it. But God's saints are the same in all ages, and David differed nothing from us.

We find the Psalmist was led into the blessed experience contained in my text after having lost it for a season. He had lost the sensible favour of God by sin, which brought on alienation and estrangement from God; but he was a vessel of mercy, therefore must be recovered; he was a sheep of the pasture, so must be restored; thence his testimony at the last: "He restoreth my soul." David not only records God's grace in giving the promise of restoration, but also His faithfulness in performing it: "He restoreth my soul, Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." Oh, what grace is in all this after David's awful fall! What a rich discovery of pardoning love! In our text we have four particulars:—

1. Forgiveness of transgression.
2. Covering of sin.
3. Non-imputation of iniquity.
4. Absence of guile.

This leads us at once to the doctrine of pardon; for, God's elect are pardoned: "I write unto you, little children," says the apostle John to the whole Church of God, "because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." The Church of God, being viewed in Christ, is received and accepted as pardoned; but here I would remind you of what I so often repeat, namely, we must be careful to distinguish between *fact* and *experience*; between the secret purpose of God, and His revelation of it to the Church. Many a saint has had to wait many a year before the good news of pardon was revealed; but into pardon, liberty, peace, all the saints shall enter, and it is the work of the Spirit to reveal, in God's set time, these blessed things to the soul. In this Psalm, we see David brought to renewed manifestation of pardon, to fresh reconciliation with a justly-offended Father, and, under the feeling sense of the grace so divinely bestowed, he says, "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." My friends, what know ye of these things? Says Jehovah to His Church, "I have blotted out as a cloud thy transgressions." Was this ever spoken to you? if so, you were melted at His feet—you felt His love—you

know something experimentally of pardon—you have had your bonds struck off—you have been set at liberty! Some, like David, may have realized this, but, you want a fresh manifestation, travelling, as you do, in the wilderness of sin, that often brings guilt and fear, darkness and misery. You need fresh pardon; you need to be led into the presence of the Father; to look into His face—to see His smile—to feel the frowns are chased away—to bask in His love—to lie down in the green pastures—to get a proof of forgiveness. Oh, my friends, it is the misery, and often guilt, of the way that keeps the Lord's family looking, waiting, longing for Him; knocking at His door, and crying to Him. Guilty, wretched, miserable souls, we need a sin-pardoning God, one "who retaineth not His anger for ever;" and why? "because He delighteth in mercy." Therefore, we must be driven to misery in order to prize God's mercy; we must feel sin in order to appreciate forgiveness; and, when sin is felt, oh, what can comfort but God's pardon? Creature comforts, what can they do for you? Some of you, perhaps, are trying to nestle yourselves in them, and hope to find peace and happiness from them; but it will not do. Because the Lord loves you, He will spoil your nest, and take away your comforts, and break your staffs, till you find you are driven out of every refuge, every hiding-place, and brought to the feet of Jesus for your all. "Blessed"—yea, only such are—"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven." Were you ever there? Now be honest, look into your heart, see, search, examine whether you ever tasted of this forgiveness. It is not enough to know the Lord pardons His people; but has He pardoned you? My friends, we must feel these things for ourselves, we must know something experimentally of forgiving love. In the 132nd Psalm, we have it thus: "There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared." Does forgiveness then promote fear? Yes; and that shows the nature of the fear; not a slavish fear of a rigorous task-master, who says, If you disobey me, I will cast you off and destroy you; no, but the fear that is united to love, and that fears to offend because it loves, a filial fear that springs from pardon. Now, that this pardon belongs to the family of God, the apostle Paul shows in Col. ii. 13: "And you, being dead in sin, He hath quickened, having forgiven you all trespasses." Here we see the quickened family all pardoned, whether they know it or not; quickening and pardon—life and forgiveness, go together. Are you a quickened soul? then you are pardoned, fully, freely, eternally, as completely as the saints in glory. If you have been quickened, you were dead, and what a change was this! a new creature in Christ; and, where there is this new creatureship, there is childship and pardon and peace belonging thereunto. But, though there is this in fact, the experience may be wanting—though the fact of pardon belongs to all the quickened family, yet the feeling may not be given, as yet, to many of you. You do not know your right and title to these things; none but God, the great Teacher, can tell you; man cannot tell you, nor can you learn it by dint of human endeavour; you can only know it when God is pleased to reveal it. Now the same point you have in the 4th of Ephesians, last verse: "And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Here we have the language of fact and feeling, both are united. Probably some of you have read the history of Francis Spira; this man was a contemporary of Luther's, and lived in Venice, in the town of Cittadella, nearer to the Pope than Luther lived. He was a Roman Catholic by birth and education, but embraced the doctrines of Protestantism, and great was his delight in them, and zeal in proclaiming them; but enemies were roused at all Spira said and did against the Pope, and he was summoned before the tribunal to answer to the legate. Overcome by fear, he

recanted all he had received and held as truth, and gave it all up. Then follows his death-bed confession, and the agony of soul he endured after this fatal act. He was a man of wealth and influence and talent, being what was called an advocate, or what we term a barrister; he was looked up to for learning and parts, and he died in the full use of his faculties, in all the vigour of his natural powers, but died blaspheming God. He told the many persons who visited him, during his long and remarkable illness, that he hated God; that hell was begun in his bosom; that the never-dying worm had already begun to gnaw his bones; an unquenchable thirst consumed him, and he lay for months in that miserable condition, dreading death, yet hating life; his soul racked with remembrances of the past, and fears of the future; at first bewailing his miserable state, and then blaspheming the God he had once professed to know. But what particularly affected me in this account, is the way in which this man describes his experience, and the imagined dealings with God in his soul. He says he experienced some conviction, and with it a sweetness in divine things. Now we are wont to think in cases of conviction of sin, without enjoyment, that it is nothing more than legal fears of hell and damnation; but, when conviction is accompanied by sweetness in divine things, which is the effect of love, we are accustomed to hope the work is of God, because love is of God, and the real thing is always accompanied with love; but, Francis Spira felt that which came very close to the real thing, and yet his miserable end proved he had no part or lot in the matter. Oh, how many thousands in our day have no better experience than Francis Spira! A few convictions, a little sweetness, an outward change, and they are satisfied it is all well. Perhaps the publication of this little narrative may prove useful in this wide-professing day to probe the skin-deep religion of many, who, perhaps, have never, as yet, gone further than this miserable man, "who cry peace, peace," where there should be no peace; who want to have "the wall built up with untempered mortar." Against the prophets of old it was said, "They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly." But a thought or two more about Spira. Though he confessed to sweetness in religion, to great delight and enjoyment, yet we notice this, he never reached to pardoning love, to the Spirit of adoption; he was a stranger to God's forgiveness, he never had the love of God shed abroad in his heart; he was quite satisfied with sweetness, as, perhaps, some of you may be, and nothing more. Oh, friends, multitudes have no better experience than this, and, though they may not die the awful and despairing death of Spira, but be deceived up to the last, and cry: "Lord, Lord, open unto us;" yet shall they have the very same end. Well, now, there is one more important point I would draw your attention to, and that is, he confesses he never was crucified to the world, and the world to him; he never was brought out of it; he never was *in heart* separated from it; the grace of holiness was never planted in his soul; the love of the world and the power of sin were never shaken in him; he secretly clung to these things, which the Lord makes his people to hate and to renounce.

Now, friends, this is suitable for the children of God; it will do you no harm—it will serve to make you search and examine and look to your state as before God—it will probe and try your profession. Have you ever come to pardon? If you have only got as far as sweetness in divine things, do not be content to stop there! Oh, do not be satisfied short of the love of God shed abroad in your heart; and that not a little spice of it, so to speak, but a shedding abroad, a filling up of every interstice, an overflowing; till the Holy Ghost comes in with His own divine testimony, in such a way as cannot be gainsayed—till you are taught to cry, Abba, Father—till you get the Spirit of adoption—till you realize

covenant mercy, personal assurance, divine interest—till you know, upon God's authority, that you are indeed a child of God—an heir of Christ. My friends, salvation or damnation hangs upon this alternative—the possession or the want of these things. Can you then be comfortable and happy while at the same time you are in doubt about your state? Ah, say some in our day, "these points are better left; we must mind our duties, attend to our concerns, and work for God." Why, this is like the speech of the Egyptians of old to Israel in bondage: Israel wanted to worship God, and so say, "Let us go into the wilderness, that we may hold a feast unto the Lord, and worship the God of our fathers." "No;" says Pharaoh, "do your work, and that without straw; but you shall not diminish the tale of bricks; if you fail of bringing the due number, punishment awaits you." How analogous to this is the cry of those who tell God's people, that are longing to get out of Egypt, to attend to their duty, and not trouble about their soul. But they must go out after God; they must have communion with Him; their soul is athirst for God; they must leave all for Him, and go forth into the wilderness; and that because they are made willing in the day of His power. We have but considered one point; we now come to the second.

II. Sin covered. "Blessed is the man whose sin is covered." Solomon says, "Love covereth all sin," and I am sure the love of God does this pre-eminently, if human love does it partially. Again, we read, "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins." This is God's charity, or love. There is another sweet word we have already quoted: "Behold, I have blotted out as a cloud thy transgressions, and as a thick cloud thy sin." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Again, sin is said to be covered with a cloud—"and as a cloud thy sin"—for the covering that hides all is the Lord Himself, so that no sin is seen. He says He has cast their sins behind His back, therefore says He does not behold transgression in Jacob nor iniquity in Israel. Oh, that we could realize this anew, and see ourselves in Jesus. If Christ alone is seen by God, sin cannot be seen; His people are chosen in Him, covered with Him, and so take the hue and colour of Christ. God looks upon Him, and beholds His people as in Him. What a blessed word is that in Isaiah lx. 10. Can you adopt it? "He hath covered me," says the Church, then all sin is covered. God's people are viewed in God's light, and are counted sinless, and perfect, and holy before Him.

III. He does not impute sin. "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord will not impute sin." God does not consider him as a sinner, nor is he amenable to the penalties due to sin; not that he is without sin, but it is not reckoned to him, it is not accounted to him; his sin is put to Christ's account; He hath answered for it; He endured all the wrath, was made a curse, bore the cross as the accursed and crucified Christ, entered the grave—and this, not for His own sin, but for yours, if you are beloved of God, if a believer in Jesus—so that the sin you have done is not to be reckoned to you, because Jesus hath suffered for it, and arose from the dead as the representative of His Church.

The new man is, in itself, a holy principle that cannot sin, because it is born of God; but the old man is the sinful part, that fights against grace. Nature can do nothing but sin, it loves sin; and here is the cause of conflict, "the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh." If you are a living soul, you cannot live as you would—you cannot get free from a body of sin and death, whose element is sin, whose food is sin, whereas the element of the new creature is holiness; and so there is, and must be, a life-long contest between these two principles. But here is the grace and blessedness of Jesus' work, the sin we feel, and oftentimes fear, shall never be mentioned to us. It is not imputed to us, but to another. So Paul said, "It is no more I that do it, but sin

that dwelleth in me." Sin being laid upon Christ, it cannot be upon you. But it is only the Spirit of God can tell you this, and give you the sweet experience of it in your soul, and that in a twofold way, by the word of God in the letter, and by the work of Christ in the heart. But, if you really are a quickened soul, and by heart-felt experience can enter into these things, and know something about an inward longing for them, all this blessedness is awaiting you. The Lord is the great Teacher of His family, and He will bring them all to this point sooner or later—an experimental acquaintance with these things; they shall all know something of the blessedness whereof David speaks in the text: "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven." All must be brought to one point—a realization of Christ; and, if you have fled to Him for, refuge, your salvation depends not upon you, but upon Him, and He will complete what He begins.

A word or two on the fourth point, namely, Guilelessness. "Blessed is the man in whose spirit is no guile." Doubtless you feel there is much guile in you; abundance of deceit, enough to be damned for, if nothing else were taken into account; but the guile here may mean self-deception. Some deceive others, and others there are that deceive themselves. They start full sail for heaven in their own idea, while they are bound for hell. Ah, the heart is deceitful! Many wear a mask, and appear what they are not. These things are awful, but they are true. There are many such in the Churches; therefore, where do you stand? Poor dying sinners as we are, it needs that we should be faithful to our souls to see clearly our standing. When God works, there is no guile in what He does, and He will make people honest and humble. When He covers sin and takes away guilt, there is reality in that, and there will be honesty in the confession of it. But some of you at present may be very uncertain about your state, and yet God's love may be towards you for all that; now, if so, He will satisfy your soul, and, sooner or later, give you the enjoyment of these blessed truths. He may make you wait long for them, to try faith, and prayer, and patience, and hope, and love, but in the end He will come, and reveal His pardoning grace, and give you the sweet experience David had when he said: "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered; blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." The Lord bless His truth.

MEMORIES OF DIVINE GOODNESS,

ON THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MY DAY OF JUBILEE.

Give ear, ye sons of favour,
Ye freeborn from above!
Who know the sweets of Mercy,
And feel the power of Love.

I joined the Great Rebellion
Against the King, who reigns,
And talked of peace and freedom,
While laden with my chains.

I heeded not His warnings,
But boldly took my part,
And heard of endless burnings
With hatred in my heart.

At length a pointed arrow,
From Mercy's ancient bow,
Pierced to "the joints and marrow,"
And laid the rebel low.

My guilt was proved before me,
While Justice, with a frown,
Pronounced the sentence clearly,
And claimed me for His own.

Nor could I raise objection,
"The law was just and good"—
But, sunk in deep dejection,
Before the bar I stood.

But, oh! what joy and wonder,
What marvel and surprise!
My bonds were burst asunder,
And Mercy said, "Arise!

"Deliver him, from going
Into the pit of woe—
For I have found a ransom;
To glory he shall go."

He then displayed His goodness
Before my wondering eyes,
The depths and heights of Mercy,
Which kindled glad surprise.

With wonder and amazement,
I stood entranced with love:
I thought of past Rebellion,
And then of joys above.

What love, surprise, and wonder,
My heaving bosom fill'd,
When lo, a gentle whisper
The mystery revealed.

'Twas in the name of Jesus,
My Surety, it was done;
His life, and death, and pleading,
The victory had won.

His sovereign power, and goodness,
And Mercy were supreme;
Henceforth my soul, with gladness,
Should sound the heavenly theme.

To spread the fame of Jesus,
To sinners all around,
And show the way to freedom,
Where pleasures rich abound,

He left the realms of glory,
And graciously came down!
My soul, repeat the story,
And spread His great renown!

What love! and how amazing,
Beyond the wisest thought!
His heart was set on raising
A rebel race, unsought.

He lived a life of labour,
Obedient to God,

And paid the mighty ransom
In agony and blood.

He sent the gentle Spirit
To make the tidings known,
To apply His saving merit,
And lead to grace's throne!

He sent a gracious shower
Of blessing from above,
And girded men with power
To publish sovereign Love.

Though He is high and holy,
Eternal on His throne!
He looks upon the lowly,
And hears the mourner's groan.

Thus call'd to be a pilgrim
With Zion's favoured throng,
My tongue was moved to singing,
My heart produced this song:—

"My Father is a Monarch,
He lives and reigns on high:
And I shall soon be with Him,
In endless peace and joy.

"What though my lips may falter,
What though my food be spare,
By faith, I see Him yonder,
And I shall soon be there!

"The distant view is precious—
But oh! to see Him nigh—
The greeting, oh, how gracious!
From Majesty so high!

"When shall I end my journey
And lay this clothing by,
To join the blissful story,
With harp and crown on high;

"To see the face of Jesus,
In glory's bright array,
And swell the happy chorus
Where 'harpers' sweetly play?

"Oh, hasten on, ye summers,
Ye winters, quickly fly,
And speed me to the portals
Of endless peace and joy."

W. D.

THE sights seen at Sinai beget fear; those beheld at Calvary beget hope. Mount Sinai is seen to the best advantage (in a Gospel sense) from Mount Calvary. It is usual with God the Holy Ghost to show the awakened sinner the darkness of Sinai before the light of Calvary. Sometimes the child of God finds the journey from Sinai to Calvary a long and tedious one; but Satan never leads him in that direction—God only does that.

F. F.

"WHATSOEVER IS NOT OF FAITH IS SIN."

It is some months since, on a visit to town for a day's business, I dropped in on a friend for a few minutes' chat. In the course of our conversation he remarked there were two Scriptures which he urged as the foundation of Gospel teaching: the one, that which is at the head of this paper, the other, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin." The former showing the extent of the ruin, the latter the completeness of the remedy. I have repeatedly pondered over this comprehensive sentence, and am deeply impressed with a sense of its humiliating tendency. Everything which does not spring from faith is sin. When we reflect how weak is our faith, and how seldom in exercise, we might well be driven to despair, were it not for the other sweet Scripture which tells of the remedy for *all* sin. Having that blood sprinkled on our conscience, we can dare to meditate on the depths of condemnation opened up in this judgment.

"Sin is the transgression of the law;" "faith works by love;" and "love is the fulfilling of the law." Before we were begotten to a lively hope, we did nothing but sin; for we did nothing *of faith*. Since we were born again every thought, and word, and deed which has not had an eye to God's glory, or been submitted to His will—which has not had *love* in it—is sin. To pass by those workings of our corrupt nature (which, however advanced may be the growth in grace, will break out into thought, at least, as even in Paul), which God suffers in His people, knowing whereof they are made, and viewing them only as pure in Him who knew no sin; yet for which He chastises them in this world, as He did David, either by whipping them with the rod of men, or suffering Satan to molest them, within prescribed limits, or afflicting them with dispensations from His own hand, for their good always: I say, to pass by these, and not to dwell on those inevitably necessary conditions of our old Adam nature which God in His mercy and compassion permits to His people for Jesus' sake, in that He, having borne our nature and having been compassed about with infirmity, can have compassion on His brethren; if we consider only those words and deeds which have the appearance of being such as God allows—of being the fruits of faith—how often, when we weigh them in the scales of the sanctuary, are they found to be light. This is less frequently the case with our thoughts than with our words and deeds, because there is not with the first the inducement to hypocrisy there is with the others, which "are seen of men." Yet even with those, many a sweet spiritual meditation ends in self-seeking and vanity.

Faith is one of the fruits of the Spirit, dealt out in proportion to every one who is born of the Spirit, according to the good pleasure of His will concerning us, and is called into exercise by two motives—need and thankfulness: of which the former brings forth prayer, with thanksgiving, and the latter praise, with supplication. I am not quite sure which of these incentives induces the more lively exercise of faith; perhaps the experience of some children of God may incline to the one, and that of others to the other. All will agree that necessity presses out the most earnest prayer, and the thankfulness and gratitude evoked by a sense of distinguishing peculiar mercy elicits the most vivid outpourings of praise; inasmuch as the sense of necessity is maintained so long as the pressure lasts, while numberless distractions intervene to arrest the stream of praise, the former holds faith in longer continued action: but I think for myself the latter warms it into bolder flight, and causes it to soar to greater

heights and gaze on glory; while, when we are cast down and fearful, it is satisfied to find security.

The deduction made from these thoughts by the Scripture which led to them is, Whatsoever is not of the character of prayer or praise, made acceptable by the incense of Christ's presence, is sin.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth *us* from all sin." The word "*us*" shows to whom the blessing is limited, for the context is penitent sinners, who prove their penitence by amending their doings. And then the word "*all*" is very comforting and assuring, for the Scripture cannot, without doing violence to it, be separated from the doctrine of *final perseverance*. When the blood of Christ is sprinkled on the conscience, it blots out all sin for ever, past, present, and future. But the individual thus blessed is still subject to the chastisement in time wherewith the Lord visits His children for their offences; it is the condemning and slaying effect of sin which is destroyed. The summary of the whole is, that all the saved and redeemed are absolutely and utterly lost and undone by reason of sin, and are saved by grace through faith and the sprinkling of blood unto glory about to be revealed.

As faith comes by hearing—and there cannot be the hearing unless preachers are sent—may it please the Lord to send forth abundantly labourers into His harvest, that there may be a great and rapid ingathering, to the hastening of the end, and accomplishment of the number of His elect, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Cherith.

I. W.

HEART-TEACHINGS:

I.—THE TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.—God's servants are not unfrequently tempted by the great adversary of souls thus: when on an errand for the Lord, for the purpose of telling a poor fellow-sinner the way of salvation, he whispers, "Why, you yourself are such a sinner, God will not accept your service, or bless your endeavours." But you may, dear blood-bought soul, tell the father of lies that he is altogether out of the secret; for it is not at all through any merit of your own that you hope or expect to be accepted or blessed, but entirely for the sake of another, even Jesus: and you may also remind him that the treasure is in earthen vessels, and "that which is of the earth is earthy," and ever will be "earthly, sensual, devilish;" but that signifies nought, for—

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,"

so is this treasure in the earthen vessel; coming *from* God, it is *His* own power and work, and of Him and to Him be the glory.

II.—LITTLE CARES.—In great perplexity and trouble of mind—the grievance not what would perhaps be considered worth vexing about by some persons, but very sore, nevertheless, in the eyes of the sufferer—though a "grass-hopper," yet "a burden." Went to the Lord, and pleaded that He would mercifully manifest Himself *now* as *in Bible days*, "a very present help in trouble;" prayed for the power to roll the burden on the shoulders of the Burden-bearer, and wanted to have His mind and will indicated in this case as distinctly as it used to be of old by the Urim and Thummim. To the praise and glory of an unchangeable Jehovah, a word was immediately given; powerfully, suitably, and sweetly. The burden fled, the spirits lightened, and the countenance was no more sad. The trial was not removed, and circumstances remained precisely

as before; but here lay the difference, it was no longer in one's own hands, another and a mightier, even the God of the Bible, had undertaken it, and the end is sure, the issue certain, for "power belongeth unto God."

III.—THE SAFE GUIDE.—Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, "*I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.*" All other guides lead astray more or less, and human standards fail, however estimable they may be. It is painful but wholesome to learn this, that the creature may be laid low, and God alone exalted. But those who are in earnest about walking aright need not fear that they shall wander if they will "read as they run" the words of Him who spake as never man spake, "Follow Me, I am the Way." It is as though a poor weak individual was being carried over a tempestuous ocean in a frail bark on a dark night; a bright light from heaven is let down before him; all that he has to do is to *keep his eye fixed on the light*, and a power superior to and apart from himself shall enable him to follow it. While Peter, when literally on the stormy billows, simply looked to Jesus, he walked safely; but when he turned and saw the waves he began to sink—danger, distress, and confusion followed.

IV.—PATIENCE.—The child of God commonly has to learn patience. Jesus says now, as in Bible days, "Ye are always ready; my time is not yet come." Perhaps you have, prompted by a feeling of gratitude arising from a conscious interest in the merits of the Redeemer, been led to desire to devote life, talents, yea, body, soul, estate, and all to Him who alone is worthy. Lord, take all, use all to Thy honour and glory—*what Thou wilt, when Thou wilt, and how Thou wilt*; and in answer you have received a word from Himself—a suitable approving word. But, instead of hopes being realized and dreams fulfilled as you had anticipated, your cherished scheme was thwarted, and all your plans frustrated—bitterly so—and flesh and heart failed. You could not understand it at first, until presently the Lord brought you to talk the matter over with Him. "Hast Thou not said?" Thou canst not deny Thyself; and "what wilt Thou do to Thy great name?" Blessed position! Feeling entirely in the Lord's hands, and calmly nestling there in the belief that your Father is wiser and kinder than you; knowing also that He has promised, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." Thus "tribulation worketh patience." S.

"IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING?"

THE words of the angel respecting Joshua are as fully applicable to instances of saving grace in the present day. Witness the following:—

At the village of B——, there lived a young man, who, though the child of godly parents, was permitted, till he was above thirty years old, to run into every kind of sin and wickedness short of open defiance of the laws of his country. He even vowed a vow that he would never enter the house of God where his parents worshipped. But it pleased God to take away his sight, and thus to bring down the natural proud spirit by affliction, so that one Good Friday, he suffered himself to be led to the house of God by his poor old mother, and there the Lord met with him, and so taught him, that he has been enabled publicly to bear witness that the Lord *took away his sight that he might see*—a seeming paradox, but in his case literally true. He is now a happy Christian, and has for some years adorned the doctrine he professed, and, moreover, has his residence in the Chapel-House, under that roof which covers the building he had vowed never to enter. "Is not *this* a brand plucked from the burning?" W. B.

TARES AND WHEAT.

"THE doctors are upstairs now, and she is as ill as she can be; if you call in a quarter of an hour you shall hear what they say." So spake the servant maid to a young man named Ryland.* The object of his warmest earthly affections, with whom he was on the eve of marriage, was sick unto death; and in deep sorrow of heart he turned from the door to loiter away the weary fifteen minutes that probably would confirm his gloomy fears. Not far from the house a large building was under repair, and, seating himself upon a heap of stones, he took up a slate and scratched upon it the utterances of his troubled breast, in a hymn that has been and will be the solace of how many eternity alone can disclose:—

"O Lord, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best—my only Friend."

But the day of sorrow was postponed; the lady recovered and became the wife of young Ryland, and for one year they enjoyed the fullest share of human bliss. At the end of this period she gave birth to a son, "and was not, for God took her." The day following this bitter blow, Ryland, with his motherless babe on his knee, penned the well known hymn—

"Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command."

The power and reality of faith under such trying circumstances are wonderfully seen in the two closing lines—

"How can I bereaved be,
Having all in having Thee?"

But we would introduce to the notice of our readers a fugitive piece from the same pen, though of a very different caste to the others, being strictly doctrinal. It reads thus:—

"'Arise, ye dead,' Arminius cries,
'Arise, ye dead in sin;
Unstop your ears, unclothe your eyes,
And a new life begin.

"'Why will ye die, ye wretched dead?
Ye dead, why will ye die?
Quicken and make your spirits whole—
To life eternal fly.

"'Rise, noble creature—man, arise,
And make yourself alive;

Prepare yourself to mount the skies,
For endless glory strive.'

Deluded seer! but man will lie
As senseless as a stone,
And you yourself stand fooling by
Till both are quite undone;

Unless Almighty pow'r be moved,
By God's free-will—not thine,
To quicken both, and make His grace
In both your hearts to shine."

James Arminius was a native of Oude-Water, in Holland, and was born four years after the death of Calvin, in 1560. He lost his father while young, and was supported by friends, who sent him to Leyden, where he was educated. In course of time he travelled to Geneva; listened to Beza and the Calvinist

* John Ryland, D.D., President of the Baptist College, Bristol.

divines of that day, and returned to Holland to throw into ship-shape the errors which are as old as the fall. But Arminius could not lay claim to human originality in the construction of the views which have since been known by his name. In the fifth century they were broached by a Welsh monk, who travelled to Rome, and exchanged the name of Morgan for the more classic cognomen of Pelagius. He rejected the doctrine of original sin, maintained free-will, and asserted that man's salvation was the result of, and depended upon, man's merit. On this platform Arminius placed his views, which, as most of our readers know, are in brief as follows:—Predestination grounded on man's foreseen works; partial depravity; the power of man's free-will to turn to God; universal redemption; and the possibility of finally falling away from salvation. Individuals or sects who as a whole or in part maintain the doctrines contained in these five points, must take sides with Pelagius and Arminius, for modern Arminianism is but ancient Pelagianism.

A helpful agent to spread error was raised up at this time in Faustus Socinus. His uncle, a contemporary of Calvin's, left some papers upon the heresy which has since been stamped with his name. Faustus obtained possession of them, and united to his uncle's views the opinions of Arminius. If Arminius made creature power and creature merit go a mile, Socinus compelled them to go twain; therefore, if human effort could do so much, the Atonement was utterly needless, and Christ was to be regarded as an example only. But Faustus stole a march upon the Rationalists of our day, for he affirmed the soul sleeps with the body in death, and that both will rise to happiness or punishment; but that while felicity is lasting, the punishment of hell is in proportion to the offences of the sinner, and a general gaol delivery in universal salvation is to be the final state of all mankind. The Popish doctrine of purgatory thus supplied the lack of an atonement. But the doctrines of Arminius and Socinus found few proselytes among the stouthearted protestors against Popery. The two fundamental truths proclaimed through the Reformation were God's invincible grace in the sinner's salvation by Christ, and justification by faith alone; and these two foundation doctrines laid the axe to the root of the errors which false teachers endeavoured to spread. One hundred years later the heretical opinions of Arminius and Socinus turned up again, with a few absurd additions, from under the pen of Emanuel Swedenborg, and were blended into a creed professed by a sect called the New Jerusalem Church. But God in all ages has had an elect family in the world; and, prior to the Reformation, even in the apostate church of Rome, sparks of light burst out in the midst of the deepest darkness. The Benedictine order, founded in the fifth century, was the depository of the religious and secular learning of the middle ages, and the architect of the ecclesiastical structures that have outlived the decay of time. Amongst that order there were not a few heaven-born souls, who, taught by the Spirit of God, fell back upon the divinity of Augustine, and such of the fathers as saw the blessedness of a free-grace Gospel by the light of the Scriptures, which were locked up in the dead languages from all but the learned.

As centuries rolled on, this more enlightened order kept in check the blood-thirsty Dominican, and the ignorant Franciscan. In the dissolute days of Louis XIV., France was roused by a Fénelon, a Pascal, and a Madame Guyon. Through their faithful testimony to the small measure of light they possessed, two essential truths were spread—*salvation by Christ alone, and regeneration by the Spirit of God*. This latter doctrine was obscured by many mystical terms; but divine life, as made manifest by divine love in the soul, was the foundation of the living religion of that day. The Port Royalists, a convent of

great influence, was founded by the Benedictines about this time, who were the Evangelicals of Romanism.

The light cast by the Reformation upon this apostate Church, and the sparks emitted from God's elect which were in Babylon, threatened its utter destruction; but at this crisis Satan contrived the scheme of the order of Jesuits, which infused fresh life into the expiring harlot. Ignatius Loyola, born twelve years before Luther, being wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, and unable longer to wield the sword, determined to signalize himself in polemics; and, under the guidance of the prince of darkness, became the founder of the new sect. With a fervid imagination, boundless ambition, and a strong persevering will, he set himself vigorously to the task of forming a sect that should arrest the progress of truth, circulate the errors of Popery, and rivet its chains upon her deluded followers. Unskilled in academical lore, Ignatius entrusted to his friend (and successor as vicar general) Iago Lanez, the doctrinal part of this religious imposture. The spiritual part he reserved in his own hands. Accordingly he wrote a treatise called "Spiritual Exercises," which was a clumsy imitation of the vital religion that marked the progress of the Reformation. This treatise was a religious receipt to convert souls to God. Four weeks passed in seclusion was the period allotted for the work to be done. The prescription contained four ingredients, which, duly compounded, turned out into shape a true believer—viz., Penitence, Prayer, Contemplation of Christ, and Continuous Joy. Loyola was far in advance of his day. In modern times multitudes have followed where he led, and his Soyer-like recipe, which made the most out of the least possible quantity of ingredients, is not altogether unknown in the 19th century. Iago Lanez, to whom was committed the construction of the doctrinal half of Loyola's scheme, did not trouble about inventing a creed, but fell back upon the old Welsh monk, Pelagius, alias Morgan, and drew up his doctrines into a code which have since been known in the Church of Rome by the term Molinist, answering to our term Arminian, from Lanez' pupil, Molina, who drew out to their full expansion the subtleties of the free-will heresy. As the Romish hierarchy regarded this new sect with a jealous eye, it was necessary to increase its extension beyond the limits of the Church. India was a fine field for the growth of this upas tree, and a fitting instrument was found for missionary exploits in Francis Xavier. Handsome, imaginative, unprincipled, and ambitious, he was started off by Loyola on this spiritual campaign, after the orthodox quantity of fastings and flagellations, which, if convent gossip is of any authority, were duly earned by this sanctimonious Lothario. His influence as an expounder of the doctrines of Popery was somewhat checked by the fact that he was ignorant of the oriental languages. But Xavier did not stand out for trifles, so he began at the other end of discipleship, and baptized all he could coax or terrify, irrespective of any confession of faith. The addition of a few more images to the Hindoo's long list of gods was nothing out of the way to these baptized unbelievers. But the Mahometan stuck fast to his Koran and the second commandment, and presented a more formidable barrier to the progress of the order of Jesus. However, ill weeds grow apace, and to this day the trail of that "fiery flying serpent," Francis Xavier, may be traced throughout the Indian empire.

While the order of Jesuits, through the unprincipled dogma that the end justifies the means, grasped every artifice Satan could invent and man could accomplish for the extension and cohesion of the Church of Rome, God provided an instrument to spread His truth and enlighten His elect, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

Cornelius Jansen was born in Holland, in 1583, just twenty-three years after the birth of the reviver of Pelagianism, James Arminius. Jansen, by his abilities, rose in the Church to be bishop of Ypres; but reading the writings of Augustine, under the teachings of the Spirit, he was led into the knowledge of salvation by grace alone. Twenty years he occupied himself in collating from the fathers their views of truth as in unison with the writings of Augustine. Comparing them with the Word of God, divine light was given him to see and embrace the fundamentals of the Gospel, as contained in the doctrine of predestination unto life, total depravity, effectual calling, particular redemption, and final perseverance. Without any connexion with the divines of Geneva, he affirmed all that opposed these doctrines were Pelagians; and thus in the bosom of the Romish Church was opened up what the schoolmen called the Quincuncial controversy. These five points became the medium of communicating light in many a dark cloister, and, through divine teaching, led many of God's elect into the experience of the truth, who yet lived and died in the Church of Rome. Those who have written the memorial of Port Royal, have buried the fact that it was the stronghold of Jansenism; or, in other words, *Calvinism*: hence it was hated by the bulk of the Roman Catholics of that day, and doomed by the Jesuits to utter destruction. This was at last effected by an anti-Jansenist test, drawn up by the order of Louis XIV. at the instigation of the Jesuits, through their tool Madame de Maintenon, the king's mistress. This test, abjuring the five points, was to be signed by all ecclesiastics and functionaries in the Church. Port Royal refused, a fierce and cruel persecution followed, and its final extinction is a matter of history. To this day the Jansenist and Molinist divide the Church of Rome, and have the same proportion that Calvinism and Arminianism bear in the Protestant churches at the present time. The doctrines of grace, now termed by way of opprobrium Calvinism, were the doctrines held by all the Protestant divines of England down to the reign of Charles I. His marriage with a Popish princess, daughter of Henry IV. of France, introduced, through the counsel of the Jesuits, "that sovereign drug Arminianism." That it took slow but sure effect our English history proves, which, but for the Revolution in 1688, would have laid England again under the power of Popery.

In the doctrines of Pelagius and Socinus, Satan meets us full front, without any disguise; but his craft was carried to its most dangerous point when he attempted, through Baxter and Fuller, to weld together, Arminianism and Calvinism into a system, which asserts two opposites are both right, and gives us the absurdity of two first principles. These opinions were in modern days cast into form by Charles Simeon; he gives his own views, writing to a friend, in the following words:—"When I come to a text that speaks of election, I delight myself in the doctrine of election; when the apostles exhort me to repentance and obedience, and indicate the freedom of my will, I give myself up to that side of the question, and behold I am an Arminian. Don't you know, my dear brother, the wheels of your watch move in opposing directions? yet they are all tending to one result?" An artizan would not be greatly puzzled to account for the result of opposing wheels; but we imagine two mainsprings would confound all the wisdom of all the watchmakers and all the divines that ever existed in or out of Geneva. "If it be of grace, then it is no more works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace; otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. xi. 6).

Of late years, the pure doctrines of grace have been gradually lost sight of; and, whether in the National Establishment or among Nonconformist Churches, the old-fashioned truths of the Gospel are strange sounds, and seldom heard

from preachers of our day. Those who know better compromise matters between the pulpit and the pew. To keep a quiet conscience, they start with the doctrines of grace, sovereign choice, total depravity, grace in conversion; but, when the sermon is half over, the edges of truth are all pared off by appeals to creature power, offers and invitations to dead sinners, and fervid exhortations, on the authority of the preacher's word, to come to Christ that very moment. Thus the Arminian leaven leavens the whole lump. Where these opposites are joined, there is generally an especial bit for weak believers, who, by way of encouragement, are admonished to do the work of the Holy Ghost, and give themselves the comfort which they need.

There are preachers of another stamp who divide the day between truth and error; the morning is devoted exclusively to Calvinism, the evening to Arminianism. These preachers would denounce the dishonest tradesman who acted in a similar way by his customers—altered his weights and measures, and changed his goods with the departure of daylight. So did not the apostles. Paul's testimony on his own and his fellow-labourers' behalf was on this wise: "For we are not as many which corrupt (deal deceitfully with) the word of God; but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God, speak we in Christ." When we look round on the right hand and on the left, we are led to join heartily in the petition so often repeated, "From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, good Lord deliver us."

NOTES ON MARK II. 17.

"They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick."

HERE are three most important particulars.

I.—THE WHOLE. "They that are whole need not the physician."

This designates the Pharisees, verses 13—16. Though not conceiving themselves to be absolutely without sin, yet, by their observance of the moral and ceremonial law, they fancied their sins expiated and themselves righteous.

Christ did not own them as righteous: He only spoke of them according to the opinion they had entertained and expressed of themselves. They fancied themselves whole, like some sick persons I have known, who, though almost dying, clinging eagerly to life, tried to persuade themselves that they were almost well.

So, in a spiritual sense, many think they are not so bad as the Bible declares. Example: John viii. 31—59.

Speaking once to a woman of Jesus as the only Saviour, she replied, emphatically, in something like the following words, moving her hand in a disapproving manner: "Tell me no more of that: I tell you we must save ourselves, if we are ever to be saved at all!" Not feeling her ruin, she felt no need of Jesus.

II.—THE SICK. Sickness is both physical and spiritual, and in each case caused by sin. That is the prolific source of all human misery. As a spiritual disease, sin is—

i. *Defiling*. It is represented by leprosy, defiling the whole man (Isa. l. 5, 6). Defilement contagious and spreading.

ii. *Debilitating*. It is represented by:—1. The withered hand (Mark iii. 3). 2. The cripple (Acts iii. 2). 3. The palsy (Mark ii. 3). 4. Complete impotence (John v. 5).

iii. *Dementing*. Represented by:—1. A burning fever, delirium. 2. Demoniacal possession (Mark v.). 3. Folly of the prodigal son (Luke xv.).

iv. *Destroying*. Represented by:—1. Poison (John iii. 14). 2. Ebbing away of the life-blood (Mark v. 25). 3. An internal heart disease (Jer. xvii. 9). 4. Consumption working treacherously within, like sappers and miners underground.

III.—THE PHYSICIAN. Jesus is that infallible Physician, He gives to the sick—

i. *Sanctity*. His blood is medicine which cleanses from all sin (1 John i. 7). The result to the sick is, they are “white as snow,” “all fair and no spot remains.”

ii. *Strength*. Jesus restores:—1. The “withered hand,” now stretched forth and used in earnest beneficence. 2. The crippled feet, to run in the way of God’s commands. 3. The mental energies, strengthening with all might the inner man (Col. ii. 2).

iii. *Sanity*. Jesus:—1. Allays the burning fever of sin, and cools down that secret fire. 2. Subdues the feverish craving after forbidden and dangerous objects. 3. Gives a sound mind—*e.g.*, i. Demoniac (Mark v.). ii. Prodigal son (Luke xv.).

iv. *Salubrity*. 1. The poison of sin is neutralized (John iii. 14, 15). 2. The ebbing life-blood is stanchd. 3. That heart disease, sin, is arrested. 4. That wasting consumption is healed.

The consequence is, there is—1. *Health*, like Naaman with the flesh of “a little child.” 2. *Joy*, like the restored cripple “leaping” in the temple. 3. *Activity* in proclaiming the skill and healing virtue of the Good Physician, like the emancipated demoniac, who “began to publish in Decapolis, how great things Jesus had done for him, and all men did marvel,” as well they might; and, like him, every sinner healed, renewed, and saved, is “a wonder unto many,” and, perhaps, the greatest wonder to himself.

R. CORNALL.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Very precious is your address to the readers of the *Gospel Magazine*. I hope your loving rebuke may not be lost upon me; but that I may remember the command, “Love one another as I have loved you.” It is true we have no time to waste in strife about words; “Consider Him” is the apostolic exhortation, and give the right hand of fellowship to those who love Him. Fellowship—partnership—fellow heirs of the same glory. Oh, for more of His Spirit, that we may magnify Him in our lives day by day. Another year is about to be numbered with the past, still bearing the inscription “Thou art righteous, O Lord God of Israel; and Thy saints give thanks unto Thee.” It is long since I heard of you; I trust it is well with you, and your loved ones. On each side of the road to Zion I find written, “We walk by faith and not by sight;” but there are love messages along the path that cheer the way, and continual invitations, “Come and dine.”

Wishing you every temporal blessing, with grace and peace, I am, affectionately yours in the love of Jesus,

H. E. A. C.

PROPOSED ALTERATION IN THE BURIAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—The following proposed form of the Burial Service has found favour with those of the Clergy to whom it has been submitted.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A FRIEND IN CHRIST.

"I am," &c. "shall never die;" "but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

"I know," &c., "and not another;" "but if ye believe not that I am He (says Jesus), ye shall die in your sins."

"By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

The Psalms xxxix. and xc., either or both as appointed.

The Lesson Matthew * xxv. from 31st verse to the end, or from 14th verse to the end—"when the Son of Man," &c.

"Man that is born," &c., down to "fall from Thee."

"Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God to recall the soul of the departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, knowing that the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear Christ's voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

"I heard a voice," &c.

"Lord, have mercy upon us.

"Christ, have mercy upon us.

"Lord, have mercy upon us.

"Our Father," &c. Amen.

"Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, while the wicked at death go to their own place; we beseech Thee that it may please Thee of Thy gracious goodness," &c., to the end.

"O merciful God," to end, omitting "as our hope is this our brother doth."

"The grace," &c.

N.B. The principle of the alterations is to take the case of the wicked dead as well as of departed saints, so that the most conscientious might read the service with the same freedom over Judas Iscariot as over St. John. The clergyman makes no individual application, and the survivors would be best able to form a judgment as to which part of the service alluded to their deceased relation. It is the same plan as that of discriminating the sheep and the goats in sermons. Why not refer to the same differences of characters and results at the grave's mouth?

* This lesson is not descriptive merely of the good after the resurrection, but of the living wicked also at Christ's second coming, but 1 Cor. xv. refers exclusively to the raised saints.

A CHEERING LETTER FROM THE LATE REV. R. PYM,

(FORMERLY RECTOR OF ELMLEY, YORKSHIRE),

TO SUCH MINISTERS AS, TAUGHT OF GOD, ARE WONT TO EXCLAIM, "WHO IS SUFFICIENT FOR THESE THINGS?"

"To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine."

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—It has been on my mind to endeavour to gather up some of the crumbs of our last Sabbath-day's provision at Elmley, for your GOSPEL MAGAZINE, should you think it well to give them store-room (John vi. 12). Though our ministrations are among but a few poor sheep, we are often, in the sensible deadness of our own heart, and painful contractedness of our mind, constrained to say, whence should we have so much bread in this wilderness as to satisfy in any measure the cravings of these hungry ones, though but few in number? The suggestion of our own heart too frequently is, what we have is old; it is too much of the same sort. We fear the cry will be, 'Our souls loathe this light bread;' yet we are again and again encouraged with this thought, if what we have is old, it is that where-with our own soul is being fed, and such as we have we freely give (Matt. x. 8).

"We do not keep back precious morsels for our own private feasting; we have not a fireside truth, which we reserve for our own private meditation, either through the fear of man or from any vain imagination, that the truths which we find most sweet and precious to our own poor souls, are not to be publicly preached. No; such as we have we give to the poor sheep, to those to whose spiritual wants the Lord has called us to minister. On the contrary, we have a peculiar pleasure in breaking and distributing any of the food which we have found most sweet and nourishing in our own experience in divine things. It is though, at times, but a handful of meal that we can find on the Sabbath morning in the earthly barrel, and but a *little* oil which we can discover to be in the seemingly leaky cruse of our renewed mind. Yet remembering the 'Thus saith the Lord God of Israel' (1 Kings xvii. 14), we are encouraged. How often is it, my dear brother, that we have thus to go and appear before our dear people, seemingly empty-handed; the Lord has, though, often met us under such circumstances, with a gladdening effect produced on our cast-down soul by once more beholding the countenances of His sheep and lambs in their accustomed places of sitting. We think of the great and good Shepherd, whose they are, and what are His sweet promises to *them*; and we cast ourselves afresh on Him (Isa. xl. 11; Ezek. xxxiv. 13—16). While such are frequently our Sabbath-morning feelings, our Sabbath-evenings often bring with them an inexpressible load and weight, much greater than that of the morning; arising from a sense of the renewed testimonies which the day has afforded, of our insufficiency for so high, so heavenly, so holy, so spiritual a calling, as that in which we have been engaged, while our wearied minds and bodies seem incapable of the exertion required to get and keep sensibly near to our blessed Lord and Master, in a posture of humility at His feet, to own and confess the poverty of the service which we have offered Him, and have our heart broken and melted in the remembrance of Sabbaths passed away. We know nothing of self-satisfaction from any of our own performances, and least of all from that of preaching the word. We preach under a feeling sense of the indwelling and never-ceasing work of sin in us (of all the sermons which most distress us on hearing others, which though we rarely do, are those which aim at the production of creature holiness in the hearers, calling it a Christian requisite and essential), hanging in our own minds all the time upon that blessed, precious Jesus, who is the sum, the substance, the all of our Gospel. We speak from a deep sense of sin in us, and a consciousness of being utterly destitute of all creature holiness, that all the holiness we have, or ever can have, is Jesus (1 Peter i. 13—16). Thus there is no room for creature satisfaction on the Sabbath-evening. We are conscious, indeed, of abounding infirmities, which, while they humble us and weigh us down, yet we do hope make way for the *power of Christ* to be manifested and owned in and by the word preached. For while there is so much in the creature which we are conscious, humanly speaking, is calcu-

lated to hinder the word's access to the heart, and any good thereby to the soul; yet we cannot deny but that we do believe souls are fed. A blessing yet is found, and in the midst of all being said of the defectiveness of the instrument, there are souls blessing, praising, and glorifying the God of Israel for good received, for sweetness tasted, for power felt, for support and encouragement from the truth heard; and at times for a feast of fat things, of wines on the lees, well refined. At seasons when we have been the most cast down ourselves, we have known the cry of some to the 'Bridegroom' to have been as you read (John ii. 10); so that we are content, as it regards ourselves, to let it be as the Holy Ghost declares that it is (1 Cor. i. 27—29).

"Our texts on the last Sabbath-day were from Job i. 10, in the morning, 'Hast Thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?' And in the afternoon from Hosea xiii. 5: 'I did know thee in the wilderness, in the land of great drought.'

"They were brought to us, or we were led to them, on the Saturday morning. There was a time when the possession of a text or texts on the previous day to which we were called to minister, was essential to our peace; but the Lord has, in some measure, broken us of this our childishness. We well remember one particular occasion, when the Lord greatly tried us in this respect, and then set us at liberty by bringing to our mind, in a very powerful and not-to-be-misunderstood way, these words, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' Immediately there was a full and feeling subject for the following morning, with a heart melted for the time, to prepare us for the preaching it; this was followed with the words of the Apostle, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' We have had many stages in our Christian course, to which when we look back we can see that there was an invisible hand directing us into paths unknown to us before; we see this hand now, when we look back and retrace the way which the Lord has led us these many years through this wilderness. What a mystery are the journeyings of the Lord's Israel through the wilderness of this world to the promised land!

"When first put into possession on the Saturday morning, of the two subjects for our last Sabbath-day's discourses, it was curious how the mind wrought with them; sometimes a little light shone upon them, and we seemed as if we could see a way through which we might travel in discoursing from them. Then, again, they were enveloped in clouds and mists, and there seemed no other prospect but that we should inevitably lose our way if we attempted to set out, where all was so intricate, and no clear path to be defined. This was our state of mind; we could retain nothing which one minute suggested or seemed to make clear till the arrival of the next. Much rose up at times, yet nothing could be arranged in any order; or if there appeared anything like order or arrangement of thought for one moment, all was confusion the next. Night came, and, in the absence of sleep, we again tried our subjects, but nothing would remain. The morning came, and found us in a frame of mind with which, alas! we are too familiar, and which we are wont to consider peculiarly our own. There was but *the one course* to be pursued, casting our helpless, carnal, wretched, sensibly dead self, just as we were, upon the Lord; in the renouncement of everything but His own blessed self, looking at the reality of His loving-kindness and mercy to His own dear blood-bought ones, as our hope and confidence. The time allotted for meditation and prayer, previous to going forth to meet the Lord and His people in the courts of His house, arrived and passed; we thought we saw our way more clearly, yet still there was no retentive holding of anything connected with our subject. Just as we were setting out, our mind was quite drawn away for a time from our subject, as though purposely so ordered by the Lord. But, blessed be His holy name, the subject to which it was drawn was a very sweet one—namely, the great goodness of the Lord in His providential orderings for, and care over, the several tried members of His beloved family on earth. It was what (speaking after the manner of men) we should call an accidental circumstance, led our mind to this subject at this particular moment. With a heart full from a lively sense of the Lord's great goodness in this respect, we entered upon the services of the day.

"We found much power in the sweet portions of Scripture appointed to be read—namely, Psalms cxx. to cxxv., with 1 Sam. ii., and Luke x.; 1 Pet. v. 5—11, with Luke xv. 1—10. We were much struck with their suitability to our intended sub-

ject of discourse, while we found much refreshment in the more spiritual and scriptural of our Church prayers.

"You will do what seems good to you with the crumbs we purpose sending, as there is no necessity intended to be laid upon you in the matter, but that you should use your own free judgment. While we remain, my dear brother, in the bonds of Christian love, yours to serve in the Lord,

"Elmley, near Wakefield, June 29th, 1841."

"ROBERT PYM."

ELECTION.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I recently happened to see an address of Mr. Charles Dickens (of world-wide celebrity) to the Governors of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, which struck me as bearing forcibly upon the subject so well handled by the Old Pilgrim of Bedminster in two late numbers. The extract reads thus:—

"We live in an age of election. At one time or when we apply to be elected into clubs, for pleasure or profit, into great corporations, the House of Commons, and what not, three-fourths of us associate our ambition with an election of some sort or other."

What a lamentable proof of man's fall is contained in the fact, that the privilege he claims for himself he denies to God. Election, as man's right, suits the natural ambition of his carnal mind; but when vested, according to Divine revelation, in the hands of God, it becomes obnoxious because of the pride of fallen nature.

Man, when he asserts for *himself* a right of will that he refuses to his Maker, never breathes a whisper of disapprobation at the rejection consequent upon election, or hints at cruelty as involved in choice. The concluding remark in the address is so much to this point that it may speak for itself:—

"When I saw by the list no fewer than 121 cases, out of whom the subscribers to the Charity at the next election can elect but 10, I thought, with a kind of despair, not only of the 111 who must suffer by rejection, but of the crowd of incurables dispersed through the country."

Reducing the kindly-meant term "despair" to pity, we would say, our divinity is after the model given us by Mr. Dickens in his definition of secular election.

God's people who "know their election of God" stop at this very spot. They do indeed pity, and could weep over the crowd of incurables dispersed over the world, but, like our friend who so eloquently pleads for the charity, we speak not of the rejected as cruelly treated, nor dare we arraign the councils of the All-wise in His election. We are content to take our stand with the Father of the faithful under similar circumstances, and say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

I have only to hope the fair view Mr. Dickens gives of election, as transacted in the six days of labour, is extended to the seventh day also, and that he is willing to hear from the pulpit the same doctrine applied to the Most High which he has so ably and so feelingly claimed on the platform for his fellow-man.

Yours, &c.,

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

THE sight of the eyes entails great responsibility.—*Rev. W. Borrow.*

OBITUARY.

"THE SUNBEAM."

[THE annexed account reminds us once again of a word which we often think we live in order to learn to spell—that word is REALITY! In how many ways, and under what a variety of circumstances, has that word been put before us by our most patient and ever-gracious Teacher, during our little eventful life!

The first we heard of her particulars of whom are given in the subjoined narrative, was in connexion with a visit to the little picturesque village of Brent, in Devonshire, some three or four years since. At the time there was lodging in that neighbourhood a dear young niece, who had gone thither for change of air. The word REALITY presents itself to our mind, as we again, in review, pace with her the little cottage garden and pleasant meadow, looking around upon the undulating hills, or neighbouring tors, and comparing that scene with the eternal hills, and the land "where the inhabitant never says, I am sick, and the people who dwell therein are forgiven their iniquity." That precious girl, whose earthly tabernacle had been so gently taken down, and who, ere she passed away, testified so sweetly of rich, and free, and sovereign grace, now reposes in a most picturesque neighbouring graveyard, waiting the sound of the resurrection-trump to awake her sleeping dust. Yes, as since we have sometimes walked upon the neighbouring hills, and looked down upon that village church and graveyard, lying in the valley beneath, we have thought, as contemplating the departed whose body lies mouldering there, "How *really true* it is, that 'here we have no continuing city;' and that 'we know not what shall be on the morrow.'" But a year or two before that, and that self-same dear one came to visit us, when laid by with sudden and somewhat severe illness; but she, the younger, and then so much the stronger, was to be called first. Another Scripture-reality was to be set before us: "The one shall be taken, and the other left."

But having referred to cottage scenes in our broadsheet, the *Old Jonathan*, and the visit above alluded to, the subject of the annexed memoir (as it afterwards proved) was residing with a family in that immediate locality. Hence she became acquainted with sundry members of our family; and, such was the brightness of her countenance, such her cheerfulness, and such her ever-constant readiness to converse upon the things of God, that she was called by those who then made her acquaintance THE SUNBEAM. This, in fact, is the only name by which we have been long wont to distinguish her.

Intense was her concern for the spiritual welfare of the members of the family, in the midst of which she had, in the providence of God, been placed. Whilst with them, visiting an old mansion in the neighbourhood, how anxious was she that every moment might be embraced for placing before them the simple truth as it is in Jesus. Oh, that both her living and her dying testimony may not be lost upon them! May she, "being dead, yet speak" to their hearts and consciences. May her counsels and her cautions be called up to their profitable recollection by the great Remembrancer.

The last time we saw the departed, she spoke much of the Lord's dealings with her, and opened out in detail the special and peculiar way in which she had been led in reference to one subject in particular. Her conversation interested us much; and greatly were we astonished when, a few months afterwards, we heard of the very deep affliction the Lord had laid upon her. She had been an-

ticipating a long life of service for her Lord; or, if *she* had not, *we* had thought so, she appeared so eminently adapted for service. Christ and Him crucified was her theme. Salvation by Him was her all-engrossing subject; His flesh her meat, His blood her drink. Christ with her was emphatically "all in all." But His thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways. Early was she to be placed in the furnace—and such a furnace! but, if her sufferings were to be *sharp*, they were to be *short*. A few months, and that bright happy countenance was to be lighted up with the full joy of her Lord. She now sees Him as He is. How thankful we feel that the simple account of our own precious departed one was made a comfort and a blessing to her soul, whilst she herself was passing through the deep waters of affliction.

How do these testimonies of one and another of the dear family being called away cause us at times to long for our own dismissal, especially when we are compelled to hear the jarring notes of discord and division. We then long intensely for that better land, where we shall know even as we are known:—

"Sorrow and pain and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace."

Reader, cheer up; if you and ourselves belong to Christ, and are in the bonds of the covenant, we shall soon be where He is. Meanwhile, may faith and patience have their perfect work. May we walk and talk as "not our own, but bought with a price." So prays yours to serve, THE EDITOR.]

To the Rev. G. D. Doudney, Plymouth.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having heard my dear precious departed sister speak of you, and of the comfort she derived from your ministry—being unlike that of the present day, which preaches works and effort, while the Lord had taught her that she could do nothing—I thought you might be interested in an account of her conversion and death. She was a high-spirited girl, fond of dress and gaiety. I don't remember ever seeing her in tears before the Lord was pleased to convince her of sin. I cared much for her soul, being older, and converted many years before her; but she did not like much of my society. In March, 1852, I perceived a change, and watched her with great interest; she began to seek my society, and one day said: "I cannot stay away from you any longer; I am lost—there is no salvation for me." She kept house for my brother, but my mother took her place that she might come home to me, her distress was so great. I exhorted her to believe on the finished work of Jesus; she said she could not, there was no salvation for her. I did not leave her night or day; she could not sleep much; she would sometimes lay her head on my shoulder, feeling safer there, as she feared Satan would grasp her. I brought promises to her mind, but they did not comfort her. I had never seen or heard of such an experience before, nor had any of the Lord's people in this place. It was feared she would lose her mind. She repeated, "I am lost, I am lost! It is very hard that you can be saved, and not me; and we shall be separated." We thought, perhaps, a change would do her good, and decided on going to Exeter, where I took lodgings for a month. The Lord's people there were very kind; but few understood her case. She dreaded hell exceedingly; did not like to go into a room where there was a fire, because it reminded her of it, and often said, that she could bear to have her fingers cut off to be saved. She wept much, and I think I never saw her smile but once while we were away, and when we

returned home she was no better. It was wearisome days and nights. I waited on the Lord; it was all I could do for her, and we read the word, and prayed with her. She would wish that she was a bird, or something that had no life. This continued until July, when the temptation began to wear off; and, one Lord's-day morning, she came home from church with a smiling face—she was happy. The minister's text was, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." After that she went on her way rejoicing. It was a wonderful deliverance. I never can forget the faithfulness of our covenant God—none wait on Him in vain.

She now delighted to care for the poor and sick, and became anxious for the souls of others. A disease set in, and from the first, different medical men pronounced it incurable. She was much cast down, and very rebellious; thought that the Lord was dealing hard with her—but He often comforted her with comforting words. She had many changes in experience. A severe illness followed, in which she was brought near to death; the Lord graciously raised her up again, but in that sick chamber she was taught much—self was broken down, and resignation to the Lord's will implanted. I was constantly with her, we read and prayed together, and enjoyed many sweet seasons never to be forgotten. She became much more spiritual, wishing to live a holy life, and desiring conformity to Jesus. Satan was busy with his temptations, tempting her to doubt her interest in Jesus; I told her he could not touch her. She had a very sharp conflict about six weeks before her death; I was sitting with her, and she said, "I feel very ill—I think I shall die—you do not know how ill I am—and I am lost! for I have only been a hypocrite." I replied, "You have been saved for many years, and have followed the Lord." "Yes," she said, "but I never knew the way that I came; *I never saw the blood.*" She was in a violent perspiration. I did not know what was come. She would allow no one but myself in the room, for she said, "I shall so dishonour the Lord." She prayed the whole of that night—cried to Jesus—pleaded the blood with much earnestness and power. She afterwards told me that she feared Satan would have her in hell by four o'clock in the morning, and that made her cry so. About that time the Lord was pleased to deliver her. I shall never forget it. We were very happy, it seemed as if the heavens were opened to us. After that she became more established in Jesus, dwelling on His precious love; she read much of "Solomon's Song," and spoke of different portions of it. She read the account in the *Gospel Magazine* of the death of your niece, and much enjoyed it.

One day I was grieved to see her so ill; she said, "Don't vex for me, Jesus is only gathering His lilies." She was indeed a "lily in the garden of the Lord" (Cant. vi. 2), made so by grace divine. She required that we should not say anything to exalt her, but her precious Jesus only; lamented that she could not worship Him here; "but," she said, "I shall be able to do so above, when free from sin, and from this suffering body, where I shall see Him as He is." She was taken worse eleven days before her death—very ill—but triumphantly happy. Speaking much of grace, she repeated that verse with emphasis:—

"Grace all the work shall crown,
To everlasting days;"

and said, "Grace alone hath saved me." Sometimes she was in ecstasy. "I shall have my palm and my crown, and won't I cast them at the feet of Jesus!" "I am a weary traveller, going into the haven of eternal rest"—"The Lord

hath fulfilled all His promises to me"—"Underneath are the everlasting arms, and His right hand doth embrace me," were some of her words. She also spoke to those around her about their souls. Being very weak, she longed to depart, and several times said, in the words of Peter, "Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now?" adding, "I suppose there is something more for me to suffer." Monday night—the last she spent on earth—she was again triumphantly happy, feeling that it would be the last. Satan tried to assault her, but she said, "Be still, and know that I am God." She wished her brother good-bye, and said, "I shall meet you in the realms of bliss," and added, "The Lord will bring you through all your troubles, as He has me, only trust Him." She thought several times that she was going, and remarked, "I thought Jesus was coming, but I must wait." The next day, towards evening, she lost her articulation; appeared to be sweetly sleeping, breathing rather loudly—when her breathing went down suddenly, and, without a sigh or a movement, she passed away.

Sidmouth.

AT REST, AND THAT FOR EVER!

IN July, 1858, there appeared in the pages of this Magazine a short account of the removal to a better world of a valued father, entitled "Sabbath Sleep, and Awaking in Glory." At the time, the invalid widow and her two daughters were left to bemoan their earthly loss, which was, however, the eternal gain of the one taken. Two years after that sad event, and whilst in the midst of troubles of various kinds, one came to them attracted by their very griefs, in true Christian sympathy, although at that time not standing firmly on the Rock himself; one, who having passed through much bitter suffering of both mind and body during his childhood and youth, was well able to feel for those who were in similar circumstances. It is of him we would speak, hoping that a few words may be not only encouraging to God's little ones on the earth, but also that His glory may be enhanced by the same. The subject of this little sketch was from his earliest years of a most peaceful and loving disposition, and also possessed of a nature highly sensitive both to kind treatment and its opposite. He was blessed with one godly parent, and with him as he grew up he frequently enjoyed spiritual intercourse; but unhappy family circumstances compelled him to seek abroad that home-love and comfort which he found not by his own fireside: dangerous as this was, and the most likely of all things to prove his destruction, he has often expressed his gratitude that God never permitted him to go astray, nor to embrace any of those vices which drown so many young men in perdition. He felt it was God's hand alone which had kept him, for he had at various times formed acquaintances with many who, by showing him that kindness to which he was so unused, but which so readily influenced his loving heart, led him into occasional error, and would have delighted to have led him into sin also, had he not been surrounded by a holier guard.

It was not until the early part of the year 1860 that he felt satisfied of his having found the pardon of his sins, and acceptance as a sinner through the blood of Jesus. In the June of the same year he relinquished a good situation, his conscience not permitting him to follow the law any longer. His family blamed him for throwing up one place, without even the most distant prospect of another; but he knew that he had committed his way into the hands of One who would surely bring it to pass, and in the next month his faith was rewarded, and he entered upon an office engagement in London. His amiability of temper

and punctuality in business soon met with a return such as is rarely met with from employers. He was treated in every way with the respect of a friend; and, during his last illness, with the love of a brother, nay, with *far more* than the love of many brothers. The kind attentions of his principals were untiring, and every want was supplied with delicate tenderness. At the same time that he entered his new situation, he also formed a marriage engagement, which lasted over two years and ten months, during which time his health visibly declined more than previously, and, in the spring of 1862, through taking a fresh cold, his cough increased, and he raised blood several times. His Sabbath-school and other duties were gradually and reluctantly relinquished, until at Christmas he was scarcely able to go to business in the middle of the day, and returning early, was propped up with pillows, hardly able to exist from excessive weakness and the trying cough.

The dawn of 1863 found him slightly improved in health, so that he once more visited God's house. At this time the excitement and exertion of business and sad home influences, made him depressed and weary in spirit. After many trials and much prayerful deliberation, it was resolved that a larger house should be taken by those into whose family he was to enter by marriage, so that he and his wife might have apartments of their own there, in preference to taking a house near London; and this proved to be a most providential arrangement. He often said he was but a poor weak creature to offer himself as an earthly protector, he would only be fit to be nursed. But at the same time he felt the greatest confidence in taking the step that would be the consummation of his fondest earthly hopes; for he knew that the only wish of his chosen companion would be fulfilled, if God should permit her to tend and comfort him in his last days. On the 9th of May their united wishes were carried out. For six weeks only he was well enough to continue at his office, and then, in accordance with the advice of an eminent physician, he gave up all thoughts of returning to business, at least for a time; but in God's will it was so disposed that he should never again be raised up. He rallied occasionally, but it was only a faint flickering of the lamp so nearly extinguished. Among the many truly loving friends by whom he was now surrounded, he looked most anxiously for the visits of the pastor and his wife; always seeing them, even when too weak to receive other visitors. He never lacked for Christian visits, nor for those earthly comforts which go so far to soothe the sick; of these he kept a strict account, making a daily entry of the presents he received in a little book entitled "Record of blessings bestowed on — in sickness." This he continued to do until two days before his departure, when, after writing the date, he was obliged to give the pen to his wife to finish the sentence. Although he received everything with the deepest gratitude to his earthly friends, yet his highest thanks were given to God. He often remarked, "What am I but a poor worm to receive such blessings? but God is my loving Father, and He does indeed *overwhelm* me with His love." Sometimes with tears, he said, "Oh, how my cup runs over! Why am I blessed with so much love from you all, and with so many kind friends? I have never done anything to deserve it: I am totally unworthy, but it is *all* from Him." During the last few months of his life, the melancholy gradually faded from his countenance, and was succeeded by a heavenly calm; and a sweetly peaceful smile was often his reply to questions he had not the power to answer in words. His greatest comfort was in the perusal of a small volume of the Psalms of David, many of which are underlined and often enclosed in brackets. When by degrees his wife made him aware of the opinion of the physician, he immediately prayed to the Lord for "grace to bear

any disposition of him which He in His infinite mercy should see to be best ;" adding, " My only grief would be to leave you so soon, my darling ; but pray for my recovery, if it be His will. I am in the hands of a greater Physician than any earthly one. He can if He will restore me to health ; but if not, and we must part so soon, it will not be long before we shall be re-united in our loving Father's home." He was at all times most submissive to the Lord's will, even when his brightest earthly prospects were merged in deepest shadows.

He had for two or three years entertained the hope that God would give him some more useful sphere of labour in His vineyard. He much desired to become a preacher to others of that Gospel which was so precious to himself. On two occasions he was permitted to be so, but the last time the exertion and excitement were followed by spitting of blood ; and those who loved him used every persuasion to banish from his mind the thought of public speaking, as it was evident that his frame was too weak to bear it, but he clung tenaciously to the hope that he would some day be strong enough to encounter the many fatigues and difficulties of a preacher's life. After his marriage, however, he entirely relinquished the idea, for repeated conversations on the subject convinced him that the Lord's work was not always preaching aloud with the voice, but, on the contrary, it was very often the *silent, patient* endurance of His will ; and this was indeed his especial vocation.

During three weeks in September, spent at Chelmsford, he was much stronger than he had been for months previously, and so far revived, that he walked out almost every day, or was sometimes drawn in an invalid's chair ; on these latter occasions he gave away many tracts, and often requested his wife to put them on gate-posts, or in empty carts, or any other available places where there were many foot-passengers. Those who received them from his hand always did so with marked respect ; his pallid, but pleasant countenance, bespeaking for him kind courtesy wherever he went. When walking through the town, he would rest for a time in the shops where purchases had to be made, and invariably left behind a savour of Christianity, which it is hoped may not have been unacceptable to his Lord, to whom we would render, as he did, continual thanks for the graces bestowed ; for we know, that the inimitable patience, the unvarying amiability of disposition, and the ever-graceful courteousness of manner, were all the *gifts* of that God, who had chosen him in the furnace of affliction, that he might show forth His glory.

After his return home, on the 21st of September, he was unable to go out, except twice, very short distances, but rapidly became weaker, his feet swelling enormously, and his breathing becoming short and difficult, so that conversation was almost impossible, and he spent much time in sleep, from great weakness. His mind was full of the divine love, and views of his heavenly home frequently bathed his soul in unspeakable delights. The doctrine of God's electing love was not made quite clear to him until about three weeks previous to his departure ; but that he had been learning it before, is testified by the numerous marks in a pocket edition of the Romans and Corinthians, although he did not speak of it, until one day, he said to his wife as she entered the room, " I want to tell you something, dearest, that will give you great joy, as great as it has given me ; I may be tempted and afflicted, but I am safe *for ever* ; Christ is mine because I am His ; I never saw it so plainly before, but now I have firm hold of it, and He will not suffer my foot to be moved. Oh, it has made me so very happy ; these tears are all of joy ! " A few days before his last, he said, he feared sometimes lest after all he was not a true child, because God did not answer his prayers ; he had prayed for health and length of days, and had so

trusted to the promises of "long life," and that he should "not die, but live." His wife reminded him, that God, as a kind and loving Parent, could best judge of these things for him, and He alone could tell whether it would prove beneficial to his soul for his earthly life to be prolonged; but, if he were removed to the heavenly mansions, the word was still secure to him, for the "long life" would be lengthened to *eternal life*, for the soul that is one with Jesus can *never* die, but shall live for ever. This satisfied him greatly, and ever after he rested calmly on the thought that his prayers *were* all heard and answered, but in God's best way. Once he was full of grief lest he should be rebellious in his weakness; a kind Christian friend, residing in the house, and whom he loved as a brother, said: "Oh, do not think so, this is only the weakness of the flesh, God knows your frame, He remembereth you are but dust, and He is a faithful God—*always* faithful—you would not like *not* to think so now." He replied with animation, "Oh, no; He is *all* my trust—my strong tower—my rock of defence; I couldn't give up that thought." His wife said, "Have you forgotten what you told me the other day? You still believe that you are God's child, do you not? You know if you through illness feel differently, God is still the same to you." He replied, "Ah, yes! thank you for reminding me, *He* will never leave me nor forsake me; Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever; no change *there*, it is this poor weak body that changes, I'm so very weak." These little clouds sometimes hovering over his path were always put to flight by the remembrance of a precious promise, or a few words of earnest prayer—ejaculatory prayer—in which for several years he had found much comfort under all circumstances.

On the Lord's day previous to his death, he said to a dear uncle, "I am so glad to see you once more; there is *but a step* between me and Canaan;" and to his cousin, "Willie, let me meet you in heaven; give my love to my dear Aunt and Tom; I trust we may *all* be found at the *right hand* in that day; there is no other hope worth having." On the morning of his death, his wife said to him, "You are rapidly nearing the gates now, my beloved; you will have to leave us very soon, but do not be afraid, Jesus will be with you, and support you through it." He looked joyfully upwards, and pressed her hand earnestly, unable to articulate through the choking sensation in his throat. His father visited him for a few minutes during the morning, to whom he said, "I am on the way, I shall soon be there." Before leaving him, his father commended his soul to God in prayer, to which he responded. The Christian friend before named, came to his bedside, and said, "Trust in Jesus, He'll not forsake you; you're going to a happy place, where there will be no sorrow, no tears; and God couldn't do more for you, He is doing the best for you that He could do; He is going to take you away from all the pain, and sin, and trouble of this world, to live with Him for ever; it's all for the best!" To each of these comforting sentences he assented heartily with sweet smiles. About half-past ten he evinced such a strong desire to sit up in a large easy chair by the fire, that he was with some difficulty lifted into it; he became insensible for a time, but again revived, and his wife said to him, "Are you still happy, dear one?" He nodded in reply. She again said, "Do you know where you are going?" He again nodded, and feebly pointed upwards. At this time, his wife's mother, herself bedridden for eighteen years, sent a consoling message from an adjoining room, to which he replied, "Give—my—love—to—dear—Ma,—and—a—kiss."

After this he scarcely appeared conscious, once only raising his finger heavenwards, but with his head reclining upon his wife's hands, his feet supported by her sister, and the dear friend still cheering him onwards towards the bright

coast with loving Bible words which he doubtless heard and appreciated, although power of speech was gone; he gently and sweetly breathed forth his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. So, on October 30th, 1863, at the early age of 24, having far outstripped his years both in mental acquirements, moral culture, and in the spiritual life, his Lord and Master saw fit to lead him to that land of light and love, where his ransomed soul, for ever revelling in the boundless fields of indescribable glories, should add its joyful acclamations to those of the just made perfect through the same grace which was granted unto him. And so may we who are left still to struggle against Satan, self, and the world, and who weep not for him, but for ourselves, press towards the mark of our high-calling in Christ Jesus; and, when affliction is laid upon us, may our example testify to others, that we, living with Him here, are only patiently waiting until He shall say, "Come up hither." And, when death with his arrow keen shall smite us, may we, with this dear child of God, leave behind us sure evidence that we have only laid down the cross to take up the crown of everlasting life. H. E. R.

THE GOLDEN LECTURESHIP.

[As the children of many of our former readers, and some few of our readers themselves, are familiar with the phrase, *The Golden Lectureship*, associated as it is with the never-to-be-forgotten WATTS WILKINSON, we cannot forbear quoting the annexed article from "City Scraps," in that admirably-conducted journal, *The City Press*. The talented "Aleph" has brought most vividly to our recollection the VENERABLE WILKINSON, as with his diamond Bible, and without the aid of spectacles, he stood, leaning upon the pulpit-board, and poured forth in unctuous stream his simple, sweet, God-glorifying, Christ-exalting, soul-cheering testimony. Some of us can never forget WATTS WILKINSON, nor the surprise with which we heard he said, on his death-bed, of the very sermons in which he seemed lost to all human applause, *so much self-seeking*. At the same time it would appear, that he entertained not so much as a thought about self, or of his poor fellow fallen creatures, in so far as their good opinion was concerned. It was the self-same humility that led him upon his sick-bed to exclaim, "I can never get beyond the cry of the poor publican, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'"—ED.]

THE piety of our ancestors adorned London with many godly works. Even previous to the great fire in 1666, the churches within the walls were very numerous, and in not a few of them, beyond providing for the ordinary religious services, morning and evening lectureships were established in several parishes, often with a special object of instruction, or to enforce some important doctrine. Nor can we doubt that, when they were founded, congregations were readily induced to benefit by them. At present they appear to have lost much of their usefulness; many City districts have become merely a succession of warehouses, and when the "church-going bell" is heard, it sounds too frequently to deaf ears. The lecturer constantly finds himself addressing empty pews, and the service is only continued that the endowment may not be lost. There is at least one remarkable exception to such mere nominalism. The Golden Lecture, now delivered every Tuesday morning in St. Margaret's Church, Lothbury, but originally in the venerable sanctuary of St. Bartholomew, still attracts numerous hearers, and for a long series of years has exhibited the strange spectacle of a well-filled church at mid-day, despite the incessant war of traffic in the most crowded of metropolitan districts. During the last sixty years, the lectureship, called Golden on account of the large endowment attached to it, has been adorned by a succession of preachers, at once remarkable for talent and piety. This would be sufficiently proved by giving their names:—Wilkinson, Dale, Melville, and Moore. But we shall advert more particularly to the great influence exercised by the three first.

In the Church of St. Margaret, we read on a mural tablet, set up as a tribute of love and regret, this inscription—"The Rev. Watts Wilkinson, A.B., Lecturer of the United Parishes of St. Mary Aldermary, and St. Thomas the Apostle, Bow-lane, Tuesday morning Lecturer at St. Bartholomew, Exchange, and late Chaplain to Aske's Hospital, died December 14, 1840, in the 86th year of his age, and in the 62nd year of his Ministry. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever

and ever." Wilkinson was the son of a Dissenting family, and he himself had for a long period a rooted aversion to the Establishment, often observing that he felt afraid lest the steeple should fall upon him as he passed it. On the evening of September 11th, 1772, he attended a lecture by the Rev. Henry Foster, at St. Antholin's Church, and received impressions as abiding as life. He used to point out the spot in the aisle where he stood during the sermon. His views were completely changed. "He began to feel a predilection for the Established Church, and a strong desire that if it were the will of God, and he could conscientiously conform to it, he might be called to the ministry within its pale." He became a commoner at Worcester College, Oxford, and concluded his residence by taking the degree of A.B. During his clerical studies he frequently read the works of the old Puritans (though he disliked their non-conformity), for their plain, earnest mode of expounding Scripture was peculiarly acceptable to him. He was elected to the Golden Lectureship about 1803, and continued to discharge its functions for upwards of thirty-seven years with equal zeal and success. It was not until the final year of his ministry (April 28th, 1840) that the ancient Church of St. Bartholomew was destroyed, in order to enlarge the site of the Bank of England. It was a subject of much lamentation that a church in which rested the remains of that venerable divine, Myles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, the first translator of the Bible into English (1555), should be levelled to the ground to facilitate the schemes of a commercial company. Coverdale died May 20th, 1567, aged eighty-one years, and was buried near to the communion-table, where his remains were discovered on the demolition of the church, at a considerable depth below the surface, and re-interred in the Church of St. Magnus, London-bridge, of which he had been rector. Mr. Wilkinson was always of a weakly frame, and those who noticed his great energy in the pulpit little imagined his exertions would be continued so long. Even in middle life he looked old, and the scant, grey hair that sparsely covered his thoughtful brow, seemed one of many signs that his days of labour would be but few. His voice was thin but emphatic, and his tones, occasionally so low as to be heard with difficulty, soon grew familiar to the ear; and when the habit of attention was once formed, not a syllable was lost. When Mr. Wilkinson was over fourscore, he still preached the Tuesday lectures with great regularity, and his popularity increased as his strength declined. He was not eloquent in the ordinary sense, but his auditors saw in him a man whose whole soul was in the doctrines he enforced. The mind had got the mastery over the frail body, and while he yet spoke in this transitory world, all his anticipations were in the life to come. Ordinary preachers may be admired for their brilliant talents, and their discourses quoted as models of beautiful composition; but this ancient servant of God was no mere word polisher; to him the plainest most downright words were the best, and the congregation listened with confiding reverence to one who stood on the very threshold of eternity, while he declared time to have no value but as the portal of the future. He delivered his last lecture, Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1840, from Jeremiah xvii. 9, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it?" On the following Sunday he preached at St. Mary's, Aldermary, from Ephesians ii. 19, "Ye are no more strangers and foreigners," &c. He articulated with pain, an almost incessant cough compelled him to conclude earlier than usual. He returned home declaring "that he should never preach again." He survived, however, in weakness and suffering, borne with extreme resignation, until Dec. 14th. In conversation with a friend he said, "When I recollect how many thousands, in the course of my long ministry, I have had to speak to, I am quite overpowered. I trust I have led them right; one thing I am quite certain of, I have preached unto them what I considered to be the truth. Nor do I recollect that in any one sermon, during my whole life, I have ever disguised my sentiments to meet the prejudices of any one. In looking back upon my ministry, this is the only point on which I can fix with any satisfaction." Few preachers of the Gospel have been more universally honoured than Watts Wilkinson, and this was due chiefly to his singleness of purpose. His reasonings were less those of an accomplished orator, than the simply uttered convictions of a good and earnest man.

The popularity of the Golden Lecture was not likely to be diminished by Canon Dale. There might be a few who listened to his first sermons at St. Margaret's with distrust, as if their loss in Watts Wilkinson was irretrievable. But even if a few of the older members of the congregation gradually dropped off, the new and energetic admirers who filled every seat, testified abundantly to the ability of the younger pastor. Mr. Dale was then in the vigour of his powers; his discourses were carefully studied, and he spoke authoritatively as a master in the Church. It is surprising how small a share is due in the success of a minister to showy verbiage or polished elocution. The message we expect to hear from the pulpit is too weighty to need much ornament. Clear, succinct language is the fittest vehicle for the sublime truths of revelation, and, provided coarse expressions are avoided, no words can be too plain or too strong. Canon Dale invariably chose subjects that were deeply interesting to his hearers. Occasionally a well-turned simile or apposite illustration roused the attention; but, as a rule,

he relied upon a plain, logical statement of facts, difficult to parry, and impossible to answer. Perhaps such a style was peculiarly adapted for the congregation he addressed. To men of the world (this is not meant offensively)—merchants, traders—who are tenaciously working out a few objects, with Cocker for their guide, windy declamation, or flimsy arguments, would lead to doubt rather than conviction. But when their own experience was appealed to, and they were only asked to believe when satisfied, they gradually gave themselves up implicitly to the lecturer's teachings. Mr. Dale was never guilty of any attempt at display in the pulpit; never sought to be fine at the expense of perspicuity. He employed few or no gestures; he read his sermons, but evidently with such a keen appreciation of every syllable, that his sentiments were received as certainties rather than suggestions. Mr. Dale now moves in a loftier sphere, and many years have past since I heard him in Lothbury. I do not think his mastery as a Scripture expositor has increased; and the clear, level voice in which he enunciated the principles and evidences of Christianity still dwells on my ears. The Canon at St. Paul's and the rector at St. Pancras wanted (to my mind) something of the earnestness and unction of the Golden Lecturer. The lengthening shadows of age are falling around the venerated teacher, and there is a strange aptitude to criticise our old friends as well as to overrate them. It would be hard not to do the latter, and it may seem scant courtesy to institute comparisons between the veteran reasoner on "temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come," and the indefatigable minister at St. Margaret's.

I first heard Mr. Melville, the most popular of the Lothbury lecturers, at the church of St. Mary, Islington. He was then young and enthusiastic, his powers great, but his experience small. He aspired to emulate the fame of Chalmers, but he was no common imitator. His style was too original and forcible to leave any doubt as to his intellectual calibre. He was neither dignified nor winning. He was rather below the average height. His manner in the pulpit was hurried and restless; his complexion sallow, his hair a dark brown and rough, giving the idea of a careless toilet. His voice was harsh and disagreeably rapid. It required close attention to catch all he said, yet it was difficult to forget his arguments. His text was a verse of Malachi: "I the Lord change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." In a noble burst of eloquence, he dwelt on the unapproachable glory of God, whose dominion is everlasting, and who knows no separate periods of existence, but fills one vast *now*, including past, present, and future. Then he spoke of the nothingness of man; his life a vapour, a shadow, a vision, inferring from the fixedness of the eternal nature, and the transient being of Adam's sons, our constant need of divine support and mercy. The close of his sermon haunted me for years: "Our great God (said he), is unchangeable; well for such erring creatures that it is so. If the King Almighty could change, what might dust and pollution anticipate? The ages of man are but the brief hours of a winter's day. He is for ever changing, and the blossoms of his pride never reach perfection. Man's works too, change and decay. Our abbey still stands, but it has long mouldered; but where is Babylon or Nineveh? There is a deadly film obscuring the canvas of Raphael. The Moses of Michael Angelo has been smote by time, while the master works of Phidias exist only in fragments. Did Homer and Milton write for eternity? Alas, no! 'The end of all things is at hand.' Even the everlasting hills crumble, the land encroaches upon the sea, the ocean wears away the coast, the lights of heaven are soon to grow dim, change is written on all creation; there is no permanency but in God. We hear His awful voice—'I the Lord change not.' Let us humbly, then, but hopefully, draw nigh to His mercy seat, lest punishment overtake our feeble faith, and we be consumed." Long years afterwards I was in Lothbury, one Tuesday morning, and, remembering the lecture, entered St. Margaret's Church. An aged looking man, with grey hair, and "spectacles on nose," subdued but earnest in manner, occupied the pulpit. It was Mr. Melville; but how changed from the fervid preacher at St. Mary's! yes, changed, but for the better. The enthusiasm was smothered, but not extinguished. In its place was a commanding dignity only to be gained by the consciousness of high mental power. His hands were seldom raised from the cushion; his tones in general were quite level, but, when he exalted his voice, you might be sure some passage of deep interest was to be delivered. Beginning a series of argumentative sentences very quietly, his energy gradually increased, and with it the attention of his hearers, till he put forth in a few pithy words some weighty dogma or precious axiom, which at once held captive the whole congregation. He commonly chose unusual texts, or, if they were familiar, he treated them in a novel manner. But his chief desire was to be understood. If he could but make his subject plain, he could easily add force to clearness. That morning he had been addressing the young, and was about to conclude his discourse as we entered the centre aisle. He said, "Young men, you may not believe your grey-haired monitor, and yet it is God's truth, that the world which looks so beautiful to eyes undimmed with tears, and which is so dear to hearts unused to sorrow, is but a passing show—a landscape bright with ephemeral rainbow tints—a fair-seeming tree, bearing only Dead-sea fruit—a syren enchanting with a poisoned cup—a

deadly foe, hiding its malice under smiles—a yawning sepulchre, the entrance whereto is hidden with roses—Destruction in Pleasure's mask—Death, concealing its grim visage with mockeries of life. Oh, fly from the delusion; escape for your lives; listen not to the false charmer's song; be deaf to the witching voice. To hear is to die! Two paths are open—the broad and flowery, the strait and painful; one begins in joy, but ends in despair; the other commences with labour and suffering, but terminates in everlasting felicity. If you love life, and desire good days, fear God and keep His commandments, for that is the whole duty of man." We were present when Mr. Melville delivered his last lecture at St. Margaret's. It was a crowded church, no small portion of the congregation being clergymen. His tone was subdued, and the discourse embodied a recapitulation of the grand doctrines of Christianity, and an affecting appeal to the hearts of his hearers. At last, he bade them adieu in a few broken words, more touching than the most elaborate eloquence, and when he closed with a fervent "God bless you," few or none of the listeners were unmoved. He continued in the pulpit, slowly watching the retiring crowd, and feeling, no doubt, that one of his best seasons of usefulness was closing for ever. During seven years he had brought together weekly, in the centre of the mighty City, and at the busiest hour of the day, a large assembly, not of idlers, but of merchants attracted from the Exchange, and of divines from the study, to hear the uncompromising word of truth, and taste in the midst of a noisy world the peace which it cannot give. Generally, at a week-day service, there are nine ladies to one male auditor, but on these occasions the difference was quite as striking the other way. Mr. Melville was slow in composition, and took (it was said) a week in writing a single sermon; a proof, were any wanting, that literary excellence is for the most part of slow growth. He preached from a carefully-penned manuscript, never wandering into extemporary remarks; and surely the sacred profession needs such care, for words uttered from the pulpit cannot be recalled. Within the last year or two I have heard Mr. Melville at St. Paul's. The great preacher is still worth a long journey. His matter, his style, his illustrations are perfect of their kind, but the voice has grown thin and uncertain; an air of languor and feebleness obscures the latent power of the speaker. The following passage from one of his cathedral discourses lacks little of the strength that distinguished the efforts of his better days:—"And now, men, women, not lords and ladies, but poor dying worms in God's sight, and in the sight of his minister; what must I say to you?—that the day of grace is not yet past, though its sand fleets rapidly; that the Saviour is making intercession for us; that pardon and peace are still offered; that salvation may be obtained without money and without price. How long such gifts may be found for asking, who can tell? 'Behold the Judge standeth at the door;' are you prepared to open it? Are you expecting the awful summons, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh?' Are you looking for the pale king's messenger, and a call to the final assize?"

We decline speaking of Daniel Moore, the present lecturer. With great ability, and no mean pulpit powers, he fails to draw large congregations. He lacks the skill to excite and retain the attention of his hearers; but it is no enviable task to be the successor of Henry Melville.

ALEPH.

* * * LONDON SCENES AND LONDON PEOPLE (by "ALEPH"), being a selection of "City Scraps," superbly illustrated, price 7s. 6d. May be ordered of any bookseller. The *Morning Star* says, "These London sketches by 'Aleph' are peculiarly valuable. They are gossiping in tone, full of information, and make altogether very pleasant reading. 'Aleph' must have been a loving explorer of old London. He knows every quaint corner in it, and recollects many that are not now. Moreover, he has some tradition of each place to tell, some old time worthy to sketch, or some forgotten custom to recall. To dip into the sketches is impossible. The moment you attempt it you are over head and ears, and not disposed to get out again. The book, apart from its literary and historical merits, is most beautifully got up. The paper is of the best, the type is new and clear, the illustrations finely executed, and the binding elegant. Altogether, 'London Scenes and London People' is a work which is likely to be deservedly a favourite with a very large number of readers."

WHERE THE WELL IS PLACED.—The well of the water of life is not placed on the top of the Christian's head, but deep down in the heart. When it bubbles up very high, the child of God can say with Paul, "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better;" but when it is low, he says with the Psalmist, "Is His mercy clean gone for ever?"

REVIEWS.

The Garden Oracle, and Floricultural Hand Book for 1864. Edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S. London: Groombridge and Sons. Price 1s. THIS will be found an invaluable "oracle" for all matters respecting gardening, planting, &c. It contains, besides an almanack, a calendar for each month of garden work, reminding the gardener what ought to be done with method and neatness. The calendar also contains much useful information for people who have greenhouses, at what temperature to keep them night and day, etc. A description of the new plants, flowers, and fruits of the year is given, of course of much interest to connoisseur. Altogether it forms one of the most complete handbooks of the kind we have ever seen, and we can well recommend it to our readers.

The City Diary and Almanack, 1864. London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 1s.

It is a marvel of cheapness, and cannot fail to be useful to those in the City, and out of it too. There is ample space for private notes, and each sheet is interleaved with blotting-paper. We have it on our own editorial table, and can assure our readers we find it most serviceable. The almanack contains, in addition to the usual information, a calendar of remarkable events, with their dates, places, personages, and particulars of their occurrence. Altogether, we can highly recommend it as a most necessary adjunct to any counting-house or library.

Where do We Get it, and How is it Made? By GEORGE DODD. London: James Hogg and Sons.

THE design of this useful book is to afford the answer to the query, "Where does it come from? How is it made?" and it endeavours to answer the question satisfactorily to the youthful and inquisitive mind.

Worth Her Weight in Gold. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, 24, Paternoster Row.

AN interesting and instructive story for the class to whom it is addressed. A good domestic servant is indeed "worth her weight in gold."

Links in the Chain; or, Popular Chapters on the Curiosities of Animal Life.

By GEORGE KEARLEY. With Illustrations. London: James Hogg and Sons. THIS volume contains much interesting information respecting insects, the animalculæ of the unseen world, and animals of far distant climes.

The Helping Hand; By ADELAIDE ALEXANDER. London: James Hogg and Sons.

A BOOK well calculated to help the young in their researches after biblical knowledge. It also contains many interesting scraps that may have escaped the memory of older readers.

The Youth's Magazine. The Bible Class Magazine. New Series. The Child's Magazine. The Biblical Treasury. Notes on the Scripture Lessons for January, 1864. The Union Magazine. The Sunday School Teacher's Magazine. London: Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey, E.C.

THESE are all monthly serials published by the Sunday School Union. They will be found of great use to the Sunday School Teacher, as well as to the scholar, and would help to enliven and instruct the children at home on a Sabbath afternoon.

The Rector's Daughter; BY ANNE BOWMAN. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

THIS is a pleasing story for our young folks; the characters are well delineated, and the illustrations are good.

Our Own Fireside. London: William Macintosh.

THIS magazine still continues to be a true friend to the home circle. It is well edited, and the contributors to its stores are among the cleverest of our day. The January number opens the year with a piece on New Year's Day, from Dr. Cumming's pen. We have only time to give a cursory notice, but "The Home at Nain;" "The Blind and the Deaf," by the Editor; and the conclusion of "A Fortnight at Munich," will be found particularly interesting.

Olney and the Lace Makers. London: William Macintosh.

THIS little book describes Olney, a very small town in the North of Buckinghamshire. Most of our readers must be familiar with its name, as the place where Cowper, John Newton, and Thomas Scott spent so many years of their lives. Many of the people are very poor, owing to the lace makers being so miserably paid. The author pleads the case very ably with the public at large, but more especially with the lovers of Olney Hymns, who owe a debt of gratitude to the Olney poets.

Lost; but Not for Ever. By the REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THIS narrative combines the romantic with the wonderful. How the author was preserved without food for six days, on the wild Australian mountains, amidst incessant rain, is truly incredible; and his rescue, in such an unforeseen manner, shows strongly that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." We doubt not the work will be welcomed by those who have read the author's former book, an account of his work amidst "The dens of London."

"THIS IS MY BELOVED, AND THIS IS MY FRIEND."

O Jesus, lovely Jesus! how bright Thy glories shine,
Oh, what transporting music is in Thy voice divine,
When Thou art pleased to whisper sweet accents to the soul,
"The heart which I have broken, my grace shall make it whole."

O Jesus, precious Jesus! what words of peace and love
Attend the weary pilgrim, descending from above;
To cheer his lonely pathway whilst walking in Thy fear,
Towards the end celestial, to breathe diviner air.

O Jesus, mighty Jesus! whose arm alone can save
From sin and hell's destruction, and death itself outbrave;
Whose blood proclaims a pardon to such a soul as mine,
Whose grace is all-sufficient to join my heart to Thine

O Jesus, Godlike Jesus! who can set forth Thy praise?
The songs of men and angels unite in humble lays
To celebrate Thy glories, in earth and heaven above,
Whilst each must veil their faces when singing of Thy love.

O Jesus, "my own" Jesus! let saints and angels cry,
Thou art the only "brightness of glory" which the eye
Can look upon with pleasure, throughout eternal days:
In Thee the Father's image is seen in beauteous rays.

O Jesus, lovely Jesus! win all my heart to Thee,
And lead me through the valley until Thy face I see;
To join with all the saved Thy praises to prolong,
In harmony and union, and everlasting song.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

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OLD SERIES.

COVENANT LOVE AND COVENANT CARE.

"For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."—ISA. liv. 9, 10.

BELOVED, in order to enter somewhat into the blessedness of this promise, we would refer you to what the Lord has said about His oath, in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews—that most solemn chapter, which has in every age proved such a source of anxiety and perplexity to the Lord's children: "For men verily swear by the greater: and an oath for confirmation is to them an end to all strife. Wherein God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." Considering the nature of the opening verses in that chapter, we cannot but admire the gracious condescension and divine faithfulness of our God, in following up so solemn and so searching a statement by so precious a declaration of Himself and His unchangeable love and mercy. To our own mind, it always appears as though the Lord had thus mercifully met the case of His dear people, foreseeing as He did how apprehensive they would be of falling under the condemnation previously spoken of. Not that the condemnation does for one moment appertain to *them*. The Holy Ghost has, by the Apostle, been treating of those who have *gifts*, but no *grace*; *light*, but no *life*; *lip*, but no *love*. As *gifted*, but not *grace*, men, they *tasted* of the word of God, and the powers of the world to come. They traded in the truths of our common Christianity. They made merchandize of souls. Christ, in the common acceptation of the term, was their theme. But, at length, as with the stony-ground or wayside hearers, in time of temptation they fell away. They lacked moisture, and depth, and power, and love; and then they maligned—first, the men of God—then the truths of God—and, lastly, Christ, the wisdom of God in a mystery; and thus they "crucify to themselves the Son of God

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afresh, and put Him to an open shame." But how cheeringly and encouragingly does the Apostle, commissioned by the Holy Ghost, change his tone, and introduce one of his blessed "buts." Oh, what volumes does this "but" contain to the poor, tried, and tempted child of God: "But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak." And then he proceeds to take so simple, but at the same time so cheering an evidence of the genuineness of their faith and the reality of their love: "For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward His name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister."

Poor, anxious, timid, and trembling reader, dare you deny that you lack this precious fruit and evidence of the Spirit's indwelling and work in your own soul? Have you never ministered to the saints, as such? Regardless of all human associations and fleshly ties, has not your heart again and again been drawn to them, *because* they were afflicted, and *because* they were in need? Have you not *sighed* with them, and *sought* for them? Call it not *natural*—ascribe it not to merely fleshly sympathy—when, it may be, there was nothing humanly to attract; nothing loveable, nothing tender; nought humanly to draw towards such objects, but possibly that which was calculated to repel. And yet, in spite of this, you have felt led, and prompted, and irresistibly inclined and induced to act; ah! why? Was it not that you believed there was a something in them? You traced a certain feature in them which you saw not in others. You beheld the image of Jesus as reflected in them. You recognized their high and holy relationship to the Man of sorrows and the Brother born for adversity; and you thought, "Oh, what a privilege to help such! what a mercy to be of some little use to such! May I not count it as the most unspeakable favour to be permitted to minister to such?" Whence this but from *love*? and not so much *love* to the servant as to the Master?—not so much sympathy with the member as with the Head. And He regards it thus. He knows the members may be seen, when the Head may be invisible. He identifies Himself the Head with the members of His body. Hence He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Not so much as "a cup of cold water only, given in the name of a disciple, shall any wise lose its reward."

How gracious, then, of the Lord to recognize these sympathizing acts of His children towards each other in immediate connexion with a testimony so calculated to affright, alarm, and fill with holy apprehension, lest there should not be a real, heartfelt participation in the truth as it is in Jesus.

How condescending, too, that He should follow up such recognition by a declaration, in which He confirms by promise and by oath these "two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie," that those should be cheered, and comforted, and strengthened, who have "fled for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before them in the Gospel." And do mark, dear reader, it does not say those who have "found refuge," manifestively and satisfactorily, to the joy and the rejoicing of their hearts; but it testifies that this promise and this oath of Jehovah are on behalf of those who have "*fled* for refuge"—the "*seeker*," as well as the absolute "*finder*"—the "*suppliant*," as well as the really "*successful*."

The like condescension and mercy upon the part of our God is also discoverable in His dealings with Abraham, whose faith having been so severely and so critically tried, the Lord immediately follows up that trial and the tremendous crisis to which the patriarch's faith had been brought, by the declaration, "By

myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son; that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies: and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice."

Now, reader, the peculiar mercy in connexion with our text is this—our knowledge of the strict fulfilment of Jehovah's promise and pledge both with respect to Noah and Abraham; and herein have we, in these last days, the advantage of both Old and New Testament believers: *we* see in rich fulfilment what *they* merely saw in faith; and what an encouragement may this well be to every poor seeking soul. Has Jehovah been faithful to *them*? then, seeing He is the same God, why may I not feel assured He will be faithful also to *me*? Is He not as much bound by His oath *now* as *then*? Can all the claims, and all the conditions, and all the requirements of the covenant have been fulfilled, whilst as yet there is a poor and needy sinner found upon earth? Am *I* not as much redeemed as were *they*? Am not *I* a part of the spiritual seed; and, as such, was not *I* comprehended in the promise with regard to Abraham and *his seed*? Do not *I* constitute part of the travail of the Redeemer's soul, respecting which it was covenanted, He should see and be satisfied? Must not the body be perfect? Can there be a "schism?" Is not the building to be complete?—the tree perfect? Are not all the members of the heavenly household to be present, and every mansion eternally prepared to be occupied?

Oh, reader, when we come upon these high and holy heights, how does it lift one up above all the turmoil and the travail of the wilderness—the doubts, and the fears, and the gloomy apprehensions resulting from a conference with our own poor sad hearts, and the trials and the temptations connected with the journey onwards and homewards.

Then, too, when our Father and our God comes in with His own most loving, merciful, and gracious assurance, "For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee;"—be it ours to bear in mind, beloved, the circumstances under which Jehovah entered into covenant with Noah. How those circumstances are connected with the depravity of our nature, and its sad departure from God. Where do we meet with stronger language than that which is recorded in relation to the condition of man just prior to the flood? "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them." Yet we are told that, after the flood, and when Noah had builded an altar unto the Lord, that "the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in His heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." And now, long afterwards, when ages upon

ages, and generation after generation, had passed away; when the desperate wickedness of men had reappeared in every phase and form; the Lord makes special reference to this His gracious covenant act. He ratifies His promise, and confirms His pledge, by a special allusion to the oath made to Noah. He is not satisfied with the simple declaration of what He will continue to be and to do, but, in His divine condescension, and in His special regard for His people, connects proof with the promise; as much as to say, "As I have been faithful to Noah, and you know it—you have evidence and demonstration of it—so will I be faithful unto you. I swear to it. I pledge myself. I will not change. I will not revoke my promise. No circumstances—no disobedience, no demerit—shall in any wise cause me to forego my promise or forget my pledge. What I have said, that will I do."

And do mark, beloved, what this gracious word embraces, or, rather, we would say, what does it not embrace?—that as the Lord had sworn by Noah in regard to the flood, so had He sworn by His people in regard to His love—"that He will not be wroth with them nor rebuke them." Oh, what could the Lord say more? This is one of the things which even Jehovah cannot go beyond or do; one of the matters that challenges Omnipotence. He cannot do more than He has done. So loving, so gracious, so merciful is He, that He has gone to His very utmost. Well has it been said of His devotion to His Church and people, "He cannot love her more, He will not love her less."

Then, dear reader, if such be the case—and can you dispute or deny it?—what is there to fear? why do you doubt? Has anything arisen, or ~~can~~ anything arise, in your little life, the which Jehovah did not foresee, and against which He has not provided? Why should *yours* be an exception to the universal rule as far as His dear family is concerned? Why should not every jot and tittle of His word be fulfilled in respect to *you* as well as in regard to *others*? Why should anything in your condition arise to baffle His wisdom, or mar His skill, or chill His sympathies? Why should your case introduce into the covenant of grace or the economy of salvation such an element as was never before found there? Has not the Lord infinitely more at stake than you can possibly have? Would not Satan, in these last and truth-despising days, rejoice in a failure or a flaw? Has he not his emissaries, in these last days, specially on the look out for such? Would he not publish it and exult in it? And, if we may introduce a comparison in so high and holy a matter, is not the Lord (if possible) additionally conscious as to how matters stand with Satan and the world in their final and flagrant efforts to molest and mar, and (if possible) to destroy His work in His people? Is not Jehovah aware that Satan hath come down with great power, knowing that his time is short?

Moreover, observe how graciously and emphatically the Lord has followed up His declaration by adopting the most striking metaphors and illustrations, and all for the express purpose of setting forth His divine faithfulness and unchangeability: "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." Thus the very language implies the Lord's consciousness of sin and deceit, by the fact of His testifying of His mercy; for where were the need of *mercy*, but for our *misery*? how would *salvation* be wanted, were it not for our *sin*? and of what service would a *Saviour* be, if there were no *sinner*s?

Dear reader, may the Lord cheer, and strengthen, and establish your hearts by these simple Gospel verities; so prays your willing servant in the Lord,

Bedminster, Bristol, Feb. 13, 1864.

THE EDITOR.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

BELOVED, as we write the now familiar words which head our paper, we cannot help *pausing to pray* that the Lord would grant us the spirit of *calm wisdom*; that we may pen only that which will feed precious souls, and bring glory to Jesus. Yes, beloved, we feel we write for eternity, and would have our paper therefore bedewed with the droppings of divine grace, and smell of "the myrrh, aloes, and cassia" of Gospel blessings.

We are told that if a plant was minutely examined, its leaves would be found to be *full of little mouths*, which the alteration of the atmosphere previous to a shower of rain causes to open, and so the open mouths are ready for heaven's rain-drops, which entering, are carried down to the very roots; and thus the plant is invigorated and refreshed. Our family Magazine may be called a *monthly shower of rain*, and *little mouths* are open, ready to receive its droppings. How necessary that such droppings, untainted with the corruption of controversy, and uncontaminated with human notions, be obtained fresh and pure from those streamlets which flow from the throne of God. Blessed Spirit, guide the pen and *open the little mouths*; Precious Jesus, plead the prayer; Heavenly Father grant the blessing; and a Triune, covenant God shall have all the praise. And, beloved, first we would think about

THE SPIRITUAL EMBRYO THAT WAS FOUND IN A MOST UNLIKELY PLACE.

[Read JUDGES xiv.]

"*Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.*"
JUDGES xiv. 14.

"It is the glory of God to conceal a thing," that you and I by searching may find it out. The bare narratives of Scripture would never satisfy needy souls. Blessed be God, there is a spiritual vein running through God's word, and which the Holy Spirit alone can discover to us. Let us ever dig for the hidden ore which enriches the soul; let us search for the spiritual food that feeds God's hungry ones. The narrative before us may be condensed as follows:—Samson went down to Timnath, to take a daughter of the Philistines to wife, having declared to his expostulating parents that "*it was of the Lord.*" On his way, behold, a young lion roared against him. And, the Spirit of the Lord coming mightily upon him, he rent him as he would have rent a kid; and he had nothing in his hand. He then proceeds on his way to the vineyards of Timnath, fulfilling the purpose of his journey. And, after a time, he returned with his wife, and, turning aside to see the carcase of the lion, behold, there was a swarm of bees, and honey in the carcase of the lion. And he took thereof in his hand, and went on eating. Then it appears he made a great feast, and when upwards of thirty companions were gathered around him, he put forth this riddle to them, "*Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.*" And they could not expound the riddle. On the seventh day they persuade Samson's wife to entice her husband to declare the riddle, which, after a time, he does; and she telling it to the children of her people, they respond, "*What is sweeter than honey, and what is stronger than a lion?*" And he said unto them, "*If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle.*" Beloved, notice,

I. When Samson was going down to Timnath, a young lion roared against him.

II. Without anything in his hand, he rent the lion as if it had been a kid, and laid him dead at his feet.

III. From whence did he derive the power so to do? "The Spirit of the Lord came upon him mightily."

IV. In the carcass of the lion, behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey, so that out of the eater (devourer) came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.

May the Lord deliver us from being wise above that which is written; and yet, in all such narratives, may the Spirit of God discover to us the spiritual vein of golden truth, that we may bring precious ore to the surface.

1. When Samson was going down to Timnath, a young roaring lion came up before him (Samson). Surely we have here a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. Not a perfect one, for all types fail to set forth the perfect God-man, Christ Jesus; but we may behold Samson, as far as he went, as a type in the following particulars:—(1) He was the strong one. So was Jesus. (2) He was one upon whom the Spirit rested, so that he worked mightily. Jesus was the anointed One. And (3) He put forth his wisdom in a riddle. And Jesus put forth His teaching in proverbs. Against this Samson, then, came up a young roaring lion. What an exemplification of man in a state of unregeneracy. Young—indicative of vigour and strength to do evil. Roaring—of rage. Coming up against him—determined opposition.

Beloved, we have only to look back to our days of unregeneracy to see in this lion our own characters clearly portrayed. We were once strong for evil; roaring against the will of our God, and determined to oppose His power and His truth. But we were then under the influence of Satan; which reminds us that this roaring lion sets forth in lively characters a headship of opposition and evil, namely, Satan, that roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. But here is the comfort; however threatening his aspect, however unwearied he may be in sending forth his agents, they who are on the Lord's side are safe enough: for He is His people's spiritual Samson, who rends the lion as a kid, and lays him dead at His feet. He will conquer until He hath put all enemies under His feet. Beloved, Scripture abounds in instances of what mighty grace has effected in bringing sinners strong in sin down into the dust of self-abasement. Think of wicked Manasseh manifesting a determined opposition to a wise father's counsel, and joining in everything of a sinful and abominable character; yet the Lord rent him as if he had been a kid, and brought him to the cry for mercy. Think of the man whom Jesus found amongst the tombs—"No man could tame it," saith the word. Ah, but the God-man Christ Jesus could. He tamed him, casting out of him the devils; so that he sat at Jesus' feet, clothed and in his right mind. Think of the rebel Saul of Tarsus, roaring like a lion with hatred to Christ and His people, rent as a kid, and brought to the cry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And many other instances will occur to the reader's mind. And then the secret cause of Samson's strength was that "*the Spirit of the Lord came upon him mightily.*" Poor feeble man is perfect weakness in and of himself. What can he do, without anything in his hand, in the presence of a roaring lion? But, when the Spirit comes upon him, the case is entirely altered. Then can he sing, "When I am weak, then am I strong; of myself I can do nothing, but by the help of my God I can work mightily." Oh, to honour the Spirit more and more. He is greatly dishonoured in this our day and generation. May it be ours to feel increasingly the deep necessity for the power and influence of the Spirit of God, without whom all is vain. And now, Samson having fulfilled the purpose of his journey, in returning, steps aside to

look at the carcase of the lion he had slain. Doubtless he did so with a lively remembrance of the goodness of God; and how must this feeling be increased when, behold, he finds "there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcase of the lion." Sweetness in the midst of corruption; vitality in the midst of rottenness; honey in a heart of cells. Oh, beloved, does it not melt one to think that God should put His mighty grace in our corrupt natures? that He should place a pure thing in an impure? Carry the thought a step further. Stand beside the corpse of a dear sister or brother who has died in the Lord. What do we behold? A blueness soon tinging the closed mouth. Corruption has set in, and we are obliged to say, Bury the dead out of my sight. And yet, joyous thought! there is sweetness in the carcase; for not merely has the soul winged its way to celestial joy, but the very body of the believer shall rise a glorious body, when Jesus again cries, "Talitha cumi."

Beloved, we leave this subject with the following suggestions:—

1. Let the servant of the Lord not fear the roaring of the lions. Oh, pray for faith to see that, however formidable, *the chain of Jehovah holds them*.

2. The word, accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit, is sufficient to bring to the dust. Samson *had "nothing in his hand,"* but was under the influence of the Spirit of God.

3. Let those who feel what poor corrupt things they are yet rejoice that there is honey in the carcase.

4. And let the Christian not fear the article of death and its attendant gloomy circumstances; for there is sweetness in the midst of all—grace, which will have its consummation in an eternal weight of glory. Beloved,

"The lions roar, but cannot kill,
Then fear them not, my friends;
They bring us, though against their will,
The honey Jesus sends."

Pray for the Spirit's power to enable you to overcome the lions in the way; praise God for that power that brought you down to the feet of Jesus; and glorify the Triune Jehovah, who has so ordered it that, behold, in the carcase is a swarm of bees and honey.

A PRECIOUS PROMISE.

[Read JUDGES vi. 11—18.]

"Surely I will be with thee."—JUDGES vi. 16.

Such was the Lord's emphatic promise to Gideon, and the circumstances which gave rise to it were of a very interesting character. The children of Israel having done evil, the Lord had delivered them into the hand of the Midianites for seven years, during which time they lived in dens among the mountains, and in caves, and strongholds; so that they became greatly impoverished (ver. 6). But now the Lord had determined to deliver them, and the means He employed to do so are full of instructive lessons for His people down to the end of time. There appeared an angel of the Lord unto Gideon as he threshed wheat by the winepress, and said unto him, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour." And Gideon responded, "Oh, my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? And the Lord looked upon him and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites: have not I sent thee?" But Gideon hesitatingly answers, "Oh, my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold, my family is

poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house. And the Lord said unto him, *Surely I will be with thee*, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man." Mark how the Lord often employs the weakest and most unlikely means to effect His gracious purposes. Here was a poor man, "a thresher of wheat," to be raised up as the deliverer of His people. How truly "God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," &c., "that no flesh should glory in His presence." And then notice how Gideon acknowledges before the Lord how puzzled he is to understand the dispensations of His providence. "Oh, my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us?" Why has the enemy prevailed for so long a time? And why have we become so impoverished through their cruelty and oppression? Ah, the children of God are often staggered at the Lord's dealings with them, and they cannot understand the why and the wherefore of much that He permits. Like Gideon, they exclaim, Why has all this befallen us! But they forget that it is sin that has brought it all upon them, and that the Lord is working to bring them to confession and contrition of heart. Again, mark Gideon's timidity. The Lord looked upon him and said, "Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel." But Gideon responded, "Oh, my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am least in my father's house." And then the Lord uttered the memorable promise that I desire should be, beloved, our morning portion this day—"Surely I will be with thee." And He was with him, as He will be with all those that put their trust in Him. He will never leave them nor forsake them. Let us then go forth in the might of this precious promise of our God—"Surely I will be with thee."

"Ye saints, who travel Zion's road,
Leaning upon your Saviour God,
His promises believe :
He has engaged our souls to keep—
Abroad, at home, awake, asleep,
He says He'll never leave.

"Begone, ye doubts—be still, ye fears,
A voice divine salutes my ears,
'Jesus will never leave ;'
His promise cannot fail, I know ;
He'll keep me while I'm here below,
And then to heav'n receive."

Pray to be kept firmly depending upon that God who giveth power to the faint, and increase of strength to those that have "no might;" and go forward resting upon His covenant assurance, "Surely I will be with thee."

LAPPERS OF WATER.

[Read JUDGES vii.]

"And the Lord said unto Gideon, *Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself.*"—JUDGES vii. 5.

Gideon and his army had arrived in sight of the vast Midianitish army, numbering upwards of 100,000 men. But multitudes, in God's sight, are only as the grasshoppers of the field; and He often effects His grand designs by very small means. So it was in this instance. Although Gideon's army consisted only of 32,000 men, reduced down to 10,000 that were willing to go to war, the Lord yet said to Gideon, They are too many, and ordered them to be tried in the following significant manner:—"Bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there: and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go with thee." So he brought them down to the water; "and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth

of the water with his tongue, him shalt thou set by himself:" and by them "will I save you and deliver the Midianites into thine hand." The lappers of water then were to be the successful warriors. Surely we have here a lively figure of the true children of God, who lap of the sacred stream of eternal life, and hie away to the continual contest. And oh, how refreshing are such sips by the way. Stolen waters are sweet; and how could we maintain the daily combat with the world, the flesh, and the devil, without the invigorating influence of the Word of God, that fountain of pure truth that the lappers thereof so much enjoy, and which strengthens them for their daily warfare? There is also something very striking in the fact, that although Gideon's army numbered 32,000, yet only 300 were found fit to go into the battle; and with this handful was the large army of Midianites to be routed. Are we not reminded of the vast number that bear the name of Christian, that yet know nothing of lapping the water, nor of the warfare that the true soldiers of the Cross are engaged in?

Reader, art thou a "lapper of water." The conflict may be hot, the contest severe; but, as sure as Gideon's army prevailed in the instance before us, so surely shall all the tried servants of the Lord come off more than conquerors, to sing with joy of soul, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

"Yes, I shall stand and conquer too,
Though earth and hell oppose;
My Captain's arm shall bring me through,
And conquer all my foes."

Pray to be led oftener to the stream of eternal life, that strength may thereby be gained to enable you to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

HOLY BOLDNESS.

[Read 1 KINGS xxii. 14.]

"And Micaiah said, As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak."—1 KINGS xxii. 14.

The people of Israel (we are told) continued without war for three years. Then they may expect that war is at hand; for God's children will never be kept in a state of inaction: it is through much tribulation, warfare, and opposition, that they must enter the kingdom. And so it was in this instance. Ahab, the king of Israel, proposed to Jehoshaphat king of Judah, that they should go against Ramoth-gilead to take it. I think we shall find in these two kings a representation of two distinct classes of persons:—viz., in Ahab a head of the professing Church; in Jehoshaphat a representation of the erring yet real people of God. Jehoshaphat consents to go with Ahab; saying, "I am as thou art, my people as thy people, my horses as thy horses." Ah, here was compromise. Depend upon it, reader, if we join in an unholy alliance with the professor for expediency sake, we shall smart for it. Still, we have the true character of Jehoshaphat displayed in his inquiry, "But is there not here a prophet of the Lord, that we may inquire of him?" "Oh, yes," responds Ahab, "there is yet one man, Micaiah; but I HATE him." Of course he did; the professor always does bear the most intense hatred towards the true prophet or servant of the Lord. And why? Oh, because "he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil." This is why they are hated. The professor would like to have words as smooth as butter. The pointed, personal appeals of the true servant of God touch his heart and conscience too much. Well, Micaiah is sent for, and the messenger dares to advise him to prophesy smooth things to Ahab; but Micaiah's

memorable words should ever be remembered and acted upon by all that bear testimony to the word of the living God : " As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak." Precious boldness ! may such inspire my soul. Of course, persecution followed. Zedekiah smote him on the cheek for his plain dealing, wickedly and tauntingly inquiring of him, " Which way went the Spirit of the Lord from me to speak unto thee ?" Mark Micaiah's expression to this whited sepulchre, " Behold, thou shalt see in that day, when thou shalt go into thine inner chamber." Ahab also commands, " Put this fellow in prison, and feed him with bread of affliction, and with water of affliction, until I come in peace. And Micaiah said, If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me." And so it turned out ; wicked Ahab was killed in battle. God had so ordered that a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king, and he died.

Beloved, may Micaiah's spirit of holy boldness inspire our hearts ; and may such primitive examples lead us to firmness of character, leaving the issue with the Lord.

<p>"The saints of old on Christ relied, On Him they lived, on Him they died ; They knew His promises were sure, And their inheritance secure."</p>	<p>"Their faith confided in His blood, Their patience ran the heavenly road ; Jesus, my God, enable me To follow them who followed Thee."</p>
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Pray to be delivered from a compromising spirit, and to be inspired with a holy boldness for the Lord ; that you may be a living epistle, read and known of all men.

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

A MEDITATION ON GENESIS i. 3.

DARKNESS—all was darkness—without form
The earth, and void ! Each age eternity
Had seen, had left her still the same dark mass.
The fiat of Omnipotence had not
Gone forth to cheer creation's sable face ;
All was a mass un moulded, land and sea
Were not yet marshall'd to their own abodes,

Nor grass, nor herb, nor fruit-tree yielding fruit,
Had yet been call'd to sing their Maker's praise.
The luminaries of the sky had each
Confined its ray to its respective sphere,
And none could shoot her light beyond the space
Almighty wisdom had from ages will'd.
But silence broke at length—eternal love
(The source of all our joys) rememb'ring man,
Called for eternal light on this our orb.
Fast in the recesses of an untold age
(Oh, how can finite minds receive the word !)
When none but God existed, Three in One,
When Nature's face no garb put on,
Nor worlds created had their orbits struck—
There, there existed Light, for God Himself
Existed !—Fountain—Giver—Light of Light !

But still His mind had plann'd the cheering hour
 When joy should burst the gates of darkness here.
 He spake, and it was done, "Let there be Light."
 (Obedient nature drew aside the veil),
 "And there was Light." The sable hues of earth's
 Chaotic mass retir'd amazed; each spot
 Where all was darkness now began to leap,
 And rocks and valleys ring, with joyous note,
 The praises of Jehovah's new creation!

Read not in vain, but draw the parallel;
 'Tis this—The birth of light in man's dark soul.
 Whate'er was rude in earth's primeval shape,
 More shapeless is in man's unconquer'd soul.
 Darkness, indeed! comparison must fail.
 Deceitful above all things; *dead in sin!*
 A filthy fountain, charg'd with Adam's guilt,
Its own increasing every breath it draws,
 Sending up mire which pollutes itself.
 An alien from the womb, on backsliding
 Bent, no aspirations upward cast;
 Earth—earth—earth the soil on which it treads.
 There is a meaning in this first creation.
 Our soul the shapeless mass the earth once was,
 And would have thus remain'd, a silent mass,
 Mute to eternity; no form, and void;
 No power to call for light; a floating thing,
 Sustained in darkness in succeeding time.
 But "God *so* loved the world"—theme far too vast
 For mortal man below to understand!
 Those angelic beings who in His presence
 Breathe adoration with untainted lips,
 Stand in mute wonder, and desire to look
 Into a mystery which eternity
 Itself will prove too short to drink into.
 "God *so* lov'd the world." Light was His gift.
 Jesus was *light*—His best—His only gift.
 And when He gave His Son, He gave Himself!
 Oh, matchless love! no words yet known can tell;
 Heaven's language only can express thy depth.
 Throngs there assembled, taught the note of praise,
 Shall hymn Jehovah's greatness without end;
 Millennial glories raise to pristine youth
 All the recesses of a sin-stained world;
 Bid darkness fade away; reveal to man,
 That but for Jesus all had been in vain.

Say, O my soul, hath there a voice yet spoken—
 "A still small voice" of love—"Let there be light?"
 Saviour, to Thee I come with suppliant knee,
 And, looking up, this word, "Be merciful to me,"
 Is all my wounded spirit breathes, and prays,
More light Thy servant give, that he may praise.
 Then shall my soul proclaim the Saviour's name,
 And sound the note in heav'n, "Worthy is the Lamb."

CORNELIUS.

THE basis of all natural religion is self-righteousness.—*Rev. W. Borrow.*

THE BISHOP OF CASHEL AND HIS LATE CHAPLAIN.

MUCH as we loved in the Lord our Bishop, when in Ireland, we felt a delicacy in alluding to him, often as we wished to have done so. But now that no selfish motives can be imputed, inasmuch as he has for years ceased to be our diocesan, we may, without hesitation, express our feelings. The annexed kind and affectionate letter has rekindled the flame of love and gratitude which for nearly twenty years we have felt for his lordship. It is little short of that period since the sainted "RECLUSE" first introduced us to the Bishop. Fifteen years prior to that, he had been, under God, the instrument of her conversion. She had worn well. She regarded him, as well she might, as her spiritual father; and thankfully did he contemplate in her the fruit of his labours. The clergyman (Dean Pakenham) at whose house the Bishop (then Dr. Daly) met "RECLUSE" has recently been called away. Both "RECLUSE" and the Dean are now, we trust, before the throne! The Bishop (permitted to reach the ripe age of fourscore years) is still a sojourner in this vale of tears. Of necessity, his stay on earth cannot be prolonged many more years.

We shall ever remember the encouraging language the Bishop offered us with regard to the ministry at our first interview; we gratefully remember, too, his lordship's afterwards inviting us to Ireland, and, subsequently, our receiving ordination at his hands. Hence we cannot but feel the deepest possible interest in and spiritual affection for him.

We cannot but look back with intense emotion to our long sojourn in Ireland. All the facts connected with our going thither forcibly present themselves to the mind. One continuous and unbroken chain of marked and merciful circumstances run through the whole, and the Bishop of Cashel is identified therewith. We often think that, but for his cheering and encouraging words, which, under God, prompted us to go forward in the ministry, we should still be engrossed in the business turmoil of commercial life, which was so distasteful to the heart. It was the Bishop said, "Come over to Ireland;" and when there, and the great enemy of souls sought to throw stumbling-blocks in our way, and we were at the point of declining to go forward, it was the Bishop who encouraged us in our onward way. We shall never forget both his kind looks and cheering words. When we thanked him, he said, "I could not do otherwise: it was *the Lord's* work."

Seeing, then, what the Lord has wrought since, how can we but feel the strongest spiritual attachment for his lordship? Our hearty desire and prayer is that, in his declining years, he may increasingly feel the presence and power of his Lord and Master. The last Christmas-day he was permitted to preach his *fiftieth* Christmas-day sermon. Well might we call it a jubilee sermon. How great the mercy to be permitted to sound the Gospel trumpet for fifty Christmases in succession! Oh, that his lordship may increasingly feel the personal realization of the truth of the promise, "Unto hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." And at last, when his Lord shall say, "Come up higher," may he be enabled, in all the calmness and collectiveness of good old Simeon, to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."

The annexed most kind and affectionate letter was in reply to one sympathizing with his lordship upon the recent and sudden calling away of his chaplain:—

"Waterford, Dec. 28, 1863.

"MY DEAR MR. DOUDNEY,—It was a great gratification to me to get so kind and warm a letter from you. I do not wonder that you felt so much about the death of dear and valued R. Smyth. It is greatly felt in this neighbourhood; by none so much as by myself, as I have not only lost a much-loved friend, but a most valuable helper in my work. He preached in his turn here on Sunday, the 6th, and was attacked that night on his return to Carrick with diphtheria; and when that seemed to be overcome he had erysipelas, which got into his head; and he died last Tuesday, leaving a young wife and three children—the youngest born while he was on his death-bed. We may well say, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' What a comfort to know that in *death* we may be in *life*. I thank you for your solicitude about my health. I am thankful to be able to say, as to my general health, I never was better; but I am suffering from rheumatism in one of my legs, which hinders walking and riding, so that I cannot take my usual exercise. It may please the Lord to restore to me the use of my limbs; but, if not, I have reason to be thankful for them for eighty years. I congratulate you on your son's prosperity in the ministry. May the Lord own him, and give him seals to his work. You speak of deaths in your family. It is one of the evils of this sin-cursed world, that, in proportion as any man has the good things of this world, he is in the way of being afflicted. A large, happy family furnishes material for heavy afflictions; but our God can make 'all work together for good.'

"Very truly yours,

"Rev. D. A. Doudney."

"ROBERT CASHEL."

The deceased (Rev. Richard Smyth) is the clergyman referred to in the annexed sketch of "A Village Funeral," which was inserted in these pages some years ago. So long a time having elapsed, we republish it, in connexion with the fact of his so sudden removal. The parish of which he then had sole charge was most beautifully picturesque. Standing at the head of a valley, and within view of the beautiful Comeragh mountains, from the graveyard you looked down upon Woodhouse, the thickly-wooded demesne of the late Robert Uniacke, Esq., and thence upon the far-stretching sea. We have often stood and, as it were, feasted upon that most sublime prospect, embracing as it did mountain, valley, and wide-spread ocean.

What a multitude of thoughts rush upon the mind as we contemplate that scene, within some four miles of which we spent one-fifth part of our life. How many are removed by death who were, during that ten years and a half, connected with the place. Its then rector, and several of the clergy who, from time to time, officiated there, are gone to their account. On the first and (if we mistake not) only occasion of our administering the Lord's Supper in the pretty village church of Stradbally (the place of which we have spoken), the heir to the neighbouring property was among the communicants. He was immediately after called into eternity. The grief of his poor Irish tenantry, at his funeral, was intense, as they gave vent to their sorrow in the wails and regrets so indicative of the Irish warmth of character.

The Rev. R. Smyth was in the very prime of manhood, and, one would have supposed, in the very vigour of his work. Singular, his last sermon in Waterford Cathedral, was, we understand, from the text, "Behold, I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Remembering as we do the anguish of his heart in the scene referred to in the annexed sketch, when tidings had just reached him of the sudden death of his father, how little did we then imagine *he* himself would be called away at so early an age, and in as unexpected a manner. Deeply do we sympathize with his bereaved widow, and his three little fatherless children. May they person-

ally realize all the fulness and blessedness of that precious scripture, "Leave thy fatherless children; and let thy widows trust in me."

Since the foregoing was written, we have received a copy of the *Waterford Mirror*, from which we extract the following most pleasing fact. As we read it, we thought how signally God honours His own word, by opening the hearts of His people to ratify and confirm it: "Thy Maker is thy Husband;" "A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation." For years we were acquainted with the now bereaved one and her family, who resided contiguously to the picturesque village of which we have spoken. May she and may they be cheered and encouraged, in connexion with this most painful bereavement, by this most striking interposition of Divine Providence; and may they experimentally feel the power of the last verse of the 107th Psalm: "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." The annexed is the paragraph to which we have alluded:—

"The Lord Bishop of Cashel has presented the munificent sum of £1,000 to the widow of his late chaplain, the Rev. R. H. Smyth. This benevolence on the part of his lordship has given the most unbounded satisfaction to a large circle of friends who hold dear the memory of the late reverend gentleman."

[POSTSCRIPT.—The same post that brought the proof-sheets of the foregoing article brought also a Dublin paper, announcing the death, on the 11th ult., of the late occupant of Woodhouse, Stradbally (the demesne before mentioned), Colonel Beresford, R.A. So deservedly respected and beloved was this truly excellent man, that his death will be severely felt in the neighbourhood. We sincerely condole with his bereaved family.—ED.]

"THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

"It was midsummer, and my little ones were returning home for their holidays. It was their first vacation; and their hearts rebounded as we changed horses, and started on our last stage. E——'s merry laugh attracted a fellow-passenger. Taking him upon his knee, he kept his little tongue employed during the remainder of the journey. Upon alighting, the stranger was accosted as Sir H. —, the ex-member for —.

"What an ever-varying scene is life! We meet to-day, but frequently under what very different circumstances to-morrow! We met again a few months afterwards—it was in a little picturesque village graveyard—when it devolved upon me to read the burial-service over Lady —, the deceased wife of my recent fellow-passenger. At all times deeply solemn, there were circumstances connected with the present funeral which rendered the service additionally impressive. The clergyman whose place I had been called upon unexpectedly to supply, had but just previously been summoned to a distance by the sudden removal of a near and devoted relative. He was stunned, as it were, by the blow which in a moment had deprived him of a fond father; and, as he paced his room in anguish indescribable, I was led back in review of the time—the circumstances—when I, too, had suddenly been summoned on the like journey. And yet with it came the recollection of an assurance given when standing at the grave of one so near and dear; it seemed as though the heart was crushed beneath the agonizing pressure. 'A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in His holy habitation.' Oh, unspeakably precious words—and so timely spoken! Nearly twenty years had rolled away, and yet not in a single instance had a Father's care, a Father's counsel, a Father's fond solicitude, been wanting.

"Committing my bereaved brother to the divine sustainings of a covenant God and Father, I rambled through the graveyard, and I think more deeply humbling sensations never were awakened. The family vault was opened for the purpose of receiving the approaching occupant. I looked into it, and the scene presented has scarcely vanished for an hour since. Five-and-twenty years ago, that vault

was built, and within its walls had received from time to time thirteen bodies. Only two remain! 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,' had been so rapidly fulfilled, that not a vestige of those mouldering bodies could be seen, except the skulls! 'Vanity of vanities, indeed,' thought I. 'These are the relics of former greatness! These were among the rich, the noble of their day! This very house or vault, erected as a kind of preservation, has but hastened their decay. And where are they now? Here are the last remaining vestiges of their mortal part; but where—ah, where—the never-dying soul?'

"The funeral knell was tolling, and I rambled with earnestness of wish that the service in which I was about to be engaged might have a salutary bearing upon the approaching multitude—the more especially as by far the greater number were members of a communion bolted and barred against the veriest ray of light by bigotry, superstition, idolatry, and fraud. A few paces brought me within the precincts of a grave which some three years ago was opened to receive a young man of promise, cut down by consumption. I had stood by his dying bed, and subsequently had consigned his sleeping body to the ground. Some two or three hundred had assembled upon that occasion; an exhortation was given, based upon the Scripture declaration, 'It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment.' One was arrested there! God grant it may have been a *divine* arrest. A few months afterwards he called, and said he was about to embark for America. I handed him a Bible, and besought him (though a Romanist) to read it. He promised me he would. He kept his word; and, as I have been informed, the light which attended the reading of the sacred page, during his voyage, warmed his heart, animated his soul, and impelled him, as soon as he reached a foreign shore, to go from house to house, and group to group, reading and expounding his Bible!

"Hard by the grave referred to, was that of Lieutenant S—. He was a man extremely affable and kind; but, as he sat from time to time beneath the Gospel sound, commonly have I thought, not one of the congregation was so devoid of feeling as himself. True, he sat as others sat, but, as I conjectured, it was a matter of the veriest duty—the which the sooner at an end the better. An utter stranger have I often thought him to the power of truth. Every word, as I supposed, rebounded. The arrow from the Gospel bow fell short, or, as I imagined, flew past, and far beyond. He talked at length of superannuation; and each day successively spoke of retirement—here to-day, there to-morrow! But, ere he was aware, an unseen hand was laid upon him; without any apparent cause, weaker and weaker he grew, until at length he took to his sick chamber. Sitting beside his bed one day, he began to speak of the uncertainty of life; that he had been speculating on this and that, but how speedily might his prospects, so fair and flattering, be blasted. He spoke without a murmur—calm, collected, thoughtfully. 'I think my days are numbered,' he continued. 'I would fain hope you will be restored,' said I; 'but suppose they were numbered, what is your state of mind—what your hope in prospect of the great change?' Calmly again he answered, 'Thirty years ago, when I was in fever and at the point of death, upon the coast of Africa, my hopes were founded upon my works. *I see now that this was altogether futile.* The preaching to which I was accustomed when young was merely of a moral kind; that which I have heard since has been altogether different. My hopes now are fixed on Jesus Christ alone. I have not so much as a good thought to bring,' he added, and tears filled his eyes as he spoke; 'they have been evil from my very youth up.'

"Moreover, there was an utter absence of everything approaching *self-justification*. This, to my mind at least, presents a hopeful feature, especially when, as in the present instance, there was some prominent qualification, habit, or observance to form a pretext to that fleshly, self-deceiving refuge. Never did a government officer more rigidly and conscientiously fulfil his duties. He scrupulously observed, not the spirit merely, but the letter of his orders. He fell a martyr to his conscientiousness; but not the vestige of dependence on what to others might seem meritorious could I trace. There was, as far as I could see, an utter disregard of everything pertaining to the creature.

"Never shall I forget my astonishment at this simple, straightforward testimony. It was so unexpected—so in contrast to my preconceived opinions. His words were few—just what I have now given; but they were so exactly to the purpose, and spoken withal in so clear, and full, and truthful a manner, that they carried weight and conviction with them; and I came forth from that sick chamber with a grateful yet humbled heart, from the hope that I had been completely and agreeably deceived in my opinion of my dying friend. He sunk into the arms of death in a few days after this. I saw him repeatedly, and found him neither elated nor depressed; but simply, according to his own account, *looking to Jesus!* Reader, do you not think there was ground for hope of Lieutenant S——?"

AN UNCHANGING CHRIST.

THE late Lady Colquhoun was one who knew the preciousness and power of resting on Christ Jesus alone for peace, comfort, and salvation; and, from personal experience, she was "able to teach others also." Writing to a young friend, she gives this excellent counsel: "As well in our winters as our summers the foundation standeth sure, 'Christ is all;' 'with Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'" Precious truth! Let us rest upon it, and cease from the vain endeavour to find anything in us that can give the shadow of hope. Abiding hope must be fixed on the Object that changeth not. We change daily, hourly. He remains glorious in holiness eternally. And this perfection is in the court of heaven our Representative. Can we want more? Shall we say, I will add a few of my virtues and graces to the amount? When we are guilty of this folly, we weary ourselves seeking for them, for they cannot be found, and our harp hangs on the willows. But we resume the songs of Zion when we look entirely from ourselves to 'the Lord our righteousness.' How is it with you, dear A——? Can you rejoice in the Lord always? If not, experience will teach you that living on frames and feelings will not do; that comfort ebbs and flows with them; and that you equally delude yourself when you take comfort from the feeling of nearness to God, or when you lose it because you lack that joy in devotional exercises, which is, nevertheless, extremely desirable and much to be prized. This, however, is distinct from joy in Christ crucified, and in Christ our Righteousness; and it is very possible to feel little heart for prayer, and to mourn an absent God, and yet to stand firm on the sure foundation, rejoicing in Christ, and never doubting that we are complete in Him."

The reason why many real Christians are harassed with doubts, fears, and darkness is, that they leave off leaning entirely upon their beloved Saviour, and rest part of the weight of their souls' eternal well-being on their own experience. The fruits of righteousness, wrought in us by the grace of the Holy Spirit, are precious as evidences, but they cannot be trusted as grounds of salvation, unless with much spiritual detriment to our souls. Legh Richmond, writing to his mother, says: "Your occasional doubts and fears arise from too much considering faith and repentance as the grounds, rather than the evidences of salvation. Our salvation is not because we do well, but because 'He in whom we trust hath done all things well.' The believing sinner is never more happy and secure than when, at the same moment, he beholds and feels his own vileness, and also his Saviour's excellence. You look at yourself too much, and at the infinite price paid for you too little. For conviction you must look at yourself, but for comfort, at your Saviour. Thus the wounded Israelites were to look only at the brazen serpent for recovery. The graces of the Spirit are good things for others to judge us by, but it is Christ received, believed in, and rested upon, loved and followed, that will speak peace to ourselves."

THE DOCTRINES OF GRACE VINDICATED.

I **AVER** that the doctrines of grace itself is pure and innocent, and not to be charged with the faults and blemishes of any of the professors of it ; nor does it give any encouragement to sin, but is all the reverse ; and this will be made to appear by considering the several doctrines contained in it. As, 1st, the doctrine of God's everlasting and unchanging love to His elect, in every state, and condition, and circumstance of life into which they come. This is no way contrary to the purity and holiness of the Divine nature ; for, though He loves the persons of His people, and delights in them as considered in Christ, He takes no delight in their sins ; sin is the abominable thing He hates. He is of purer eyes than to behold it with approbation and delight. He is not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness, nor shall evil dwell with Him. Nor does He encourage them in sin or connive at it, but rebukes and chastises them for it in a fatherly way, though at the same time He does not take away His lovingkindness from them ; for He takes pleasure in their persons, though He bears a displacency to their sins. Nor does this doctrine in the least lead men to sin, but, on the contrary, most strongly engages to the love of God, and a cheerful obedience to Him. His love to them, indeed, does not arise from their love to Him, it being prior to theirs ; but then they love Him because He first loved them, and this love in them to Him constrains them to a willing obedience ; when their hearts are enlarged with it, then do they run with alacrity the ways of His commandments. When this lovingkindness of God in choosing them in Christ, redeeming them by His blood, and calling them by His grace, is before their eyes, and they have a sense of it upon their hearts, they walk in His truth—in the truth of His Gospel—and have their conversation as becomes it. This love, according as it is shed abroad in their hearts, casts out fear, and influences them to serve the Lord without fear, in "righteousness and holiness all the days of their lives." What can lay a man under a greater obligation to love the Lord, fear, and obey Him, than this consideration, that God loved Him when he had no love in His heart to God—nay, was an enemy to God ; and that His thoughts were concerned about His everlasting salvation when he had no thoughts for God, nor any for himself ? This consideration must work more powerfully upon him, as it must on any ingenuous mind, than such a one as this—that the Lord began to love him, and continued to do so, because he loved Him, and was obedient to Him ; and would continue to do so as long, and no longer. That is the purest obedience that is influenced by love ; it is the obedience of a child, and not of a slave, and must be the most acceptable to God ; nay, there is no other service that is acceptable to Him but what springs from love influenced by Him.

2nd. The doctrine of the eternal personal election of some of mankind unto everlasting salvation. Good works, indeed, are not the causes of God's act of election : "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth ; it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." Nothing that is temporal can be the cause of that which is eternal, nor the will of man, nor anything done by it, be the cause of the will of God ; but yet good works are what God has fore-ordained that His chosen people should walk in them. Holiness is a means that is fixed in election, and an end that is secured by it ; all those who from the beginning, from everlasting, are chosen unto salvation by Christ, are chosen to it through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth ; all

that are elect according to the fore-knowledge of God the Father are so through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus ; which sanctification is as infallibly secured as salvation itself ; for though men are not chosen because they were holy, yet they are chosen that they should be holy, and, in consequence of electing grace, become so through the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit of God.

Election is the spring and source of all true and real holiness.

There would not have been such a thing in the world as holiness, since the fall of Adam, had it not been for electing grace ; except the Lord had left a seed, and reserved a remnant for Himself, according to the election of grace, the world had been as Sodom and as Gomorrah ; and so it is where there are no instances of this grace. Strange, then, that this innocent doctrine, so friendly to holiness and good works, should be thought to open a door to licentiousness. Besides, holiness in heart and life is an evidence of election—the internal grace of sanctification is an evidence, being a fruit of it, to the person himself. “Knowing, brethren,” says the Apostle, “your election of God ; for our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.” External holiness, or that which appears in the outward conversation, is the evidence of election to others. Hence that advice is given to the saints, to give diligence to make their calling and election sure ; that is, by good works, as in some copies it is read, and as the sense requires, since both calling and election are to be made sure by some third thing. Not that they can be made surer in themselves or to the believer than they are, but a more sure and certain evidence may be given of them to others. Nor can anything more powerfully engage men to holiness and good works, and to honour and glorify God that way, than the consideration of this, “that they are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people, an holy nation, that they should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvellous light.”—*Extract from a Sermon by Dr. Gill.*

LESSON.

WHEN returning, one day, from visiting those who had listened to the truths I had endeavoured to set before them, and being somewhat elated by the freedom of speech given, so different to what was usual, I began to think over what I had said, and this grew into a sort of self-satisfaction ; when, all at once, the light, buoyant step, so expressive of the mind, was stopped, and, standing quite still—I can see the very spot in the lane now—these thoughts were let into the mind :—What am I about ? taking to myself what belongs unto the Lord ? Which must be the case, if they are worth anything, for “who made man’s mouth ? have not I the Lord ?” Surely I may expect a severe chastening for this. Lord, forgive ; but, if the chastening comes, let it be one that won’t deprive me of Thy dear presence. I then walked on, but my sin made me look out for trial, feeling I so richly deserved it ; when, a day or two after, a *special* mercy came, followed by these words, “I looked for judgment, but, *behold*, MERCY !” “Judge therefore yourselves, brethren, that ye be not judged of the Lord.”

Oh, the sweetness of the *Lord’s* teaching ! Two precious texts learnt in a way that would baffle all the explanations that the *reasoners* of the present day could give on them, because it was the word of *life* ; and *man* can’t put *life* into the word.

OBSERVER.

SOLOMON'S CHARIOT.

"King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem."—
 SOL. SONG iii. 9, 10.

WHAT a combination of beauties mark this striking text! and yet, to the eye of one who has never had the bright beams of God's Spirit illumining his soul, there is nothing in it but the mere description of a chariot, made by Solomon, king of Israel, for his own pleasure; but the teaching of the Holy Spirit constrains us to say, "Behold, a *greater* than Solomon is here." Yes, Jesus, in the character of Immanuel, is plainly portrayed. "King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon." What does this signify but the humanity of Jesus?—the vehicle (so to speak) in which the Godhead rode triumphantly. It was made of wood—earthy. Yes, Jesus took our nature upon Him—even frail, earthy humanity. As wood grows out of the dust, and is perishable, so Christ's body, like our own, was subject to pains and infirmities. It was wood of Lebanon. Is not this in sweet harmony with that beautiful type of Jesus, *the Temple*? Turn to 2 Chronicles xi., and there we find that the wood for the Temple was to be from Lebanon. But why was it to be from thence? Was it not in this—the wood of Lebanon was renowned above all other for goodness? So likewise the humanity of Jesus was so far superior to all others, in that it was perfect, pure, and without fault. But had the chariot been only composed of wood, though it were even Lebanon's wood, it would have been a very imperfect type of our adorable Immanuel—nay, it would have been no type at all; but we read further, "He made the pillars thereof of silver." Is not this the eternal purpose on which the whole plan of redemption rests? It is pure, and is not perishable as wood. There is no earthy matter in it; therefore, is it not an apt type of Jehovah's immutable counsels, that cannot perish and crumble into dust? But next—and, oh, is not this a glorious feature in this beautiful symbol?—"the bottom (the groundwork, the foundation) was of gold." Ah, herein is beautifully set forth the *Divinity*, the *Godhead*. Nothing short of this will do for the foundation of a sinner's hopes—nothing but the *God* is able to save from the jaws of the lion and the sword of justice. Here is a bottom on which the sinner can rest; yes, "*underneath are the everlasting arms.*"

"The covering of it was of purple." And what was this but the covering which the Saviour wrought whilst here on earth, even His own perfect righteousness, dyed with the purple stream which flowed from His own bleeding veins on Calvary's cross? O glorious covering! O blessed souls that wear it! Ye are blessed *now*, but oh, how transcendently blessed, happy, and glorious will ye be shortly! Ye have renounced and cast away your own filthy, tattered garments of *self-righteousness*, and rejoice in that ye are clothed in the garments of a Saviour's righteousness. Soon, very soon, shall ye "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of your Father."

But there is another link in the chain of beauties describing this chariot. "The midst thereof being paved with love." Ah, this is the crowning point of all, for may we not say these are the wheels on which the chariot moves? "The midst thereof"—yes, the centre, the pivot on which *all* turn. It was love, all love, which led Jesus, the Solomon here spoken of, to come into our sin-stricken world, to die on the accursed tree, to endure the hidings of His Father's face; it was love, such as many waters could not quench, neither could the floods drown

it. Yes, it was love surpassing mortal conception; and well might the poet exclaim—

“This was compassion LIKE A GOD,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon *was His blood*,
His pity *ne’er withdrew*.”

But who are the recipients of this love? The text gives the answer, “for the daughters of Jerusalem”—the children of the Great King—the chosen bride of the Saviour. Fear not, then, O daughters of Jerusalem, ye are safe in the chariot of redeeming love; ye are shut in as was Noah in the ark, and it is the Lord who has shut you in.

But a chariot conveys the idea of a journey; it is not made for standing still, but moving onwards. The daughters of Jerusalem are far from their Father’s house—far from home: they are in a desert, a waste howling wilderness. They may have to pass over mountains of difficulties, and through seas of affliction; the journey may be long, and tiresome; yet are they safe, for they are within that chariot whose pillars are of silver, and whose bottom is gold. Yet, secure as they are, there are tremblers, even among this blessed company; for, instead of looking at the security of their position, they look out at the road, and espying foes lying in ambush, their hearts meditate terror, and they tremble lest they should be dragged from their seats. Remember, O ye fearful ones, the words of your Charioteer, “*None shall pluck you out of my hand;*” and again, “*Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am*, that they may behold my glory.” Yes, He who has redeemed you by His own blood from the hand of the mighty, and placed you in His chariot of everlasting love, will not suffer thy foes from without to pull thee away from Himself. But there are others who ride in this glorious chariot that are the subjects of fear, not so much from the difficulties of the way or the foes without, but from that which dwells within their own hearts. They reason in this manner, “Can I, who feel so much sin, so much darkness, have so many wandering thoughts and affections—can I be loved of the King? *Will He bring me into His banqueting-house?*” Ah, He has a word of love for you also. Listen to its gracious melody: “I have cast all thy sins behind my back; thy sins and thy iniquities will I remember no more.” “I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.” To this class of doubting ones we would say: “Know you aught of these holy drawings? Do you long to know more of Jesus—to love Him more, to serve Him better? Then fear not, the cords of His love are around you; ye shall be brought safely into the presence of the King.

But there are are a few of its occupants who see and feel their security. The storm may rage without, the enemy may harass, yet have they peace. They know that they are shut in, they see the wood of Lebanon around them, by faith they have taken hold of the silver pillars, they look at its golden bottom, they feel that the covering of purple is theirs, and they place their feet on its pavement of love; and, as they move onward, they sing—

“One sweetly-solemn thought
Comes to me o’er and o’er,
I’m nearer *home* to-day
Than ever I was before;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea,
Nearer *my Father’s house*,
Where the many mansions be.”

And so in truth they all are ; the tremblers and mourners, too, they are riding safely onward to the desired haven. But listen ! they are saying, "There is Jordan's stream to cross, before we can enter the heavenly Canaan, and what shall we do in the swellings thereof ?" Remember ye not that Jordan's stream was swollen, and had overflowed its banks, at the time that the children of Israel had finished their wilderness wanderings, and were about to enter the earthly Canaan ? How did they cross ? Why, the priests, bearing the ark of the covenant, went before, and, as soon as the priests' feet touched the waters, they stood still in a heap. The priests, with the ark, stood in the midst of Jordan, until all the people had gone over. So, beloved fearful ones, will it be with you. The ark which the priests bore, and the chariot you are in, are one and the same, even *Jesus*. Jesus is also the Priest, whose feet stay the waters. Then fear not ; He who hath carried you safely through the wilderness, will bring you safely through Jordan's stream. But what when ye have passed the Jordan ? Then "your eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off." Yes, "they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." Now are they satisfied, having awaked in His likeness ; for, as the Queen of Sheba of old, when beholding the majesty of the earthly Solomom, exclaimed, "Lo, the half was not told me," so will it be with all the redeemed, when they are brought into the immediate presence of Jesus, even those who saw the glory of the chariot in which they rode, with its wood of Lebanon, its silver, its gold, its covering of purple, and its pavement of love. These will exclaim, "The half was not told me—the half I saw not ;" nay, they could not see it, for, whilst passing through this Valley of Baca (or weeping), their spiritual vision was dimmed by a thick material veil, even the flesh ; but, in passing the Jordan, they dropped it—it fell off, as did the mantle of Elijah, and their disencumbered spirits ascended to the New Jerusalem above—their home, for they are called "daughters of Jerusalem."

Well may our hearts burn with love and adoration towards this glorious Solomon, who, combining the divinity with the humanity, has made this glorious chariot, to bring His chosen ones to His royal presence and mansion above, there to reign with Him for ever, being joint heirs, with Him, of all the *fulness of God*. O wondrous theme ! far too deep for mortal thought to fathom, far too high for the soul, now imprisoned in clay, to soar to ; but what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

May God the Spirit bless this weak attempt at elucidating this precious text, is the sincere desire of
F. A.

THE DYING WORDS OF MRS. SARAH MONK,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE DEC. 9, 1863, AGED 86.

FIRST.—"I used to think, when I came to this, I should be frightened ; but no ! I am not." Her daughter said to her, "You are not afraid to die." She replied, "No, I am not ; I long to behold my dear Saviour at home ;" and she sung, "And what must it be to be there ?" "He is my all." "Oh, my Lord, how good Thou art ! Thou art not afar off."

Second.—"He, my Master, will fetch me home. He won't forsake me at last. When I examine myself, I cannot see one good thing in me."

Third.—"I am a guilty sinner." Her daughter said to her, "Just the character ; 'Nothing in my hands I bring.'" She replied, "No ; I cannot serve Him half enough."

Fourth.—"My dear Saviour, come, and fetch me." Her daughter speaking to her of Christ, she said, "I want nothing else." Her daughter replied, "That you have got." She said, "Yes, I have."

Fifth.—A question, from her daughter to her mother: "Do you find Christ precious?" She said, "I do; come, come, come!" Her daughter reminded her, "You have been a long time wishing to be gone. Why do you wish to leave us?" My sister replied, "To be with Christ, in glory, which is far better." She said, "To be with Christ, which is far better."

Sixth.—"Oh! my dear Heavenly Father! He has been a loving Father to me. 'And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels.' Come, my dear Lord, and take me home." A Christian minister called to see her, and asked if he should pray. She said, "Yes." "What shall I pray for?" She replied, "The Lord to take me home, and to bless my family."

Seventh.—Her daughter being in tears, she said, "You ought to rejoice. I want to go home, to be with Christ, which is far better. He is my all." She sung "Thou art my soul's bright morning star." "Heaven is not a confined place: 'it is all about us.'"

Eighth.—In speaking to a Christian friend, who used to accompany her home from chapel, she said, "You used to bring me home, but now the Lord is bringing me home to glory. Glory! Hallelujah! We shall play with the cymbals and harp."

Tuesday evening: very restless all night. Last assault of the enemy.

Ninth.—She prayed she might be a brand plucked from the burning. On Wednesday her minister called to see her, and asked her if Jesus was precious. She said, "He was her all and in all." Her daughter repeated the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." She said, "No, no!" and repeated these words, "Come, Holy Ghost." Her minister asked if the enemy was gone. She replied, "Yes." "Are you on the Rock?" "Yes." "Is the valley light?" "Yes." "Shall I pray?" "Yes." "What shall I pray for?" "The Lord to take me home."

UNINTENTIONAL MURDER.—STATE OF LONDON.

UNDER the first of these headings is a most powerfully written article in the *City Press*, which shows the present—we call it awful—condition of London. We never enter it, without being more and more struck with amazement at what it is becoming. From the article in question, we extract the following:—

"Those who think that the head of this paper is a paradox, will find that, paradoxical as it may appear, as they read farther we shall come to sober truth. London has been cited as one of the most healthy cities, and probably this compliment has not been wholly undeserved; but the very rapid increase of its inhabitants, the vast crowding of the streets, the density of the population brought within a small circle, forbids us to hope that we shall continue to make it healthy and salubrious for a long continuance, unless the constant efforts of its inhabitants be brought into play. The infant mortality in the metropolis is really something dreadful. In China, the Malthusian bigot may think that they do these things better than we do, because he would there find in certain towns and villages a 'Devil's tower,' in which the female infants are dropped, to be killed by the fall, and to be carried off, as they think, by the fiend or demon to which they are devoted. Christianity, our working clergymen and ministers, and our really earnest, good men, save us from arriving at this climax of

civilization in a redundant population; but in our narrow courts and alleys Fever is the fiend which carries off our young. Down in the east, or even away out west, in St. Giles's, or even in St. James's, there are fever-haunted courts, whereat a terrible giant, against whom the strongest of us is powerless, sits in wait. His name is Miasma. He lives in little, undrained streets where, day and night, the struggle for life goes hotly on. In Bethnal Green he has lurking-places, where all the people are pale from his presence—where cleanliness cannot be, and godliness is far distant. Men and women, girls and boys, and even babes blaspheme—an oath is a natural exclamation; so natural, that it carries with it no weight, relish, or excitement, and occasions no surprise. Bad living has had its effects, and has produced bad livers. And yet at one time this was not so; there lived in Bethnal Green weavers, pious, industrious, godly men, always anxious to be employed, but steam and modern improvements have borne away the food from their mouths, and these poor fellows are like Tantalus, left high and dry above food and nourishment. Constant disappointment has produced its effects, too. Too much beating will break the spirit of any man or dog, and these poor fellows have fallen, step by step, till they have become immersed in shiftless, miserable poverty, and are not unknown to crime. Crime with them offers a life of excitement, and, perhaps, even of danger, but of sudden supplies; and, if caught even, only then of the punishment of the warm, cleanly, and comfortable prison, of moderate work, and of regular food. Without education, and reduced by pitiless poverty to a moral laxity, we repeat, it is no wonder that they choose crime, and that our gaols are thronged.

"The sanitary state of the district is miserably bad, says an authority, who for years has been labouring to improve that state. Notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, it is simply impossible for any one who does not go and look at these places to understand or to 'realize' the state in which many of the poor are living. Dives—and a tradesman with three hundred a-year, may represent Dives on this occasion—should step out of his warm and comfortable parlour and go and visit Lazarus in the slums, and he would be a wiser and a better, although a sadder, man for the visit. Ill-ventilated, badly built, with each room containing a single family, frequently with a population of forty-eight to a house of six rooms; with a supply of water from a small tap, which runs only ten or twelve minutes every day, and to get at which people often have to fight; these houses are admirably calculated to carry on that system of unintentional murder which we Englishmen and women indulge in. Ask a woman how many children she has? 'Four,' she will answer, 'four living, five dead; one indoors given over by the doctor.' Ask another poor creature to pay her rent, she cannot; 'but, please God, a little child will die to-morrow,' and she has joined a burial club, she will then have money. Within five weeks, in one family, five children died from the old cause—the blood was poisoned by impure air, water, food, and by impure surroundings, which cling to the poor like the shirt of Nessus. The tender plant suffers, thank God, not most (for it is soon borne out of the battle) but soonest. Men and women get hardened and accustomed to this dreadful state of things, just as it is said in the fabulous history that Mithridates lived upon poisons; but, as we have said, the children die. Out of fifty thousand persons who are given to the earth yearly, twenty-one thousand are children under ten years of age."

God's drawing near to us, is not so much His coming to us, but His drawing us to Him.—*Charnock*.

ROOT AND FRUIT.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. No grace, no election. 2. No grace, no sanctification. 3. No grace, no justification. 4. No grace, no redemption. 5. No grace, no salvation. 6. No grace, no regeneration. 7. No grace, no true repentance. 8. No grace, no spiritual prayer. 9. No grace, no spiritual faith. 10. No grace, no sense of pardon. 11. No grace, no saving knowledge of Christ. 12. No grace, no peace with God. 13. No grace, no fellowship with God. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 14. No grace, no hatred to sin. 15. No grace, no love to the truth. 16. No grace, no victory over our enemies. 17. No grace, no spiritual understanding. 18. No grace, no true humility. 19. No grace, no divine support under trials. 20. No grace, no spiritual praise. 21. No grace, no gospel liberty. 22. No grace, no good hope. 23. No grace, no true knowledge of self. 24. No grace, no glorification. |
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God's grace, in Christ, is the eternal root, and all spiritual blessings are the fruit springing from it.

Praise God from whom *these* blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

It is by virtue of God's choice of His people in eternity, that He bestows grace upon them, through Christ, in time. To this agree the words of St. Paul in 2 Tim. i. 9, "Grace given us in Christ before the world began." What, therefore, the Lord Jesus Christ received for His people before time, He will most assuredly give to them in time. This grace is the true spring of action in a child of God. Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord, before he began to work at building the ark. All true labourers in God's harvest find grace before they begin to labour. All labour without grace may be compared to a threshing machine going without anything being put into it; it makes a great noise, but does no good, only wears itself out.

F. F.

A PRAYER.

FATHER, in me fulfil
 Thine own most blessed will;
 For this I humbly pray:
 Teach me the cross to bear,
 And daily cast my care,
 On Him who once did bear
 My sin and guilt away.

The work of faith with power,
 In every trying hour,
 And all for me perform;
 And, in the trying day,
 Let me not cast away
 My confidence, I pray;
 Preserve me in the storm.

For death my soul prepare,
 And let Thy constant care,
 By faith be all my stay;
 When passing through death's flood,
 Grant peace in Jesus' blood,
 And let me feel it good
 From time to pass away.

A.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

“*Pray one for another.*”—JAMES V. 16.

BELOVED, we live in a day when every form of error abounds; when men are wise above that which is written, and explain the Scriptures according to their own fancies and imaginings. Surely we are witnessing the fulfilment of the Apostle's prophecy, “Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.” But oh, do thou, dear reader, “refuse profane and old wives' fables,” and keep to the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. One form of error has just come before us, in the declaration “that there is no command in the Scriptures for family worship, and therefore the Christian parent may disregard it.” Now, for our part, we deem it one of our most hallowed privileges morning and evening to gather together the members of one's family, and, pouring out our desires before the Lord in their presence, commend them to His fatherly care and keeping; and thankful am I to watch that such a privilege is not lost upon them. But let us, beloved, look at this matter scripturally, for we are not going to give up that which the Apostle graphically describes as *the Church in the house* (1 Cor. xii. 19). Now, it may be that we do not find an express command as plain as A B C in God's word. No, it is His glory to conceal many things, that we by searching may find out; still, we can gather upon this matter, as well as many others, enough by inference to guide us and to show us that the worthies who have gone before practised it, and deemed it a hallowed privilege. Think, for instance, of good old Abraham taking Sarah his wife, and Lot his brother's sons, and all his substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran, and pitching his tent on a mountain east of Bethel, “and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord” (Gen. xii. 8). Again, think of the Lord's command to Jacob—“And God said unto Jacob, Arise, go to Bethel, and dwell there; and make there an altar unto God that appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother.” And the God-fearing parent *said unto his household*, “Put away the strange gods that are among you, and be clean, and change your garments: and let us arise, and go up to Bethel; and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went” (Gen. xxxv. 1, 2, 3). And again of the faithful Joshua charging the children of Israel—“Choose you this day whom ye will serve:” and adding, “but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord” (Josh. xxiv. 15). Ah, but some would tell us this is all under a by-gone dispensation; we live in Gospel times; matters are different now. Beloved, sure we are that there never was a time when a God-fearing parent had greater need to gather together his household for family prayer and worship than the present. But to the word of God. What did the apostles in Gospel times? Why, we find Paul gathering together the elders of the Church, and, after commending them to God and to the word of His grace, “he kneeled down and prayed with them all” (Acts xx. 36). But it may be said, Yes, he prayed with the elders—these were all believers. This is perfectly right. Well, then, let us go on to only the next chapter, and we find him, after tarrying seven days at Tyre with some of the disciples, determining against their will to go up to Jerusalem. And when he had accomplished those days (he says), “we departed and went our way, with *wives and children*, till we were out of the city; and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed” (Acts xxi. 5).

But, to take another view of this subject, we have a distinct command from Jehovah to teach our children the Scriptures; and surely if we are to teach them God's word, the next step must be to lead them to God's throne. Notice the command—"Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life: but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons" (Deut. iv. 9). And nothing can be more emphatic than Jeremiah's prophetic prayer, "Pour out Thy fury, O Lord, upon the heathen that know not Thee, and upon the families that call not on Thy name" (Jer. x. 25). Christian parent, let no false spirit beguile you; continue to train up a child in the way he should go, and rest upon the promise added, "when he is old he shall not depart from it." Continue to lead your little ones to the throne; continue to

"Pray ye for those around you,
The present and the dear;
They have enough of sorrow,
Their days to darken here:
Bury St. Edmunds.

"And when ye see them clouded,
Or hear the quivering sigh;
Call down upon their spirits,
Peace, blessings from on high."
G. C.

IN AND OUT.

A young servant girl who loved the Lord Christ, was met by an old Christian, and they both fell into talk upon the best things. Before long the young woman asked for an explanation of our Lord's words, "They shall go in and out and find pasture." "The word 'out' has puzzled me;" she said. "I quite understand how the sheep find pasture 'in,' but I can't understand what is meant by finding pasture 'out.'"

The man paused, and at last said, "I don't know that I ever considered the text; but, as the Lord enables me, and I can trace His dealings with me, you shall have my thoughts about it.

"I am a mason by trade, and my work is often very straight and plain for several feet. At such times, the Lord is often very gracious to me, and, while my work is going on in a plain way, I often have very sweet communion with God. The word is often opened up to me by the Spirit, and I know what it is to 'go in and find pasture.' Presently I come to a point in my work to which I must give up all my thoughts; the eighth of an inch would damage the whole job; so then I must drop all my pleasant meditations; instead of going 'in,' I am 'out,' as it were, and my heart is up to God to teach me and lead me to do what is right. Before, I was up with Him: now, I want Him down with me. I was 'in' while enjoying communion with Him; but while I am 'out,' occupied about my lawful calling, I am His care still, and, in His leadings and teachings in my business, I see His hand and find pasture."

"The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth," said the wisdom of God; and many a knotty text is understood as the Spirit leads the soul to consider God's dealings with the heart.

To prevent any temptation to a revolt, let us often possess our minds with thoughts of the immutability of God's nature; which, like fire under water, will keep a good matter boiling up in us, and make it retain and increase its heat.—*Charnock.*

CONFLICT—A WORD FROM AMERICA.

"Iniquities prevail against me."—PSALM lxy. 3.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Musing, through great inquietude, by reason of several things occurring, and with which I felt an inability to cope, the above passage of Scripture was presented, and from which I was led to see, if externally and visibly, to the silencing of infidelity, the family of God are not in fellowship in the unity of the Spirit, and with one heart and one voice glorifying God for His mercy, they are in the holy ground of suffering, and the sacred inclosure of grief, visibly and manifestatively in unity; and, therefore, the necessity of the precious gift of our glorious Mediator, a faithful Christian ministry, whilst the conflict rages, to interpret the experience of those who are the called of God, to build them up in their most holy faith, that the bowels of the saints may be refreshed through the knowledge of Him who, in the fight of faith, is truly the Captain of salvation. The time of praise is not yet come; and I know not how sufficiently to bless God for the holy Scriptures, as a record of what is past, and a prediction of what is to come. But, what more commends them to my esteem, they distinctly show that the pathway of the flock of God is through a vale of tears—a hostile world, in which they are continually buffeted by the adversary, and, what is more to be deprecated, to wrestle hard, amidst constant upbraidings of the enemy and avenger, with the blatant and open-mouthed voice of their own iniquity. In the prevalency of iniquity, distress of heart, and intolerable confusion, other things and views failing, the testimony of the Holy Spirit, in showing how the conflict raged in the experience of all who preceded, and their ultimate triumph and victory, have lifted many out of despondency, inspired hope, provoked prayer, to the strengthening of faith, and the assurance, that, if the calamity, while life lasts, will not be overpast, yet, the trial of faith shall be found unto glory and honour, at the appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ. "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

Iniquity is not only a bias, and disposition to evil, but is the utter and entire corruption of our nature, and from which vile and filthy fountain arise and flow our transgressions and sins, and, only for the interposition of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ, would issue in everlasting night and eternal sorrow. David counted that man blessed to whom iniquity was not imputed; and Micah esteemed the merey of God in pardoning it incomparable. "He will subdue our iniquities, and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." In the unregenerate, iniquity is the root and fruit of infidelity, atheism, and desperation. "How does God know?" "The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the earth." But, in the regenerate sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, it is a filthiness of the flesh and spirit; "the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts;" a body of sin and death, in which they groan, being burdened, and from which they are willing to be delivered; but find, however much is taught and dreamed of by fleshly workers—men who are Christians by their own volition, and not the revelation of the Holy Spirit—of perfection in the flesh, that, were it not for that, they would be indifferent to all other sufferings, as peace and joy would flow like a river and waves of the sea; but from thence, in tumultuous passions, is cast forth mire and dirt, confusion and despair. The saints of God are not workers of iniquity, but in conflict with it—wrestling and

fighting against a body of sin and death, between whom and it is an interminable war. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" John Knox, in writing to his mother of this battle and sorrow in the flesh, used the following expressions:—"Judge not, mother, that I wrait theis thingis debassing myself othereis wayis than I am; na; I am wors than my pen can expres. In bodie ye think I am no adulterer; let sa be, but the hart is infectit with fowl lustis, and will lust, albeit I lament never sa mekill. Externally I commit no idolatrie, but my wicked hart luffeth the self, and cannot be refrainit fra vain imaginations, ye, not fra sic as were the fountaine of all idolatrie." And as such was the experience of his condition, in his exhortation to his mother, (mother-in-law) we behold the nature and fruit of the conflict:—"Gif I, to whom God has given greater giftis (I wryt to His prais) be yit sa wrapit into miserie, that what I wald I cannot do, and what I wald not that, with Saint Paule, I say, I daylie, ye everie hour and moment, I devys to do, and in my hart, ficht I never sa fast in the contrarie, I perform and do—gif sic wreachit wickedness remane in Godis chief ministeris, what wonder, albeit, the same remane in yow? Gif Goddis strangest men of war be beatten bak in their face, that what they wald they cannot destroy and kill, is it any sic offence to yow to be tossit as ye complene, that thairfor ye suld distrust Goddis frie promissis? God forbid, deir mother! the power of God is knawin be oure weaknes, and these dolouris and infirmities be maist profitabill to us; for by the same is oure pryde beattin down, whilk is not easie utherwayis to be done."

It is a cloudy and dark day, and in it the Lord's people, or many of them, to outward appearance, are driven hither and thither, from mountain to hill; and, in forgetfulness of their resting-place, and so ready to embrace false conclusions, are, as it were, utterly abandoned, cut off for their parts, and overwhelmed in sorrow. It needs not, however, for a man to be driven into the wilderness to endure temptation, and alone sustain the conflict; for such, as too often is felt the case, thus exercised, are strangers in the tabernacles of the righteous, in heaviness in the society of friends; and, through the wiles of the adversary, are in crooked places, and darkness under the means of grace. But in the trial is manifested the sovereignty of divine mercy, and the wisdom of God, who will not suffer any flesh to glory in His presence; yet through terrible things in righteousness will gather the sorrowful, assemble the halting, save the afflicted, and compass them about with the songs of deliverance. Nevertheless—and considering, for the most part, the children of God, great and glorious as the display of divine grace, in calling them to eternal glory, by Jesus Christ, may be, will be called to suffer awhile, to fight with their iniquity, and endure the temptation of the foe—how important is it, as members of Christ's body, little children, rejoicing in the sense of pardoning love, should be helped forward by the young men, who are strong, in whom the word of God abides, having overcome the wicked one; and that these should be instructed and admonished by the fathers in Christ, who have known Him that is from the beginning, and in whom all their springs are found, and from whom all their salvation flows. I write unfeignedly, and let it not be an offence to any if I speak it to the praise of the *Gospel Magazine*, that in it, in thoughts that breathe and words that burn, are found words for the weak and the weary—the Salutation of an old pilgrim on the verge of eternity, beckoning forward others in the race and in the assurance of Christian faith; and Wayside Notes, memorials of mercies, for the instruction and consolation of those who are inquiring the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward; so that in America, India, China, the world over, wherever its mission, the coming of the mail conveying it is looked forward to with longing desire, and its contents rejoiced over as rich spoil. No

exhortation is needed to abound in the work of the Lord, in strengthening the weak and comforting the feeble minded, as it is truly biblical labour, bringing with it its own reward, promoting brotherly love with those unknown in the flesh, and which, in divine mercy, shall be rejoiced in in eternity.

I know the doctrines of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God are not for curious speculation, but to be applied for the direction, admonition, and salvation of His people; and not in reproach, but in abundant mercy, the conflict, horrible confusion, iniquities, infirmities, and sins are recorded, that those who follow after may possess patience, comfort, and hope. "Iniquities," said David, "prevail against me; as for our transgressions, Thou shalt purge them away;" which looks as if it were a remedy for the sequence, whilst the cause is left untouched—a serpent in the bosom, warmed by fleshly affections, that at any moment its deadly sting may be felt. But it is not so; for, as a scribe well instructed, the Psalmist, in the verse following, speaks of election: "Blessed is the man whom Thou chooseth [calling and adoption], and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts;" and of justification: "We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, even of Thy holy temple." Fronting the temple two pillars were erected, "one on the right hand and the other on the left," That on the right hand was called Jachin, and the name of that on the left Boaz; which signifies, "He shall establish it," and "In it is strength." And, apart from the shadow, the Gospel according to David is the same as according to Paul: "Moreover whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified." The law commands, and the prophets entreat, but, whether commanded or entreated, Israel according to the flesh ended their dispensation in calamity, mockery, and derision; and no wonder, for they added to their iniquity, the crowning act of infamy—slaying the Heir, and casting him out of the vineyard. But the Gospel of the grace of God speaks in this wise, "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even while we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ. By grace ye are saved." And of all who are quickened together with Christ, and who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, not one of them, however furiously the battle may rage, and sorely they may be assaulted by the fiery darts of the wicked one, have any desire for the expulsion of the Redeemer, and would not only yield the fruits of the vineyard, but enthrone Him in their affections, in their hearts, the hope of glory, and abound in thanksgiving through the power of the Holy Ghost. It is also evident, an indisputable fact, this conflict arises from the everlasting love of the Father, as manifest in the calling of His people; for I appeal to their understanding, in the days of their unregeneracy, they were utter strangers to it; and therefore the love of God and their struggles should be to them as the pillars of the temple, indicating the workings of God; and that God, in the destruction of all self-confidence and fleshly glorying, is fulfilling and establishing the work of faith with power, and that they are not, as tauntingly derided, spiritual dyspeptics, left in gloomy sorrow to meditate over their misery. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other;" and in this contrariety is the conflict. And, I declare, I know nothing more distressing, than to hear a man, who has borne the yoke in his youth, the burden and heat of the day, because of this conflict, which, I am assured, is a token of salvation, speak of himself as a victim of delusion; as if tears of penitential sorrow could flow from malignancy, and joy from hypocrisy. It seems to me like giving place to the devil; and that, if left to themselves, they would become proficient in his sophistry, in justification of the sore plague of an unbelieving

heart. Such persuasion cometh not of Him that has called them, the Holy Spirit, for He bears witness of Christ, lifts Him up as a standard, and testifies, "Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." "And ye are complete in Him, which is head of all principality and power." To be complete in the Lord Jesus, to be satisfied with His mercy, does not exclude, but is truly the cause of, conflict; but if we are so foolish as to build wood, hay, and stubble, things destroyed, on the glorious foundation laid in Zion, it is a merciful visitation if in our experience we can say truly with the prophet, "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we do all fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." For as it is by faith we are justified and have peace with God, so by faith, as we received Jesus Christ the Lord, should we walk in Him; and by it alone, in unmerited mercy, through the Lord Jesus, can we have access into grace, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

When I first beheld the smoke ascending from the tall chimney of the Assay Office in New York, and, observing its singular hue, and how it was lost to vision in a transparent atmosphere, I inquired if it was not on fire. "No, sir," was the reply, "it is the Assay Office; they are trying gold." Ah! thought I, here is a figure of the Christian: "the furnace is for gold;" "the furnace of affliction" for the trial of faith, more precious than gold that perisheth, out of which, in proportion to its force, ascend strong cries and tears, acceptable, through the Lord Jesus, a spiritual sacrifice before the throne of God; for He saith, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." Blessed be God, He does not leave them in fiery trial, but after that they have suffered awhile, perfects, establishes, strengthens, settles them, and brings them into fellowship with Him and His dear Son Jesus Christ. And, O thou poor weakling in faith, though now in the furnace, or tossed in the seive of Satan, well-nigh choked with iniquities, behold the Lord Jesus, the divine Intercessor, is passed into the heavens to appear in the presence of God for thee; and as thou wilt find, through the law thou art dead to the law, and can no longer trust in dead works, so also, with the Apostle, wilt thou be able to say, "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me," for He is able to succour them that are tempted. "My grace (says He) is sufficient for thee;" which, when any of the Lord's tried people, through the spirit of wisdom and revelation, are brought to see, believing in the testimony, they are content to endure the buffetings of the messengers of Satan, and to count it all joy when they fall into divers temptations.

The God and Father of our Lord Jesus is without variableness or shadow of turning: when He establishes, none can disquiet; and when He gives peace, none can occasion any trouble: and then it is, all things being found working together for good, all things in providence as well as in grace, are in illustration (so changed the aspect) of divine mercy. And thus the Psalmist concludes: "The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." Everything is beautiful in its season, and then with the spirit of understanding can we sing—

"The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers I am His."

That this may be the experience of every tried believer of the Lamb, is the earnest prayer of
 Yours, &c.,
 America, Jan. 1864. W. K.

[Although the annexed (as little precious morsels commonly are) is marked "private," we cannot withhold it, being so illustrative of that divine saying, "As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man." "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it: and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."—Ed.]

DEAR SIR,—If you please, let me communicate to you the history of the above paper. I called on a friend, as I was much disturbed with many trials, and had just learned a child in my care, dear to me, was sick past the hope of recovery, in the hope his conversation would lighten somewhat the burden of my grief; but, to my sorrow, found him in soul trouble, and, because of it, disinheriting himself. "Did God," I inquired, "send you to me, or me to you? Your experience is on a par with my own." But, alas! if, on every occasion of the stormy wind and tempest, my own faithfulness (where is it?) must be the standard of the integrity of my faith in Christ, what will become of me? Only as a brand plucked from the burning by all-sufficient grace, in the hour of trial can I have hope. And if Christians must need disinherit themselves because of spiritual conflict, who can be saved? Considering that tribulation is the pathway of the flock, I wrote, in much affliction, the above; and if you should think it serviceable in the interest of the Lord's family, I shall be glad if you will publish it. Praying the Lord to redeem Israel from all iniquity, and from all trouble, I am, &c.,
 W. K.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I have been deeply interested in perusing your opening address, in the present (Feb.) number of the *Gospel Magazine*, from the words, "And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." It is a singular fact, that, when I first opened the magazine, this very passage of Scripture, which has so often been most blessedly verified in the experience of God's dear children, had just been presented to my mind (by one who professes to love the truth) in an aspect calculated entirely to rob the Church of Christ of that comfort and support, which it has been the means of affording to many a trembling heart in the prospect of the last conflict.

A few words will explain how it came about. Four months ago, in consequence of failing health, I became a resident in a suburb of this gay town; and, feeling exceedingly anxious to discover any of the Lord's dear children, who might be hidden in some of its back alleys (for I have little hope of finding them in its fashionable terraces), I was frequently led to seek His blessed and unerring guidance, in order that I might find them out. As a secondary means, I enquired at many of the principal booksellers if anyone in Scarborough took in the *Gospel Magazine*, or the *Gospel Standard*. The invariable reply was, first, a negative shake of the head, and then a decided "No, never heard of the publications!" I made the round of nearly all the churches and chapels in the place, and heard

blasphemy from some pulpits, and error from all. Still I persevered; but from each and every place I came away with a saddened heart, and this reflection—"I am seeking the living among the dead; no rest for a weary soul here."

At length I found a few who met for worship in an upper room. Some crumbs of truth seemed to fall from the Master's table; and I thought, "Surely I have now found what I have so long been seeking." A Bible class was announced. I attended. The precious doctrines of free and sovereign grace were introduced and discussed. Some of them could not stand the test: they writhed uneasily, and walked no more with us. The leader of the little band, however, spoke out plainly, and, I hope, honestly, on the great leading truths of the Gospel of the grace of God; and my heart began to warm towards him. At a subsequent meeting, however, we came to closer quarters; for, being led to speak of some of the soul-conflicts of the believer, I found they could not bear the probe; and I was told that my ideas were founded upon "a mistaken view of the 7th of Romans, which was merely a description of St. Paul's experience during his *transition state*, that is, while he was *becoming* a Christian; and that he never afterwards was the subject of such conflicts." I stood aghast; for I needed nothing but my own experience to witness to the true meaning of the 7th of Romans. And it is very plain to me that, if my new friend be right in his exposition of it, I am still only in the "transition state;" and, what is more, I have no hope whatever of advancing beyond it, while I carry about with me "the body of this death." But worse than this was to follow; for, happening to mention the passage which stands at the head of your opening address, Heb. ii. 15, as setting forth one of the conflicts to which many of God's dear children are subjected *all their lives*, I was assured that the passage had no such meaning; but only intimated that Christ came to deliver the Jewish Christians from the fear, or horror, which they entertained, of coming near, or touching, a dead corpse!

Now, sir, I have not myself the shadow of a doubt respecting the true meaning of this precious portion of God's word. But this is not sufficient. Others may be told, as I have been, that they take a wrong view of it, and thus be deprived of the blessed hope and comfort which it is calculated to impart. Would my new friend be "*speaking comfortably to Jerusalem*," were he to tell the dear lady whom you mention, that the precious words at the head of your address had no reference to her case at all? But, blessed be God, if one of His redeemed, they have a specific reference personally to her. They are the words of eternal truth; and, as sure as they are spoken, so sure will He send deliverance when the set time to favour Zion has come.

After this rather long introduction, I have now arrived at the point, or purpose, which I had in view when I sat down to write to you, which is this: Do you think there is the slightest ground in the whole compass of God's word for such an exposition of the passage in question as that given by my friend?

I feel that one of the precious jewels of the church is in the hands of the spoiler; and it must be rescued. May the Spirit of eternal truth guide your pen, for the honour of Jehovah's great and glorious name. Amen, and Amen. Believe me, my dear sir, yours, in the blessed hope of the Gospel,

W. S. R.

Falsgrave, Scarborough.

I do not see why a man should be more esteemed who robs God of His time, than he who robs his fellow-man of his property.—*Rev. W. Borrow.*

BROTHERLY LOVE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Without any intention of entering the lists of controversy, I wish to offer a few friendly remarks upon the letter of T. B. L. in your last month's number. His complaint as to the coldness of the professing Church of God is a very general lamentation; the fault, however, does not rest in a Calvinistic creed, but in the lack of vital power felt in the soul, whereby true-hearted Calvinism—and I love the term because it is abhorred by the world—in its operative influence is manifested.

Perhaps I may be considered extreme in my view of the opposite side of the case, but my belief is, that of all the Christian graces, love of the brethren is the only one that is always in exercise in a believer. It is a reflection of God Himself; and, when bestowed at regeneration, maintains its undying place in the breast of a child of God. It is true, circumstances may arise to set us at variance with many persons who own to divers initials; but, however far we may go through the alphabet, our heart tells us at last the pleasant truth that we are in Gospel union with X, Y, and Z. I know nothing of T. B. L. or his neighbourhood, but I confidently affirm that if our brother were laid upon a sick bed, or overtaken by a sudden calamity, he would find that the Sussex saints had as much love of the brethren in them as saints in apostolic days; for grace in its quality is, and must be, the same it ever was, though circumstances may hinder its manifestation. But another thought I would offer on this point with respect to God's people. If T. B. L. and I had to choose a Church for God's glory here on earth, we should pick out the best of mankind; but God says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways." And what are the facts of the case? That God picks out, for the most part, the unamiable, the unlovely, the weak-minded, and the wicked, as trophies of sovereign power and distinguishing grace. Let us further bear in mind, God's people are mostly called at a period of life beyond childhood, when evil habits have become fixed, and the character has got a bias which grace in exercise alone can control, and, even under its influence, is but partially felt. In such circumstances, the children of God, cast on the stormy waters of life, are a trouble to themselves, and too often to each other, and yet the love implanted in regeneration lives above all these difficulties, and thereby proves its divine origin and undying nature, for "Charity never faileth." With these constitutional disadvantages, that belong more or less to all mankind, it is wise to remember the varieties that exist in the Church of God, both in knowledge and experience. I subscribe to the Chinese proverb, "Opinions are many—truth is one;" but, in getting at truth, there are various stages which try the love and patience of those in pursuit of it, as also of the well-instructed, who would gladly help the weak. Facts and physiology inform us that there is a defect in vision very common to mankind, though little noticed, which is known as *colour blindness*. Now I believe this imperfection is most prevalent in the Church of God. Many see objects who cannot discern colours—much less shades. What a mercy for Zion that all are not affected with this defective vision! and how gracious of God, in setting up His body, the Church, to make some the eye (1 Cor. xii. 17, 21), whereby errors are detected, truth defended, and the doctrines of the Gospel preserved intact. In this view, far from deprecating controversy, saints have reason to rejoice that there are men of God watchful for the interests of truth, and ready at all times to defend it. Combatants must be permitted to do this after their own way and manner, with

due allowance on both sides, and contributors ask of an editor nothing more than a fair field and no favour.

The circumstance to which you allude in the obituary of Mr. Pym is a case that illustrates the advantages of discussion. The point at issue between Mr. Triggs and Mr. Pym was briefly the answer to the question, Is old Adam dead or alive in the believer? Mr. Triggs maintained "sin was a nonentity;" the flesh was dead, and the portion of the Church here on earth was joy and gladness. It has been observed that "one side of truth is the verge of error;" but, in extenuation of Mr. Triggs, let it be borne in mind, that, standing in Gospel liberty, he was disgusted with the morbid sentimentalism of the preachers around him, whose pulpits were a safety-valve for egotism; and, under the lowly guise of wicked self, made human depravity and its workings the test of spiritual life. Mr. Pym's thoughtful, comprehensive, and Spirit-instructed mind foresaw the tendency of this one-sided view of truth, as put forth by Mr. Triggs, and threw himself into the breach. Mr. Pym did not plead for bondage, but he fought for the fact that old Adam was alive in every child of God, however exalted his enjoyment; that the 7th of Romans was the personal experience of every established believer; and that God's liberated people were the subjects of many changes; hence, though their standing in Christ was unalterable, their state as to feeling was variable. This controversy was of great use to Mr. Triggs, in checking his wild and unguarded statements, which he fairly admitted to me in an interview I had with him towards the close of the discussion. The apostle Paul tells us "he withstood the apostle Peter to the face, because he was to be blamed." He erred in a point of practice that involved a point of doctrine. This godly honesty did not break the bond of brotherhood between the apostles, and was overruled for the good of the Church, as it called forth, under divine inspiration, the epistle to the Galatians, wherein we have a glorious exposition of Gospel liberty; all the shades of bondage described; and a full-length picture, in dark hard lines, of the old Adam nature in the believer.

With reference to the vexed questions current in your pages, perhaps no better comment can be made upon the subject than the practical illustration afforded us in the obituary of Mr. Pym. His severe exercises, affecting even the point of childship, after long establishment, reveal to us how low a believer may fall in feeling, while the sovereignty of the Spirit is manifested, and covenant faithfulness proved, in his happy deliverance. The "always rejoicing" theory, and its attendant errors, have so insidiously spread through the divinity of our day, that not a few of your thoughtful but perplexed readers, rejoiced that the subject was opened in your pages. From the late controversy I have gathered thus much—Gospel liberty is not identical with Gospel joy; the former is a fact, and sempiternal; the latter is a feeling—therefore subject to changes.

Jan. 3, 1864.

Yours in the truth, J. R.

CHEERING WORDS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

(From Newton's "*Cardiphonia*.")

MY DEAR LAD,—I was abroad when your letter came, but employ the first post to thank you for your confidence. My prayers (when I can pray) you may be sure of. As to advice, I see not that the case requires much. Only be a quiet child, and lie patiently at the Lord's feet; He is the best Friend and Manager in these matters, for He has a key to open every heart. Worldly people expect their schemes to run upon all fours, as we say, and the objects of their wishes to drop into their mouths without difficulty; and, if they succeed,

they, of course, "burn incense to their own drag," and say, "This was my doing." But believers meet with rubs and disappointments, which convince them that if they obtain a thing it is the Lord must do it for them. For this reason, I observe that He usually brings a death upon our prospects, even when it is His purpose to give us success in the issue. Thus we become well assured that we did not act in our own spirit, and have a satisfactory view that His providence has been concerned in filling up the rivers and removing the mountains that were in our way. When He has given us our desire, how pleasant is it to, look at it and say, "This I got, not by my own sword and bow, but I wrestled for it in prayer, I waited for it in faith; I put it into the Lord's hands, and from His hands I received it." You may have met with the story of one of our kings—if I mistake not—who wanted to send a nobleman abroad as an ambassador, and he desired to be excused on account of some affairs which required his presence at home. The king answered, "Do you take care of my business, and I will take care of yours." I would have you think the Lord says thus to you: "Preach the Gospel; endure affliction; do the work of an evangelist." Make full proof of your ministry, and, when other thoughts arise in your mind—for you have no door to shut them quite out—run with them to the throne of grace, and commit them to the Lord. Satan will probably try to force them upon you unseasonably and inordinately, but if he sees they drive you to prayer, he will probably desist, rather than be the occasion of doing you so much good. The Lord's time is like the time of the tide: all the art and power of man can neither hasten or retard it a moment. It must be waited for—nothing can be done without it; and when it comes, nothing can resist it. It is unbelief that talks of delays; faith knows that properly there can be no such thing. The only reason why the Lord *seems* to delay what He afterwards grants, is that the best hour is not yet come.

I know you have been enabled to commit and resign your all to His disposal. You did well. May He make you to stand to the surrender. Sometimes He will put us to the trial whether we mean what we say. He takes His course in a way we did not expect, and then, alas! how often does the trial put us to shame. Presently there is an outcry raised in the soul against His management: this is wrong—that is unnecessary—the other has spoilt the whole plan. In short, all these things are against us; and then we gravely go into the pulpit and tell the people how wise and good God is, and preach submission to His will—not as a duty, but a privilege. Alas! how deceitful is the heart. It is necessary we should know it, and we can only know it by experience. We have reason, however, to say He is good and wise, for He bears with our perverseness, and, in the event, He shows us that if He had listened to our murmurings, and taken the methods we would have prescribed to Him, we should have been ruined indeed, and that He has been all the while doing us good in spite of ourselves.

If I judge right, you will find your way providentially opened more and more; and yet it is possible that when you begin to think all sure, something may happen to put you in a panic again. But a believer, like a sailor, is not to be surprised if the wind changes, but to learn the art of suiting himself to all winds for the time; and, though many a poor sailor is shipwrecked, the poor believer shall gain the port. Oh, it is good to sail with an infallible Pilot at the helm, who has the wind and weather at His command. * * * Come over to Olney soon. I am, affectionately yours,

JOHN NEWTON.

To Mr. J. Ryland, jun., Bristol,
July 6, 1776.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Well do I remember that highly-favoured man of God, S. E. Pierce. He was, by some, in whom Christ had never been so clearly revealed, called, “a letter preacher,” but, in my soul’s experience, I have found it to be otherwise. Can he who ministereth the Spirit unto another be a letter preacher? Must we not say, “No, never?”

Every man hath his own work, to which he is appointed, and for which he is endued with power from on high. And each man must and shall do the work the Lord hath allotted him to do, nor can another do it for him. Hawker could not do the work of Pierce, nor Pierce the work of Hawker. If Paul was ordained to carry and use the planting tools, and Apollos the watering-pot, it was wisdom not for them to be finding fault with one another, but for each to attend diligently upon his own work, ministering, according to the ability God had given them, that God in all things may be glorified.

After much persuasion, I went and heard Mr. Pierce, in his little chapel in London. His text was, “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” His manner was plain, simple, and deliberate. He was something like an old lady, in sitting and telling out a tale, with which she was intimately conversant, and felt great heart-pleasure that others should hear it. But, though his manner was simple, oh, what shall we say of his matter? This swallowed up his manner.

I had been a great Bible-reader from my childhood; also a flaming Universalist, and thought I understood all I read. But there was a depth in Mr. Pierce’s unfolding the mouth-confessing, and heart-believing, the testimony of the Holy Ghost, and the fact of God the Father having raised up the Lord Jesus from the dead, that I was filled with astonishment. While I sat listening, I said, That man’s Bible and mine are not the same. How strange that I never should have seen or heard of a Bible like that which lies before him! I thought, Well, if I search London over, I will furnish myself with one of those Bibles. Indeed, so confident was I that his and my Bible were not alike, that I should have called any man a liar who had said that mine and his were one, and the same, *in toto*. Oh, I thought, if I can obtain such a Bible, what a treasure I shall possess! I shall then read and see divine things in the same way that he is describing them. But when I came home, how great was my astonishment to find that my Bible, word for word, was the same as his! Only until that night, alas! I had never been favoured with hearing the word of the Lord opened truthfully like itself, nor had the Holy Ghost spiritually shone upon it in my soul until then.

By faith, Mr. Pierce was persuaded that all judgment was by the Father, committed to Jesus both for time as well as for eternity; therefore his whole dependence was placed upon Him, both for the life that now is, and for that which is to come. Preaching at Barton, in Somerset, a wealthy farmer said to him, “How do you do to live, Mr. Pierce?” “How do I do to live?” he replied; “I am as well to do for life as you are; food and raiment the Lord has promised to give me, and a grave also at the end of my journey; that is a sufficient portion for me to live upon.”

The sole theme of Mr. Pierce’s ministry was, Jesus Christ, all and in all: not in name, but substance. “How is your heart to-day, Mr. Pierce?” was a question put to him by a friend; and his answer was, “What have I to do with

my heart? God the Father hath set up His Son to be looked upon. He Himself is continually looking upon Him. And I am to look upon the same Object, and to have dealings only and exclusively with Him, and not with my own heart, but to leave that for Him to deal with."

Several ministers called upon Mr. Pierce one evening, thinking to spend a little time in his company; but, as their conversation did not savour of that endearing theme that lay so near his heart, after listening to them for a few minutes, he rose from his chair, saying, as he left the room, "The devil, the devil, is at the bottom of all you have spoken." This gave great offence to his visitors, and they returned home, sorely displeased.

In Mr. Pierce's discourses and conversation, there was but one object—one subject; indeed, he had but one, which was, Jesus, Lord of all; and whatever had a tendency to divert his mind, or intrude upon this, he counted it an evil, to be resisted and shunned. Here some may think and say, Then there must have been a great sameness in Mr. Pierce's preaching. To this I answer, No, no; it was not so. There was always something new for the hidden man of the heart, with its spiritual senses exercised to discern the good, and spiritual appetite made keen to relish and feed upon that good. In Mr. Pierce's ministry, Christ was gloriously set forth, whose flesh is meat indeed, and blood drink indeed, for heavenly hungerers to feed upon, and grow thereby.

Mr. Pierce did not make up and coin an imaginary Christ out of his experiences. Oh, no; but the whole of his experience was made to centre in Christ. This dear man of God knew well how to distinguish between the experience of a Christian, and Christian experience, a thing in the present day so much confounded. Sure I am, that if Jesus Christ is not the Alpha and Omega—beginning and ending—yes, and the whole of the middle too, in my soul's experience; then to me He is not all and in all. But—oh, sweet truth!—Jesus has been, is, and will be to His own given ones all in all; and, when I can apprehend, receive, live, and walk in Him, I have all I want. In the obedience of Jesus, I have all righteousness, to justify me in all relations and stations of life; in His death and triumphs on the cross, I am for ever dead to, and delivered from, the triumphs of sin; in His humility, I am humbled; in His exaltation, I am exalted; I am wounded, and have suffered in His wounding—am sorrowful in His sorrows, and made joyful in His joy. If communications from, and communion with, Jesus, by faith, in all the diversity of ways and forms in the which He is to be known, does not form the staple of my soul's experience and glory, then neither darkness nor light—pain or ease—rough or smooth—will be worth a rush to me. That counterfeit experience, which some men pride themselves in, of being led deeply into and through, which is dis severed from Jesus Christ, is a heart-idol; one of the many antichrists that are in the world, which takes off the thoughts from the true Christ of God.

For many years it was my practice to search the Scriptures, to see if I could find any one's experience to correspond with my own. Alas! this was foolish employ; for when I found, or thought I had found, one to harmonize, this would not bear up my fainting heart, nor renew my sinking soul, under its daily deaths. No; nothing can beget to a lively hope, nor revive hope when fainting, only Christ in His resurrection, by faith apprehended in the soul. In searching the Scriptures, let us find whatever we may which may seem to encourage and befriend us, yet in the end, I have always proved, that unless I found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, that I had not found anything worth finding; because, it must be in Christ my soul must find rest and peace, and not in my experience. The more I am occupied in looking at and

after my experiences, the more am I drawn away from looking unto Jesus, who Himself must and will be to me, and produce in me, all that is worth knowing experimentally. God the Father finds pure delight in Jesus, and if He finds delight in Him, then for me to look to, seek after, and strive to find delight anywhere else, must I not be wrong in the whole frame of my spirit? "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Of this, then, am I certain, that if I am a son of God, then shall I be led by the Spirit to look to, hope in, and all my soul's delight shall find, centring in Him whom I am bidden to look unto. But if I am wearying myself, in searching to find the experience of some one to match with my own, that I might be pleased with myself, is not this searching for grounds of hope in myself, and wandering out of the way of understanding, Christ Himself being that way? Satan cares not where we look, nor what our thoughts are employed upon, so that Christ is not that object. Dear Mr. Pierce would often say, that Jesus is that glorious Him, which Satan unwearily aims to drive or draw us from a looking and a coming unto. Yes, Satan's aim is to alienate our hearts from Jesus, by raising up in our imagination false images of Him, to fill us with terrors, and make us shy with Him, and stand aloof from Him, as though He was a tyrant, an enemy, rather than Jesus, the Friend of sinners; yea, such an High Priest who has offered all gifts and sacrifices in one for all sorts of sins and sinners; and who can have commensurate or suitable compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way.

As is the colour and shape of any medium through which an object is seen, literally, the same shape and colour the object appears to be. And is it not so with Jesus? When Satan has drawn us to look and behold Him through the medium of some painful, gloomy providence, or carnally legal corrupt reasonings of our own evil hearts, Jesus then appears as a bear, to rend and tear us to pieces, rather than the Lamb slain, whose blood is our cleansing, and His stripes our healing. Oh, what craft on the part of Satan, and hard to be detected, in drawing us away from the proper glass, in the which, with open face, the glory of God shines, which in due time transforms the soul of the beholder into the image of the glory-object beheld; and, setting up another glass, calling it experience, which brings us to see another gloomy face, that fills us with distress and darkness! Oh, that ministers in our day were made, by the Holy Ghost, more skilful in setting forth the whole of Jesus Christ, as He is to be daily used, and looked upon and unto in the heavenly race! Mr. Pierce would often say, under the revealing unction of the Holy Ghost, that one sweet thought of Jesus Christ was, and is, worth more in soul-refreshing, satisfying, sanctifying and establishing, faith-strengthening, and love inflaming, in flesh mortifying, overcoming, world crucifying, and heavenward drawing, than a cart-load of what men call prayers.

When the dear man of God was laid upon his bed of death, a friend called to see him, to whom he said, "You must not expect me to be filled with ecstasies and strange raptures; I do not seek them, nor do I expect or want them. No, no; I want to die simply cleaving to, and resting upon, Him, who is all my salvation and all my desire." In this quiet way father Pierce gave up the ghost, and was gathered to his fathers.

By the following anecdote, that was told me by a friend of Mr. Pierce, it will be seen that he was a man of great nervous, or nerveless, temperament:—Being in Devon, and having to ride several miles to preach, in company with his friend, Mr. M——, who had to walk, a small stream on their road had to be passed over, and, being a very warm afternoon, the horse halted in the middle of the stream to drink; and, when he had drunk, he began to paw with his foot, and made an

attempt to lie down. This so alarmed Mr. Pierce, that he broke out in bitter lamentations and ejaculations. "Oh, I shall be drowned! I shall be drowned! O Lord Jesus Christ, save me!—oh, save me, I shall be drowned! Lord Jesus, I shall be drowned!" "Come up, you rogue! come up, you rogue!" he added, addressing himself to the horse. His friend M——, standing upon a plank thrown over the stream for the convenience of persons on their feet, looking on, and hearing, was so amused and amazed at Mr. Pierce's groundless fears, his passionate and almost unearthly cries, that he burst into a fit of laughter, which made Mr. Pierce very angry; and, when the danger of drowning was past, he said to his friend M——, "A pretty fellow for a companion you are, to stand where you did, out of all danger, and laugh at a man in danger of being drowned." His friend said, in reply, "Why, the water in the brook would not have reached to your knees; how could you have been drowned there, unless you had lain down for that purpose?"

Bedminster.

THE OLD PILGRIM.

FRAGMENTS GATHERED UP.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Though personally a stranger to you, yet as we are one in faith, in hope, one in membership with the living Head of the Church, Christ Jesus, I venture to address you, as I have done. I am now, in the providence of God, the minister of the chapel where that dear servant of God laboured earnestly for many years, the late Rev. Dr. Fleury; in this way I have lately met many who derived marked blessings from his preaching the *whole truth*, as it is in Jesus. One of these has placed the two enclosed letters at my disposal, and I now forward them to you, for insertion in the *Gospel Magazine*; and, praying the Lord to bless them towards the gathering out of His people, and the building up of His saints,

I am, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

Dublin.

W. T. TURPIN.

"Wednesday, March 13, 1844.

"DEAR MRS. —,—I shall have much pleasure in calling on you to-morrow, at a quarter past eleven o'clock. I am glad to find you still improving in spirits and cheerfulness. You have no outward reason to be troubled; all there is written for your comfort and strong hope. Your only distress is within, and this is caused by errors of your own, and not of the Lord's making. I mean that He does not *cause* you to be troubled, and consequently your troubles are not divine, but human. Moreover, these troubles are a sign and seal of your adoption. It was only a *son* that felt the want of a father's comfort, and went to look for it—not a stranger. Adoption, too, does not mean a mere legal act, by which we here might take a stranger's child and make it ours, and give it a property and our name, all the while it never could have our nature or blood. But God's adoption is a higher thing. He legally makes us His children, and then communicates to us really *His* nature, or the nature of His Son; and thus we cry, with true natural instinct, Abba, Father. Now, being His real children, He never can disown us; and it is only because we are real children, as I said before, that we long for His comfort, which He will doubtless give in due season. Ever yours very affectionately,

"C. M. FLEURY."

"Upper Leeson Street, Nov. 25, 1856.

"DEAR MRS. ———,—Yesterday I was too hurried to answer your note. I guessed that the sermon on Sunday morning must have agitated you a little, as you are *always* in a state of needless anxiety; so at the close of the sermon I brought in some points of comfort:—

"1st. Do we cling to Christ *alone*, and no other?

"2nd. Do we commune with Him, *i.e.*, pray to Him, and tell Him all our wants, and woes, and sins?

"Do we live by His providence, not by our own wisdom? Do we watch and wait for the answer of prayer *in* His special arrangement of our affairs?

"Now to these three questions *you* must answer, '*Yes*;' because you have no hope but Christ; because you pray to Him; and because for the last several years you have been most marvellously led and governed by His providence, while all your own devisings came to nought! Hence I see no ground for alarm, only for rejoicing; because the Lord has kept you till this day. See also how like your case is to that of the Israelites; they left *Marah*, and were very happy at *Elim*; they had water and shade—all pleasant things. You were at *Elim* too, and drank the waters of life pleasantly, and had palm trees (and still have a rotten old one, but yet a little use to you now and then, as on Tuesday last); and above all, sometimes you sit under the shade of the great Palm tree, Christ; and you would like to stay always at *Elim*! It may not be; you must go on, and cross the parched desert, where are *fiery* flying serpents, and many enemies; outside fightings, and inside fears, &c. Still you are going on, and have passed nearly over all troubles and trials; and, though many of them were bitter and very severe, still you have never been forsaken of your God. Your only lament is that you do not see enough of His presence. Moses felt this, and said *once*, 'I beseech Thee, shew me Thy glory.' And what he saw was Christ, longsuffering, and full of compassion and mercy, &c., &c.—the very same that we see from day to day in *the Bible*, and in our experience; because He is with us, and keeps us wherever we go.

"Always praying that you may have full peace and joy in believing,

"I remain, yours affectionately,

"C. M. FLEURY."

LIVING EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot help sending you part of a communication received from Scotland, thinking you may like it for your Magazine, as the *prophecy* is *most striking* in these days of blasphemy, rebuke, &c. Singular to say, we were in Scotland at the *very time* you were there, arriving at Edinburgh on the 6th August, and leaving Stirling the 21st September, for London, seeing in the meantime all the beauties, such as Dunkeld, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, &c., and our notes tally very well respecting the preaching. . . . Abstract truths have no *telling* effect. Truths must be *planted* by the Master's hand, and watered by the Holy Spirit, to bring forth fruit. How I wish none would write on any such subjects, unless they had immediately come *under them*. When this is the case, there is such a freshness about it, that spirit answers to spirit at once. If we tell out what we have *tasted*, *handled*, and *felt* of the word of life,

argument must cease for the want of opportunity, and tales of interest would redound, to the glory of the Lord, and to the building up of His saints. But, alas! alas! for the day we live in; it is a day of *flying* instead of *pondering*; the mind, as though trying to keep pace with the vehicles for the body, seeks out all kinds of inventions, and goes rushing onward, moved by the devil's great machine, pride, till stopped by the Divine hand. . . . I would so much rather hear nothing about it all, but keep alone with my precious Jesus, and only hear what He says. But the devil *will* send to worry one, if he can't get at us to *shake us*.

The other day the dear Lord spoke to me as though He were in the room with me, when I feared I should become dead and cold about eternal things. He said to me, "Ye need not that any man teach you" (and He may well say so, since all the best teaching has been from Himself): "but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even *as it hath taught you, ye SHALL abide in Him*." And then, as though to encourage a spirit of watchfulness, instead of presuming upon His word, the following verse spoke so preciously, "And now, little children, abide in Him, that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming." Who teacheth like Him? Dear friend, is not this far sweeter than all explanations or abstract truths? What can they avail? Does not our Lord set us the example of *experimental* truth, when He took up the book and opened on the prophet Esaias, and only read that portion which He then stood as the immediate *fulfiller of*? (Luke iv. 18—21.)

Of all the modern books none have been to my soul like "RUTH BRYAN." In so many spots I have travelled hand in hand with her.

What joy it gave me to hear you had a son walking in and preaching the precious truth.

Yours in the best tie,

M. S. M.

PROPHECY OF THE MARTYR PEDEN, IN THE YEAR 1685.

"THESE graceless, wretched curates shall go down, and after them shall arise a party called Presbyterians, having not more than the name; and these shall as really crucify Christ as ever He was crucified without the gates of Jerusalem, on Mount Calvary, bodily. I say they shall as really crucify Christ in His *cause and interest in Scotland*, and shall lay Him in His grave, and His friends shall give Him His winding-sheet, and He shall lie as one buried, for a *considerable time*. Oh, then there will be *darkness, and dark days*, such as the poor Church of Scotland never saw the like of them, nor shall see if once they were over! Yea, they shall be so dark, that, if a poor thing would go between the east sea-bank and the west sea-bank, seeking a minister to whom they could communicate their case, or tell them the mind of the Lord concerning the times, *she shall not find one*."

The man to whom Peden was speaking, asked, "*Where the testimony should be then?*" He answered, "In the hands of a *few*, who shall be despised and undervalued by all, but *especially by these ministers who buried Christ*! But after that He shall *get up on them*; and at the crack of His winding-sheet, as many of them as are alive, who *were at His burial*, shall be distracted and mad for fear, not knowing what to do. Then there shall be brave days, such as the Church of Scotland never saw the like! But I shall not see them, but you may."

DIVINE INSTRUCTION: ITS SUBJECTS, CHARACTER, AND SUCCESS.

“Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”—PROV. xxii. 6.

THE common interpretation and Arminian exposition of this Scripture is counter to the general testimony of the word of God, and contrary to every-day experience. That the children of godly parents are not exceptions to the general order of things, is a fact patent to every, and even casual observers. Continually have the hearts of Christian parents been wrung and torn with anguish by the wayward actions of their children, although from their infancy they have been dandled upon the knee of piety, and received religious instruction in the letter; they have been trained aright, have grown crooked, and have departed from their early and youthful tuition.

In interpreting Scripture, we should always remember that God is the Author and Maintainer of order, and not of confusion. Hence, receiving and believing the plenary inspiration of Scripture, we must be persuaded in its uniformity and harmony. Its Author *one*, His wisdom *perfect*, and His work the revelation of *“one Lord, one faith, and one baptism.”* We therefore reject the ordinary explanation given to these words, although, in so doing, we do not wish to speak lightly of, or depreciate, the training of the young, either in the family or the school, both of which are valuable handmaidens when sanctified by the Holy Ghost, or as a great moral power; nevertheless, unattended by divine grace, they fall to the ground, so far as the eternal interests of the soul are concerned.

Truth lodged in the heart *will* sanctify the understanding; but, received in the head, will leave the heart unaffected. A work of grace begins in the heart, and not in the understanding; is of God, and not natural.

With these introductory remarks, we enter upon a spiritual contemplation of these words. Notice three things:—

- 1st. The child.
- 2nd. Its training.
- 3rd. The success of the instruction imparted.

1st. The child we apprehend to be an elect vessel of mercy, and have every authority in the word of God for so doing. The people of God are universally in the Scriptures styled the *“children of God.”* Eternally a child, adopted by God, taken into union with Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, who is not ashamed to call them brethren.

This relationship, expressed in the word of truth, and experienced by all the sons of God, leads us to the contemplation of Him as our Father—loving us (*“I have loved thee with an everlasting love”*), providing for us (*“Yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure”*), giving us everything suited to our case and condition (*“He who hath given us His Son, will He not with Him also freely give us all things?”*) All His blessings are meted out in wisdom—meted out in love,

“And always suit our case.”

The heirs of salvation will always be children, having to be held, taught, fed, and clothed. Keep me, and I shall be well kept; hold Thou me up, and I shall be *“safe.”* *Never able to run alone.*

"My strength is at His feet to lie.

* * * * *

He will not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; and"—O truth fertile with joyous exultation!—"if sons, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." So the child we regard as an adopted one, "preserved in Christ Jesus and called;" kept by the power of God unto salvation, and "having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Elected, redeemed, called, justified, and in the great day of the Lord to be glorified.

2nd. The training of these children is not a matter upon which we are left to speculate, but is decisively revealed in the Scriptures of truth. Even "all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children" (Isa. liv. 13); and again in the Gospels, "They shall be all taught of God" (John vi. 45). All that is known and received spiritually by a believer is of the Holy Ghost—"Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth" (1 Cor. ii. 13); further, "And ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie," &c. (1 John ii. 27). Being quickened by the Holy Ghost, the subject of grace—for this interposition of God is merciful and gracious—is instructed concerning the mystery of iniquity—its part in it, its need of a Saviour, the flowings of mercy—yea, in a word, is led to see there is no hope apart from an interest in the salvation of God in Christ Jesus. For this, then, it cries in varied language, yet each expressive of unworthiness and necessity; hence there is humility and importunity, and no peace realized by the soul until—

"Conscience is certain of her part
In the Redeemer's blood."

Thus, being taught their sinnership, are led on to a knowledge of Jesus Christ as theirs in His headship, incarnation, life, suffering, death, and resurrection; as their law Magnifier, so their Justification; as their sacrifice for sin; and, hence, their Atonement and Redemption. Ruin having been realized, the remedy is welcome; "as cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." The bane experienced is the harbinger of the effectual antidote for all its woe—joy cometh with the morning—Jesus is the Day-star, yea, the Sun of Righteousness, who, when He shines upon a poor sinner, does so with healing and cheering beams. "He teacheth to profit," and "none teacheth like Him," are statements of revelation, and matters of experience likewise, with all God's children.

3rd. The success attending this teaching is, in a word, impressive and abiding, for "even to hoar hairs will I lead you."

"Learners yet,
Unskilful still, and apt to slide,"

are all the wayfaring and heaven-bound pilgrims to the heavenly city; nevertheless are secured to eternal happiness, "having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

London.

W. C.

TEA MEETING OF ST. LUKE'S AGED PARISHIONERS.

[From the "*Bristol Post*" of Feb. 17.]

LAST evening the annual tea-meeting of the aged parishioners was given in the large and commodious new schoolroom, when about 300 of the aged people partook of the social meal. They were waited upon by the District Visitors belonging to the congregation. The choir of St. Luke's were also entertained. It may, perhaps, be interesting to give the ages of the parishioners present. They were as follow:—34, 60 years; 22, 61; 18, 62; 25, 63; 28, 64; 9, 65; 8, 66; 9, 67; 8, 68; 9, 69; 13, 70; 6, 71; 9, 72; 8, 73; 5, 74; 5, 75; 1, 76; 3, 77; 5, 78; 4, 79; 2, 80; 3, 81; 1, 82; 2, 83; 3, 84; 2, 85; 2, 88; 1, 90; 1, 91; 3, 93; 1, 101; the total ages amounting to 16,546 years.

After tea the public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. John Hare (the late Mayor), there being also present—the Rev. D. A. Doudney, incumbent; Rev. D. A. Doudney, jun.; Mr. Fryer, Mr. Duck, and numerous other friends and visitors. The choir of St. Luke's, under Mr. S. L. Morse, organist, sang several hymns between the addresses. The proceedings were commenced with singing and prayer; after which

The CHAIRMAN expressed the very great pleasure it afforded him to be present on that interesting occasion. It was about eighteen months ago that he assisted in laying the foundation-stone of that building, and he had not been there since, his time having been very fully occupied. He, however, rejoiced that he came there that night, and when he entered the room he could hardly believe that so beautiful a building had been erected in so short a time. On the occasion referred to he had a very handsome silver trowel presented to him, which he should be happy to show any person present who would like to see it. That trowel, he need hardly say, would always be very much valued by him, and by his family when he was gone. He was very glad to see so many persons present. Some interesting facts, he was told, had come out respecting the aged persons present. He had been told that there was one old gentleman present upwards of 100 years of age! He must congratulate the incumbent upon the success which he had achieved in that parish; and when he (the speaker) read the very interesting book "*Try, and Try Again*," which the rev. gentleman had sent him, he thought it was one of the most interesting books he had read for a long time. When they considered that their pastor's efforts had been crowned with such success as to raise £15,000 towards building and endowing a church and erecting schools in that parish, it seemed to him to be little less than a miracle. It must have caused him no end of time and anxiety. He only hoped that he would live long to benefit that parish.

The Rev. D. A. DOUDNEY next addressed the meeting, and, having read the list of the ages of those present (given above), reminded them that it was through the goodness and mercy of God that they had been sustained in all their troubles and difficulties, and had reached, some of them, threescore years and ten—nearly the utmost limit allotted to man. It gave him unutterable pleasure to meet them that night; to be in the company of such an interesting gathering of aged persons. He never felt his soul in so healthful a state as when he was visiting from house to house. He had not, however, visited so much as he desired, and their respected chairman had told them the reason—it was because he had been so much mixed up with stones and mortar (a laugh). It might be interesting to them, perhaps, to know that he had sent out, in connexion

with the erection of the church and schools, very little short of 80,000 to 90,000 letters. Bedminster had nobly done its part; Bristol had kindly done its part, as also had Clifton. But the contributions had not been confined to Clifton, Bristol, and Bedminster. If they were to look over his list of subscriptions, they would find that he had had them from different parts of Scotland, from almost every town in England, also from many villages and hamlets in England, and from various places in Ireland. He had also contributions from far-off America and Australia, showing what the Lord had been pleased to do in that parish. He hoped with that explanation they would be satisfied as to how it was they had not seen him amongst them as much as he had desired. He expressed a hope that they might be permitted to meet again in that way another year, although in the natural course of things it was probable that some who were now present would by that time have passed away. The rev. gentleman then delivered an affectionate address to his aged hearers, founding his remarks upon the words, Atonement, Glory, and Everlasting. (It will be observed that the first letters of these words form the word "age.") The address was in every way appropriate to the occasion, and was attentively listened to by those present. The Rev. D. A. Doudney, jun., and other gentlemen, afterwards addressed the meeting.

PROTESTANT BEACON.

THE LATE AWFUL CALAMITY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

LONG before this number of the *Gospel Magazine* is in the hands of our readers, there are few of them but will be familiar with the particulars of the above most awful catastrophe. Apart from earthquakes, it is questionable whether so sudden and so disastrous an event is to be found upon the page of history.

The following is one of the most condensed accounts of the catastrophe :—

"Ever since the newly-invented mystery of the Immaculate Conception of Mary was declared at Rome, in 1857, the church of La Compania formerly belonging to the Jesuits, has become the focus of devotion of a large sisterhood called the 'Daughters of Mary,' in which, on payment of so much a year, almost all the women of our capital were enrolled. A priest, named Ugarte, whose mind mariolatry had marked for its own, headed that sisterhood from the beginning, and worked his way down to such a depth of superstition, that one of his last extravagances was the invention of a celestial post-office trick, by which the 'Daughters of Mary' might correspond with the Virgin in writing. At the entrance of the temple the Virgin's letter-box was constantly open, and there persons of a robust faith deposited in sealed letters their wishes and their prayers. Every Wednesday that letter-box for eternity was placed before the high altar, and Ugarte, who acted as postman between the Mother of God and her daughters, exhibited to the Divinity those offerings, of course keeping that singular correspondence to himself. This same mountebank got up a religious raffle for the favour of the Virgin—in a recent instance, two prizes being drawn by a sceptical minister of State and a woman whose character was not dubious. The old times of pagan idolatry had resuscitated in the centre of exaggerated Catholicism.

"A few minutes before seven o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, the 8th of December, more than 3,000 women, and a few hundred men, knelt in that church, crammed to overflowing. However, that did not prevent a mass of fanatics from attempting to fight their way in from the steps, because it was the last night of the month of Mary, and no one could bear to lose the closing sermon of the priest Ugarte, who always succeeded, by his exciting declamations, in drowning in tears that place so soon to be a sea of fire. Then Elizaguirre, the apostolic Nuncio, and favourite of Pius IX., the founder of the American College at Rome, was to preach also. It is

said that Ugarte, wounded in his feelings as chaplain of the 'Daughters of Mary,' because Eizaguirre had told him that the illuminations of his church could not be compared with what he had seen at Rome, exclaimed, with enthusiasm, 'I will give him, when he comes to preach, such an illumination as the world has never seen.' Nobody can deny that Ugarte had kept his word. Indeed the lighting of all the lamps and candles had hardly finished, when the liquid gas in a transparency on the high altar set on fire its wood-work, and wrapped in flames a kind of tabernacle wholly composed of canvas, pasteboard, and wood. In less than two minutes, the altar—about twenty-three yards high and ten broad—was in an inextinguishable bonfire. The advance of the fire was perhaps even more rapid than the panic of the audience. When the fire had flown from the altar to the roof, the whole flock of devotees rushed to the principal door. Those near the lateral doors were able to escape at the first alarm; others, and particularly the men, had gained the little door of the sacristy; and lastly, those near the chief outlets forced their way through the throng, even still struggling to get—and, indeed, part of which did get in, even in the face of the fire, stimulated by the desire of getting a good place, which, on this occasion, meant a good place to die in. Then the flames having crept along the whole roof, and consequently released the lamps of oil and liquid gas from the cornices to which they were strung, a rain of liquid blue fire poured down upon the entangled throng below. A new and more horrible conflagration broke out then in that dense living mass, appalling the affrighted gaze with pictures ten times more awful than those wherein the Catholic imagination has laboured to give an idea of the tortures of the damned. In less than a quarter of an hour about 2,000 human beings had perished, including children, but very few men.

"To see mothers, sisters, tender and timid women, dying that dreadful death that appals the stoutest heart of man!—within one yard of salvation—within one yard of men who would have given their lives over and over again for them! it was maddening!—the screaming and wringing of hands for help as the remorseless flames came on, and then—save when some, already dead with fright, were burnt in ghastly indifference—their horrible agony! some in prayer—some tearing their hair and battering their faces! Women seized in the embrace of the flames were seen to undergo a transformation as though by an optical delusion—first dazzlingly bright, then horribly lean and shrunk up, then black statues, rigidly fixed in a writhing attitude."

A subsequent account, in giving the result of the destruction, says :—

"2,100 corpses extracted from the Compania have been registered at the burial-ground. A number of single limbs and pieces of bodies have been found, and not a few sufferers died after the fire from the effects of burns and other wounds; so that about 2,500 altogether may be safely estimated to have perished."

This report adds :—

"On the 31st of December a similar calamity had nearly befallen the worshippers in the San Isidro Church. One of the numerous candles on the altar came in contact with a pot of artificial flowers, and, although the fire was immediately extinguished, there was such confusion that the service had to be closed for the night."

Although a very different face has since been sought to be put on the proceedings of the priests, by the emissaries of Rome, which say that "the end justifies the means," and, therefore any lies may be fabricated, or any misrepresentation made, there is not a doubt that the conduct of the priests in regard to the catastrophe was vile in the extreme. The press, at the time of publishing the particulars of the scene, was loud in its denunciations of the proceedings of the priests. They declare that the door into the "sacristy," by which the men who made their escape were saved, was afterwards barricaded, in order to enable the priests to save their "gimcracks." Human life (say the papers) was sacrificed in order to save matting and other mere rubbish. This saved, one of the priests went through the farce of urging the poor dying ones to be calm and steadfast, as they would go straight to the embrace of the Virgin.

Were not men most fearfully blinded, and did they not come under that awful statement, "God hath sent them strong delusions, that they might believe a lie," we should say, that this late appalling event had done more to open up the real nature of Popery, than all the preaching for the last half century.

Let Papists or Tractarians say what they may, or put what gloss they please upon this catastrophe, there is not a question as to its being an awful judgment from God, in which in connexion with this idolatrous worship of the Virgin, He has vindicated His own honour, and manifested His own righteous indignation.

Romanism is a cheat—a delusion—a clever device of Satan, by which he has succeeded in the destruction of myriads upon myriads, both body and soul.

Notwithstanding the revelation of the past, and the long catalogue of cruelty and crime, which stain the pages of history in respect to the dogmas and the doings of Popery, England, alas! has lent herself—and is lending herself—to its accursed system. By flattering, or by fawning, Popery has but too well succeeded in getting in the thin end of the wedge. Her emissaries are scattered both wilily and widely throughout the land. Jesuits are to be found in our colleges, our churches, and among almost every branch of our religious communities. They find their way into the social circle, and are variously engaged in our seminaries. Though Romanists at heart, multitudes there are, labouring, within the pale of the Church of England, stealthily, but too successfully, to lure the unsuspecting over to a system of which they, in reality, form but a part. They themselves remain where they are, as the professedly attached sons of another communion, only that they may the better carry on, though in hypocritical garb, their proselytizing practices of winning to the Church of Rome more hapless and deluded votaries.

God has now again spoken to England, and warned her against these intrigues of the man of sin, by this recent catastrophe. If England heeds not—if she continues to foster, and to nestle in her bosom, these Papists in Protestant garb—she will, ere long, rue her folly, and lament, when too late, her misnamed charity.—ED.

"The *Tablet* is indignant with the *Times* and most of the public journals for their comments on the terrible catastrophe at Santiago. The Romish journal not only thinks it hard that such blame should have been cast upon the priests, but condemns the judgment which has been universally passed on their conduct with frantic vehemence. It is hideous and horrible, we are told; it is revolting to the mind, and degrading to our common nature, that a catastrophe so awful should have called forth such remarks. Now, it is a practice with certain advocates who are conscious that they have a bad cause, to indulge in sarcasm and invective; they deem it excellent strategy to hide the inherent weakness of their case by unmeasured abuse of their opponents as unprincipled and base; and hope, by an assumption of disgust, to gain their point. It is, we presume, from some such reason that the *Tablet* parades its offended spirit with such energy, and accuses the Protestant press of making capital out of this disastrous tragedy. Such an opportunity, it is gravely said, was far too choice to be passed over, and therefore the *Times* refreshed and edified the English public with all the resources of its hideous blasphemy. The suggestions and natural inferences of the editor are branded as diabolical, and it is added that the archfiend himself could not insinuate better than that, in preparing the church for the coming solemnization, the clergy were animated by murderous designs. In this violent and unjustifiable rejoinder, it is easy to recognize the shame and vexation of men who are suddenly confronted with an unexpected discomfiture. The telling disclosures which have recently startled the public, and strengthened their profound

conviction that Popery is a rank superstition, which seeks to aggrandize itself by appealing to the worst passions of frail humanity, are checking the progress of the Church of Rome, and constraining even the thoughtless to acknowledge that she is a glaring apostasy, and so far wide from the nature of the true Church, as the Homilies affirm, that nothing can be more so. The caustic strictures of the press have stung to the quick, because they were true. Had they not been admirably adapted to enlighten the nation on the inherent vices of Romanism, there would have been no display of exasperation. Policy would have suggested that they should have been left alone as insignificant and weak. But, when the citadel was in danger, it was necessary to deprecate the attack as the spiteful work of infidel scribes. Such overwrought statements, however, do but refute themselves, and fail to divert the attention of any from the real facts of the case. But, dismissing this point, it will be very useful if we specify the view which the *Tablet* takes of the idolatrous ceremony which was the cause of this appalling event. Having deplored in appropriate terms the miserable loss of life and the frightful terrors of the scene, it glories in the thought that the last act of that vast congregation was pleasing in the eyes of Almighty God; and that, as they were commemorating the special and superhuman graces which He had bestowed upon the Virgin Mother of the Redeemer of the world, they were warranted in trusting that He would take special care that nothing should happen by which they should not rather gain than lose. "They who have passed into the presence of God through that baptism of fire, were engaged at the moment of their destruction in one of the highest devotions. They were closing a period of prayer and praise in her honour whom all generations shall call Blessed. Death, though it came upon them suddenly, could not have found them unready. And over their lifeless ashes we, their brethren, have a right to stand protectingly, and to waive away the scoffer, who, with unholy sympathy and bastard unction, appears to pity at the very moment of his blasphemy against all that they held, and now know, to be most holy and most true." Thus we have a priest of the Church of Rome, whose letter has been incorporated into the leading article, upholding the teaching of his Church as of superior authority to that of Holy Scripture. The word of God expressly asserts that, to give the glory of the Uncreated Trinity in Unity to a creature is blasphemy, abominable in His sight, and an act which is worthy of death; and yet, in opposition to this solemn judgment, the Rev. A. Mills pronounces that the victims of this woeful conflagration are now assured of the truth of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. We refrain from uttering one word on the present state of those who died that cruel death; we said at the first that we bore in mind our Lord's judgment concerning those on whom the tower of Siloam fell; but we are bound to denounce this priestly confidence as a blasphemous deceit. It rests upon no warranty but that of a proud, ambitious, and corrupt Church, which is notorious for its vain inventions and lucrative developments. But whoever embraces Popery must accept its dogmas with implicit belief, however contrary to reason, the laws of nature, or the revealed word of God. None of its practices must be discussed, much less must they be reprobated. Every part of the whole system must be regarded with saintly reverence, as perfect and conducive to spiritual life. As an exemplification of this, we have the *Tablet* defending the custom of depositing requests in writing before the altar, or the image of the Infant Jesus, or the statue of the Blessed Virgin, as a harmless, innocent, and edifying practice. We could scarcely desire a more complete vindication of our hostility to the Church of Rome than is furnished by the contents of this single article."—*Record*.

[April 1, 1864.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDRAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 88, }
NEW SERIES.

APRIL, 1864.

{ No. 1,180,
OLD SERIES.

THE SAME LORD, AND THE SAME SAVING GRACE AND SALVATION.

"For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him."—ROMANS x. 12.

BELoved, there is not only an unbounded fulness, but a precious simplicity, in the above language. Much that men say about the word of God only mystifies and obscures that word; but, when God the Holy Ghost is pleased to open up and apply it, oh, how simple and how blessed it then becomes!

Now, look first at the *identification*—the SAME LORD. The apostle is seeking to set forth that the same Lord has to do both with Jew and Greek, with regard to whom in Jehovah's sight there is no distinction or difference, for, as Paul says, in an earlier chapter, "*all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." But, beloved, how precious does this truth become, when opened with regard to the larger and wider field, and when we think who and what they were who are comprehended under this twofold denomination of Jew and Greek; of necessity we are carried back in review of the gracious dealings of this "same Lord," and then identifying Himself with His dealings, how cheering is the contemplation!

In proof, dear reader, of the Lord's tender regard for, and gracious interest in, poor sinners, how condescendingly and how continuously does He declare Himself as the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. You remember, that no sooner had God declared Himself to Moses as the I AM THAT I AM, than it is added, "And God said moreover unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you: this is my name for ever, and this is my memorial unto all generations." Oh, mark the mercy in this, that the Lord not only revealed Himself in this gracious and merciful way, but at the same time testified, that that "should be His name for ever, and that His memorial unto all generations;" proving at once His covenant and unalienable interest in poor sinners down to the latest period of time. But there is such boundless mercy and goodness in this His declaration of being the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, inasmuch as it does so completely connect Him with them in all they were, and all of which they stood in need. This, however, we shall hope to speak of more particularly presently. Mark, meanwhile, what Jehovah has said concerning Himself as the

unchangeable God. In speaking by the prophet Malachi, He says, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Then, in sweet harmony with this, there is the gracious testimony of the Holy Ghost by the weeping prophet Jeremiah, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness."

Now, with regard to the former of these testimonies, we cannot but see distinguishing goodness and mercy. Malachi was the last of the prophets. With his prophecy the canon of the Old Testament Scripture was closed. A period of well-nigh four hundred years was to elapse prior to the incarnation of Christ. The Church was to be left in comparative darkness and obscurity. There was to be no visible manifestation. How considerate, then, and how merciful of our God, just prior to this most trying epoch, to declare Himself anew as the unchangeable Jehovah. Moreover, how additionally gracious was the Lord in connexion with this declaration, for, having stated, in proof of His knowledge of the wayward condition of His people, "Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them," He adds, "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts;" and, again, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Then, to come down to New Testament times, we have, in proof of the unchangeableness of Jehovah, the apostle James testifying, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning;" and in Hebrew xiii. 8, there is this glorious declaration, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

Reader, we have thus brought repeated and varied evidence from the word of God, to substantiate the greatness and the glory of the truth embodied in these three short but emphatic words: "THE SAME LORD." Oh, how precious is the consideration, that He is in very deed the same Lord, at all times, and under all circumstances; that He has not undergone the merest change; that He hates to put away; that He rests in His love; yea, that with Him, as we have ample evidence and proof, "there is no variableness, neither the shadow of turning." Oh, how sweet to sing—

"Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:"

"Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move."

Next we have this "same Lord's" *inheritance*—"over all!" Beloved, it is a most consolatory thought, that, however Satan may oppose, or wicked men may object, still, essentially, our God is "over all." Over all as the God of providence—over all as lawful Ruler—King supreme. Men, as fallen creatures, may dispute His authority and object to His dominion; still, He is Governor among the nations, notwithstanding. By Him "kings reign and princes decree justice." "He ruleth in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: none can stay His hand, or say, What doest Thou?" "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all.

Both riches and honour come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all; and in Thine hand is power and might; and in Thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all." "Who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" Well might the Psalmist say so. And we would stand before the Lord in adoring wonder, as we hear Him declare, "I form light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I the Lord do all these things." "The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all."

But, whilst we contemplate Him in this His universal dominion, and tremble for those of whom it shall be said, in regard to the rejection of our glorious Christ, "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me;" it is in the subordinate sense we would consider this "over all." It is Jehovah's reign and rule over His people—His own beloved Church—His own redeemed sons and daughters, "over" whom, and "in" whom, He reigns as the God of providence and the God of all grace. And how sweet is the contemplation of this His special dominion—this His glorious reign and rule. He theirs, they His, eternally and unalienably. Moreover, whatever may be the opposition of the flesh, and however our poor fallen nature may seek to resist His authority, or call in question His wisdom, or goodness, or mercy, still the new nature and better mind delights to bow to His dominion, and to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Reader, do you not know the distinction? Though you may feel and mourn over the struggles and contentions of the flesh, and know what it is to fret against the Lord, because you cannot have your own way—because He thwarts you here, and opposes you there—yet do you not know what it is, at the same time, secretly to believe that He is working wisely and graciously, and that, in spite of yourself, in the issue you will admire His acts, and adore Himself, for the way by which He is at that very moment leading you? Is there not a something, notwithstanding all the opposition, that secretly expresses itself thus: "He knoweth the way that I take; and, when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold?" Do you wish, in reality, to have your own way? Do you not tremble at the very thought? Is there anything of which you have such a horror as of its being said of you, as it was of Ephraim of old, "Ephraim is turned unto idols; let him alone?" Oh, that "letting alone"—that awful condition wherein God, as to manifestation, even in *Fatherly chastisement*, has nothing to do with me. Oh, fearful—yea, most fearful—is such a condition. Lord God of Israel, grant that it may never be our condition, nor that of our readers.

But we come now to our next point—*Interest*. "The same Lord over all is rich unto all." Now this is *interest* indeed. Rich, and this is communicable; for, as it is recorded, "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell;" that fulness is treasured up in Christ, for the express purpose of being imparted to His people. "Of this fulness," says the apostle John, "have all we received, and grace for grace." And herein is Jehovah glorified. The glory of creation, and the glory that redounds to Him as the supreme Governor of the universe, bears no comparison with the glory which redounds to Him upon the ground of redemption. Here is the very glory of glories. Here all other glories are absorbed, and lost in this glory that excelleth.

Reader, it is our heart's desire that you may, by grace, enter into this; and, to this end, we must fall back upon what we at first intimated, in relation to our God having revealed Himself as the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.

It behoves us to consider what He was as their God—where He met with them—what He did for them—whence He led them—whither He conducted them. What a field of thought does this open up. Into what a boundless range of mercy, goodness, love, compassion, does this lead! As circumstance after circumstance presents itself, in relation to the chequered and eventful histories of the patriarchs, how beautifully and how blessedly does the wisdom of our God, and His goodness and condescension, appear! how large, how full, how tender, how gracious His acts! each and all tending to magnify His grace and mercy, and to cause one to exclaim, “O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!”

Although, reader, whilst looking at some of the positions of the patriarchs in a disjointed or isolated sense, there may appear to be that which is strange and inexplicable, yet, when viewed in connexion, and as one complete whole, how then does the wisdom of our God, and the love, and tenderness, and power, and faithfulness of God, shine out, to the praise and the glory of His great and adorable name. Is it not so? and was there, in the testimony of either patriarch, the shadow of a shade of exception as to the kindness and the loving interest manifested by our God in regard to them?

Then, in coming down through all the ages and experiences of both the Old and New Testament Church—prophets, apostles, martyrs—what is the combined and universal testimony but to the self-same end—the setting forth these boundless and inexhaustible riches? Does the reader ask in what they consist? Turn with us, beloved, to what the Apostle says in his epistle to the Ephesians, and there we read of the “riches of His grace,” and the “riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints.” Then, if you would have proof of the communication of these riches, read what the Apostle says in the same epistle, “But God, who is *rich in mercy* [poor troubled reader, will not this suit you? and how can these riches be exhibited but in acts of mercy, and those acts of mercy bearing upon misery and wretchedness and the utmost ill-and-hell-deservings]—“God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus. For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.”

Then, beloved, there are the riches of love, the riches of joy, the riches of peace, of long-suffering, of gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; all these riches, as the precious fruits of the Spirit, are treasured up in our most glorious Christ, to be communicated and imparted as the necessities of the redeemed may present themselves; for so it is written, “But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

Beloved, how sweet, in this view of the case, is the testimony, “The same Lord over all is rich unto all.” Do you feel it, reader? Do you experience the comfort and the blessedness arising from the thought, “Well, now in my trouble, or temptation, or perplexity, whatsoever it may be, it is at once my privilege and my mercy, to come before the self-same God, the self-same gracious Counsellor and Guide, the self-same Helper and Deliverer, as did Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, David and Daniel, Job and Jeremiah, Peter and Paul, Mary and Martha; yea, the same as He who sustained, and protected, and delivered, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs? If His wisdom, and grace, and

power were vouchsafed to *them*, why not for *me*? If *they* were delivered, why not *I*? seeing He is "the same God over all, and rich unto all that call upon Him?"

Observe, lastly, the *invoking*—"The same Lord over all is rich unto all who call upon Him." Here is an essential link in the chain of love and mercy. The Lord looks for this in His children. To this end He brings them into straits and difficulties, perplexities and trials, in order that whilst beneath the pressure and influence of the same, they may be led, under the precious power and prompting of the Holy Ghost, to call upon Him. And how blessed it is, dear reader, to remember, that whilst the Lord, on the one hand, says, "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do them for them," and encourages them with His gracious invitation, "Let me see thy face, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely;" on the other hand, He gives His people the sweet and blessed assurance, that "before they call, He will answer; and while they are yet speaking, He will hear."

What can be more cheering or comforting than this? What can the Lord say in addition to what He has said? How full, and free, and blessed are His assurances. But for the natural unbelief and scepticism of the human heart, what a ready belief and holy confidence would there be on the part of the Lord's children, as wrought upon and graciously influenced by the Holy Ghost. But the opposition is so strong—the natural antipathy to the truth is so great—poor fallen human nature is so completely ignorant of, and indifferent to, divine things, that this, combined with Satan and an ungodly world, constitutes unitedly that determinate questioning and resisting of the Lord's simple and gracious testimony.

But how blessed is it when, in spite of and in opposition to all these hostile influences, the hearts of the Lord's people are drawn out towards Him, and, in godly sincerity and childlike simplicity, they are enabled to look up to Him, and to plead with Him, upon the ground of His own most precious, and so exactly suitable promises. "The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him." Oh, how sweet, and how consoling is this consideration. Here is what the Lord is *for* them and *to* them: His riches—yea, Himself, is *for* them, inasmuch as He is "over them;" and then His riches—yea, Himself, is *to* them, in a realizing and applicatory sense, as they are led by the Spirit to betake themselves to Him and to supplicate of Him.

Reader, the Lord the Spirit cheer thine heart by the consideration of His precious word; and may He enable thee, whatever thy condition, or however seemingly critical or complicated thy circumstances, to betake thyself unto Him. May He give thee afresh to feel that "there is nothing too hard for the Lord;" and may He encourage thee, and enable thee to plead with Him upon the ground of His own word, "Put me in remembrance—plead with me;" "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let thy requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep thy heart and mind through Christ Jesus."

Dear reader, the Lord bless thee with more enlarged views of Himself—a clearer insight into the tender sympathies of His loving heart—and grace, at all times and under all circumstances, to betake thyself unto Him. So prays,

Thine to serve in Him,

Knowle Road, Bedminster.

THE EDITOR.

God loves to see a poor Christian shut his closet door, and then open his bosom and pour out his soul before Him.—*Brooks*.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

"As I sat beside a bit of bright fire, enjoying my tea with my boy, after his hard day's work," said the widowed mother, "I was quite overcome to think of the goodness of God to me: how He had inclined the hearts of people to show me kindness, and provided me with so many comforts during that bitter weather. I could tell of grace in all the providences given me, for I was quite sure I never deserved one of them. When my boy left me to run of an errand for a neighbour, my thoughts went out toward the poor friendless creatures who had neither food nor fire, and I bethought me of one poor thing who I was sure wanted both; so I wrapped up in an old handkerchief a knob of coal, and I started off with it to Mrs. Jones. Poor soul! my heart ached for her. There she sat over a few ashes; not a bit of food, and not able to wag across the room, with a great tumour in her side. I made up a tidy fire for her, cleaned up her place, saw her into bed, and left her all straight for the night. As I walked home, I thought of the difference God had put between us: I returning to my tidy, comfortable home, hearty and well; she dirty, sick, infirm, and, worse still, not a blink of light in her soul, and yet full of false confidence. When I thought of my own dark days, my pride and enmity to the truth, my hatred to God's people, my confidence in my own righteousness, though I had none, and yet the grace that met with me, and made us to differ, I was melted under a sense of gratitude and thankfulness.

"Next morning, I had to go early to my brother's, and, as I was walking up the hill, what should I see lying in the road but a knob of coal twice as big as the one I had given to Mrs. Jones the evening before. There was no sound of a cart; there was no one about; it seemed there for me. I walked slowly over to the spot where it lay, tied it up in my handkerchief, and carried it home, wondering in myself at this liberal payment for my small knob of coal."

Reader, if you give with the thought that you will get by it, God in mercy will disappoint you. But, if you give in the generosity of love, and feel impelled by the principle of grace "to give, hoping for nothing again," the Lord will own this Gospel spirit, and you shall surely find "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth," and "the bountiful eye shall be blessed."

Grace in operation leads the soul to eye Christ in what is done; and, at the last, the condemnation of the ungodly consists in this, "Ye did it not to me." The apostolic injunction is, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men." This is the touchstone that proves regeneration, and shows where the unrenowned sinner stands. They may go a long way in fleshly piety, natural amiability, earnest self-denial, deep religiousness; but to eye Christ in what they do, they cannot, for they are "children in whom is no faith;" therefore they have no eye to see Christ; and "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." It is not what we do that God eyes, but the spirit and motive in which it is done. This is the mainspring which makes the watch go, and grace in the heart is the true principle which produces what is right; testifies to that which is wrong; leads to the blood of sprinkling; and makes us hate alike our sins and our righteousness, and take refuge in the arms of a compassionate and forgiving Saviour.

L.

It is easier to learn to read God's promises than His purposes; natural men may do the former, spiritual men can do the latter.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

BELOVED, how graciously the Lord works—what helps by the way He gives—what springs in the valley He causes to rise—what precious grace He grants in our hours of need—how completely the blessed Spirit of God helps on, and helps through! What reason we have, in the unfolding of another month, to praise and adore His holy name! And now our eyes are once more up unto Him from whom cometh our help, and most earnestly do we desire, if not in person, yet in spirit, to gather around *our heavenly Father's letter to His children*, to talk further of its contents, and tell of things touching the King; and may the Lord the Spirit grant that our leaflets, wafted as they are into the homes of many, may bear upon them the pearly dewdrops of divine grace, and prove a source of refreshing to many a weary, waiting, weeping member of the family of God. Oh, to keep this one aim in view—the *glory of Jesus!*

And now, living as we do in a day of strange notions and soul-deceiving fancies, let us first put our souls, beloved, unitedly to

AN UNERRING TEST.

[Read PSALM cxlvii.]

"He sendeth out His word and melteth them."—PSALM cxlvii. 18.

We are bold to declare our belief, that that religion which does not *melt the heart* is not worth possessing, and, that "trusting in the written word, without the application of the Spirit, is a sure sign of a dead professor." A genuine religion is a religion of *revelation*, and is the revelation of two great facts: 1. I am a wretched undone sinner. 2. Jesus Christ is my Saviour. Let me feel the former, and lay hold of the latter, and verily I become a melted man in the display of such grace and goodness, as dear Joseph Irons sings:—

"It is the Lord reveals
To sinners what they are;
And all the souls His Spirit seals,
Who in His mercy share.

When He this work performs,
He melts the sinner's heart,
Then stamps His likeness on us worms,
Which never shall depart."

And, as a poor, yet rich, man once said to us, in recounting mercies vouchsafed: "Oh, sir, it does melt a poor fellow's heart to think of what mighty grace has done for such an unworthy creature!" We responded, "It does indeed—it does indeed!" and we wept tears of joy together.

But notice, beloved, this precious passage says, *God sendeth out His word*. Yes, we may venture another assertion, viz: *That* religion is not worth a straw that is not the work of the Eternal Three. If it has not its basis upon the eternal love of the Father fixed on His child from all eternity; if it is not the work of the Eternal Son, the Sinner's Friend, Surety, and Saviour; if it be not revealed by the Eternal Spirit, however fair it may seem, it is of the earth—earthly, has its origin in Satan, and must end in condemnation and destruction. It is well to discern between natural and spiritual gifts. A man may be highly endowed with natural gifts, and yet, with regard to eternal things, remain as dead as a stone; while a man may have but few if any natural gifts, and yet, endowed with the Spirit of God, be in the possession of those spiritual gifts which testify to his second birth and end in glory. Salvation is of the Lord; He is the Alpha and Omega; and the children of God are sheltered and surrounded

by Deity. No words could more forcibly show this fact, than our dear Redeemer's own, in His precious prayer to His Father: "I pray for them, I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me, for *they are Thine* (covenant choice); and all mine are Thine, and Thine are mine (covenant blood); and I am glorified in them" (covenant sealing). This is what we understand by the Eternal Three having wholly to do with the salvation of a poor sinner. "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief." God then is sending out *His word*. Oh, how much, beloved, is embodied in that expression—*His word!* It is the revelation of a covenant God to a covenant people—it is His will to His members of His family—it is a Father's letter to His children—it is a field in which are hidden treasures that will enrich the soul—it is a garden in which grow healing plants for sin-sick sinners—it is a living spring which has its source under the throne of God—it is a hand-book to guide the traveller across the intricate mazes of life—it is a passport to heaven, the roll which the happy pilgrim presses close to his heaving bosom of love—yea, it is more than all this, *the word is a person*—Jesus Christ is the *word*, the truth, and the life. Hence in Him it is a word of grace for poor perishing sinners, a word of peace to poor troubled pilgrims, a word of truth which will remain unharmed amidst all assaults, a word of power which melts the heart, for where the word of a king is, there is power; and, beloved, the mercy is that you and I have felt its power, and have realized the three precious words that follow in the passage before us—*it melteth them*. Ah! methinks you do know with the writer what it is to be melted under the word of God. You do know what it is, while going about your necessary avocation, to have some precious portion drop with power upon the heart, melting the spirit within you, and causing a tear of joy to start in the eye. Is it not joyous? and does it not produce an intensity of happiness unknown in connexion with anything of a worldly character? Oh! how invaluable is the word of the living God to a living soul; how it revives his hopes, refreshes his spirit, and causes him to become robust in spiritual strength; and how those who have thus experienced the *melting*, under God's word, can well afford to treat with scorn and contempt all the vain attempts of vain man to undermine and undervalue that word. The secret of all such opposition is, that they have never been themselves melted under the word; let a poor sinner be so, and he will be thankful enough to take the word as it is, and his cry day and night will be for more and more of its precious unfoldings.

And then, further, beloved, what a checkstring is the word of God. Oh! when we are being carried away with anxious thought about the things of this world, how some unctuous promise, dropped in the heart, checks the whirl of throbbing care, and produces a hallowed calm, as faith hears above the troubled waters a still small voice, saying, "This is not your rest;" "You've no abiding city here." Why all this care? as if you had to live for ever in this naughty world; why,

"A few more rolling suns, at most,
Must land you safe on Canaan's coast."

Oh, then, how faith responds, "True, Lord, forgive thy poor worm. My tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness: 'O, Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.'"

Thus far we have looked at this matter in a personal and experimental way; does it not cheer our hearts, to think that God is sending out His word by various means, and through the application of that word, by the power of the Holy Spirit, is melting stubborn hearts of poor sinners, and bringing them to the feet

of Jesus with the cry, "God, be merciful unto me, a sinner." Beloved, it always refreshes and rejoices the spirit of true believers in the Lord Jesus, to trace God's work among fellow-sinners. There is no more lovely sight to a Christian than to behold the buddings forth into newness of life of the babes in grace; to see men in earnest about salvation. Let a man be melted under the word himself, and he immediately desires

"To tell to sinners that surround,
What a dear Saviour he has found."

Mighty grace in the heart will burn its way out, and a sinner saved cannot shut up within himself that vitality which will spread and abound. Beloved, can you not recollect the time when the word was as a fire in your bones, and you were compelled to seek the companionship of some fellow-sinner, to tell him or her what the Lord was about with your soul? It is enough. The burning of that word, the melting of heart, experienced, is *an unerring test of life*.

Yes, beloved, this heart-melting under the word, proves the soul is saved. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." No, precious Jesus,—

"That blood which Thou hast spilt,
That grace which is Thine own;
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone."

Here, then, you and I may rest. I know I have felt the efficacy of that blood; I know I have experienced the effect of divine grace; I know I have been again and again melted under the word. Never till my latest breath shall I forget such and such seasons when this occurred. Well, then, if I have been broken under the word, I shall be built up by the word; the melting leads to the moulding; and the whole process is to make one meet to be a partaker of the inheritance with the *saints in light*. Sweet prospect, O beloved!

May God's Spirit quicken our tardy feet—may His word strengthen our feeble faith:—

So let us press onward the heavenly road,
Every step of which brings us nearer our God;
Thus fitted with Jesus for ever to be,
The gates of our beautiful home we shall see.

Pray for a deeper and deeper acquaintance with *the word of God*; that the Spirit, shining upon the sacred page, may unfold daily fresh views of the person and work of Jesus.

A GOLDEN GIFT.*

[Read JAMES i.]

"Let patience have her perfect work."—JAMES i. 4.

Beloved, when we think that patience is the power of expecting long, without discontent, how sweet, yet how rare, is the exhibition of this golden grace!

* The writer has been led to this subject from reading a very precious little piece in the February number of this Magazine, entitled, "Heart Teachings." We trust "S." will continue such savoury morsels. Oh! how much more suitable to the hungry children of God are "Heart Teachings" than *head wranglings*.—G. C.

Who among us waits long without a murmur? who among us bears *God's withholdings* without disputation? May the Lord pardon us for our rebellion.

How often is it with the Christian that there is some particular burden upon his mind, the removal of which, as surveyed from the surface of the matter, seems highly desirable; and, he argues, Surely if I had my desire it must bring glory to God; and yet the burden is not removed, the cry seems not to gain the ear of Jehovah. Years roll away, and things are still unchanged, and the only reply he gets from the throne concerning the matter is, "Go, stand in thy lot." It may be still, further, that the exercises of soul, in connexion therewith, have been so deep, and the experience so trying, that he no longer dare ask God concerning it, and yet he still feels its removal would be a blessing in many ways. How is it? Beloved, is such thine inquiry? We reply to it:—

1. The Christian must look deeper than the surface of the matter.

2. Patience must have her perfect work.

Now, to look under the surface of that burden, say, reader, has not this very matter taught lessons never to be forgotten? Has it not driven to the throne again and again, and have not the very exercises of soul alluded to strengthened gifts and graces, and enriched the soul, bringing you at the same time into a deeper acquaintance with your heavenly Father's will, and submission to it. It is well, then. The tribulation and deprivation has worked, at all events, a degree of patience before unknown and unfelt; resignedness has taken the place of rebellion; faith has quelled frowardness.

And, to look a little further at this "Golden Gift," beloved, various are the advantages that issue from the exercise of patience; as, for example, *Heart experience*. If you had a thing directly you asked for it, how little would you value the thing given! The difficulty of obtaining enhances the gift. So, again, through *patience we have hope*. If we sailed from port to port without let or hinderance, how self-confident and proud we should become! 'Tis well to be obliged to lay at anchor. It is in the stormy night of soul-darkness that our hope becomes strengthened, and we fully appreciate the dawning of the day of light. And, again, *patience is a fruit-perfecting grace*. We know if vegetation passes too rapidly through its changes, the fruit becomes abortive; but let us wait day by day for the dew, sun, rain, and wind, and we shall behold the gradual perfection of the fruit. So with the seed of divine truth falling on good ground; such are they (says our dear Redeemer) who having heard the word, *keep it*, and bring forth *fruit with patience*, or perfect fruit.

The life of good old Simeon is the liveliest exhibition of this precious gift that we can think of (with one exception we will presently notice). Simeon had for many a long year exercised patience in *waiting for the consolation of Israel*; and was he disappointed? Oh, no! Behold him taking up the babe of Bethlehem in his arms, and, blessing God, he said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Yes, in the person of Christ all his desires were fulfilled; patience had had her perfect work, and was satisfied. Still, beloved, doubtless, during those many long years that good old Simeon had waited for the "consolation of Israel," he had his seasons of doubt and hours of discomfort. All have failed to exhibit this golden grace in its fulness, but the God-man—Christ Jesus. "He was oppressed and afflicted, yet opened He not His mouth." Oh, to grow more like Jesus, especially in patience! And in conclusion, beloved, we would observe, depend upon it, if the wish is never realized this side the grave, we shall find our Father's will the best, and every thing He has done has been right. If our

cherished hope is never granted, it is because our covenant God knows it is best for us that it never shall be.

May the Lord grant that you and I, dear reader, may be strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience, and longsuffering, with joyfulness, knowing that "all things work together for good to them that are in Christ Jesus," and that our God must be—

"Good when He gives, supremely good;
Nor less when He withholds."

"Be patient, Christian, under trials here,
'Mid slighted love, and wrong unmerited;
Submissive wait, and every grief severe
Shall be, through God, a blessing on thy head."

Pray for more of the golden gift of "patience," and for grace to wait for the Lord's unfoldings, feeling assured, that if He withholds, it is for our good; if He grants, it is for His own glory.

THE DAILY CRY.

[Read PSALM lxxxvi.]

"I cry unto Thee daily."—PSALM lxxxvi. 3.

Beloved, the children of God are known by their cry:—

"They wrestle hard with cries,
Nor is their wrestling vain;
For their petitions pierce the skies,
And prove they're born again."

A dead soul never cries; there must be life before there can be the feeling of a want, or the cry to have that want gratified. Now, I put it to you, dear reader, and I put it myself: Can we not before God say, "Lord, Thou knowest *I cry unto Thee daily*?"

It may be you cannot talk much before men; you feel a shyness in the utterance of anything of a spiritual character before your family or friends, arising, perhaps, from your being little understood in their midst; yet you can say, "Lord, Thou knowest *I cry unto Thee daily*." In the street, office, warehouse, in the closet, the constant cry of felt need is going up to the throne of grace. It may be that, from the peculiar exercises of your soul, you are driven to silence before your fellow-men; they call you gloomy, melancholy, and shut up within yourself. But you know better; you have a secret source of happiness they know nothing about, and often when they think you reserved and silent, your spirit is soaring upwards in hallowed foretastes of celestial joy. Or it may be you find professors abound, whose loud talk and boasting confidence silence you; while those who think as you think, feel as you feel, wrestle as you wrestle, are scarce indeed. Companionship with such would be highly treasured, but their visits are like angels' visits—few and far between. Well, now, in thus dwelling alone as it were—oh, the sweet consolation of being able to "*cry unto the Lord daily*," to tell Him all you feel and desire, and to keep up with Him a secret intercourse!—I know many a dear child of God who is alone in such experience, not a member of his or her family understands what such secret intercourse means. The word burns within, but there must be a forced silence; the poor soul would love to talk and tell of Jesus all the day, but circumstances forbid, and the relief is to

tell all to the Lord, to "cry unto Him daily." And then, beloved, what comfort there is in thus constantly directing the prayer to God, for see in this world of activity, when one feels, in standing in one's lot, compelled to fulfil life's engagements to the utmost, or else one would get pushed aside and displaced by others. Well, in this whirl of business, when hours and days are passing away in rapid succession; oh, the comfort of crying unto the Lord daily! of very often turning the eye upward and the heart homeward, and calling down covenant supplies and covenant blessings—'tis then we are enabled to joy in the Lord, and realize the closing expression of this precious Psalm: "Thou, Lord, hast holpen me and comforted me."

And again, beloved, is it not a hallowed thought, that if the Lord's people never meet on earth, they are constantly meeting in spirit at the throne, for one and all of them "cry daily unto God." Our dear brother, across the Atlantic, who sends this month greeting and words of comfort and encouragement to the poor Wayside-Note writer; we may never see each other face to face—and, indeed, meetings in the flesh often disappoint; but in action, feeling, and experience we are one; in the daily cry we are alike. Oh! 'tis well to know each other in the Lord, and to form no friendships in this hollow world but in the name of Jesus.

And now, dear reader, in conclusion, there is something very wonderful in this constant negotiation with the court of heaven. Only think, a poor worm of the earth permitted to hold intercourse with a God so pure and holy—only think, the great God in heaven, and little insignificant I on earth, owned, blessed, and allowed the enjoyment of fellowship. 'Tis really wonderful! What can have brought about such an inestimable privilege? Why, dear Jesus is the cause of all. He it is who has brought a holy God and a poor erring sinner into wonderful contact. Oh! to honour Him more and more; and, if we cannot do anything more—

"To Him we'll let our cries arise,
And tell Him all our wants;
His love attends to all our sighs,
And all we need He grants."

Pray for frequent access to the throne of God, and for faith to plead the blood at the mercy-seat. "Wait often upon the Lord, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

[Read PSALM cxii.]

"To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."—PSALM cxii. 4.

A gloomy day has a very depressing effect upon one's spirits; but, oh, when the sun bursts from amidst the black clouds, how cheered and joyous one becomes! And is it not so, beloved, in a spiritual sense? The soul knows what it is very often to experience gloomy days, and to get into a benighted state; and yet, beloved, look back, and say, has not this declaration been again and again joyously realized: "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." Oh! for more of those sweet heart-reviving rays of light that dart from a Father's throne: Oh! for more of Jesus's love shed abroad in our hearts. Oh! for more of the Spirit's good cheer to make us animated in divine things. The theory of light is beyond man's comprehension, hence Job asks, "Where is the way where light dwelleth?" but its diffusive influence is felt. So with the children of God, they

cannot explain the infinity of spiritual light, but this they do know—they *feel it*. Yes, *feel it*, in secret upliftings of soul before God, in inward rejoicing of spirit through the application of the word, and in joyous boundings of heart, so that under the influence of light they become *happy in the Lord*, and can say, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun." Oh! I am so happy, because I have had a little joyous season with the Lord. Is it dark with thy soul, dear reader? To the upright there shall arise *light in the darkness*. Jesus has only withdrawn Himself for a little season. His love remains unchanged. He is only behind the lattice, and soon will peep forth again, and a glance at His lovely countenance will ravish thy soul.

And then only think, there will be no darkness in heaven; the future glory of God's saints is all glory, no gloom; all joy, no weeping; all light, no darkness at all. Cheer up, beloved, to the upright there has arisen, and will arise, even to the end, *light in the darkness*.

Oh! how completely dear Newton sings our experience in the following lines upon "The benighted traveller"—

"Thus when Jesus is in view,
Cheerful I my way pursue;
Walking by my Saviour's light,
Nothing can my soul affright:
But when He forbears to shine,
Soon the traveller's case is mine;

Lost, benighted, struck with dread,
What a painful path I tread!
Gracious Lord, afford me light,
Put these beasts of prey to flight;
Let Thy power of love be shown:
Save me, for I am Thine own."

Pray for the light of God's wisdom to guide you through this cloudy world; the light of His favour to cheer you on your way home, and in dark seasons rest upon the declaration above, "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

And now, in conclusion, beloved, our monthly gleanings have brought out four themes to cheer us on in life's pilgrimage, viz: The power of the word to melt the heart; the preciousness of the golden gift of patience, which, may the Lord grant, may be a lively exercise in our experience; the personal and frequent cry at the throne of grace, which indicates relationship and the new birth; and the promise, "that light shall arise in our days of darkness." Shall not these things cause us to press on joyfully?

Dear reader, may the Lord in infinite goodness establish you in faith.

May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God our covenant Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you. Such are the desires of

Yours in Gospel fellowship,

Bury St. Edmund's.

G. C.

A SAD SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE question of the appointment of a Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Wandsworth House of Correction was again discussed at a meeting of the Surrey magistrates on Wednesday, Jan. 6th. It was moved that a Chaplain be appointed, with a salary of £150 a-year. Considerable discussion followed, ending in the passing of a resolution confirming the nomination by the visiting justices of the Rev. Mr. M'Henry as Chaplain, with a salary not exceeding £100 per annum. The same subject was discussed at the Staffordshire Sessions on the 4th inst. The motion there for the appointment of a Chaplain was opposed by Mr. Adderley, M.P., and Mr. Hardy, M.P., and rejected by 31 votes to 27.

THE BELIEVER'S WANTS AND SOURCES OF SUPPLY.

JESUS, I want to know Thy wond'rous grace and love,
Which Thou unfoldest to Thy Church above;
I want to know Thee as the Anchor of my soul,
Which raging storms can never break nor foul.

I want to know Thee as my Prophet, gracious Lord,
Revealing Thy dear Self in Thy blest Word;
I want to know Thee as my all-atoning Priest,
The Paschal Lamb on which my soul can feast.

I want to know Thee as my great and glorious King,
From whom all grace, and peace, and mercy spring:
I want to know Thee as my ever-present Friend,
Who having lov'd, will love me to the end.

I want to know Thee as the Life, the Truth, the Way,
The Sun that turns my darkness into day:
My dull and drossy soul I want Thee to refine,
I want a full persuasion *Thou art mine*.

I want to realize Thy Holy Spirit's power,
Unfolding precious graces every hour:
I want His teaching, and His guiding into truth,
I want from vanities to stand aloof.

I want to know Thee as my Shelter, in *that* day
When Thou Thy wrath and justice shalt display:
I want to hear Thy sweet, Thy ever-charming voice,
Which makes Thy blood-bought family rejoice.

I want a full assurance of Thy reconciling kiss,
I want a foretaste of Thy heavenly bliss:
I want a meetness for Thy glorious dwelling-place,
I want, for ever, to behold Thy face.

I know, O Father, Thou wilt every want supply,
Thy faithful oath and promise cannot lie:
And though I'm changing, wand'ring, faithless, very wild,
Yet still Thou lov'st me—lov'st Thy erring child.

Clifton.

J. B.

LESSON.

My little bird was out of his cage, and had occupied much of my time in looking after him, when I thought at last, "May I not ask the Lord to send him in?" I did so, but seemed to have no response, as he hopped near it and on it, and then took further flights round the room. I thought, "How is this? is it too trifling a matter to take to the Lord? But others had gone with things as trivial." Then this thought came to me, "There's a distinction to be made between those who are *near*, and those at a *distance* from the Lord. *Naturally*, an answer will come quicker from a person *near* to you, than one at a distance." It was then remembered that I had shown ill-temper recently, and had spoken "roughly," and at once I saw how could I be favoured till I had asked forgiveness for such conduct, and expressed contrition, and ill-deserving of the *least* favour? This was done. A moment or two afterwards my little bird hopped into his cage, and I shut him in, and thought, "Well, it had been time well spent, though in doing nothing, through having to keep my eye on him, and thus afterwards through that circumstance have mine eyes been up unto the Lord, and so be again hearing from, and answered by Him." **OBSERVER.**

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND PEACE.

*"And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness
quietness and assurance for ever."*—ISA. xxxii. 17.

"Righteousness and peace have kissed each other."—PSALM lxxxv. 10.

In regarding these passages of the Psalmist and the Prophet, we cannot fail to perceive how closely righteousness and peace are connected; the latter being a necessary consequence of the former, as the result follows the cause.

The words of Isaiah are so plain that although their evident meaning is presented to the spiritually-enlightened eye with such clearness as scarcely to need any comment, yet it may be neither superfluous nor unprofitable to look a little more narrowly into the subject, and take a nearer view of the glorious doctrine which is thus brought forward for the consolation of the Church of Christ in all ages.

Let us look, first, at the righteousness here mentioned, and we shall see at once that it can allude to none other than the perfect righteousness of God's dear Son, who is elsewhere styled "The Lord our Righteousness;" and this in evident reference to the Divine *Person* of the Mediator, in the unsullied purity of His human nature, as well as in the brightness of the Father's glory.

But not only is Christ the Lord our righteousness, considered as the God-man, in two distinct natures combined in one divine person, expressed by one of His many names, that of Immanuel; but He also had a special work to perform on becoming incarnate, which none but Himself could undertake or execute; and if it be asked wherein that work consisted, it is briefly comprehended in a single verse contained in Dan. ix. 24, in which the work of Christ was "to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness." In like manner the apostle Paul sums up the whole glorious work of the Redeemer in few words—"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen" (Heb. xiii. 20, 21).

At His baptism the Lord Himself says, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." And not only did He perfectly fulfil the law, but He did much more; for, being made under the law, in order to redeem His brethren from the curse of that broken and dishonoured covenant, He was not content with barely making good its requirements, but, as was foretold of Him, "He magnified the law and made it honourable," by which we are informed Jehovah the Father "was well pleased for His righteousness' sake" (Isa. xlii. 21).

The prophet Isaiah describes this as the work of righteousness; and the Psalmist asserts of this work that it is "honourable and glorious: and His righteousness endureth for ever" (Psalm cxi. 3).

We proceed now to the peace which follows the work of righteousness. "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other" (Psalm lxxxv. 10). The apostle James confirms this when he says, "And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace" (James iii. 18).

But this was not all. The obedience of Christ, perfect and glorious as it is, would not have sufficed to satisfy divine justice; hence atonement was necessary in order to complete the work of redemption. Christ had to suffer the punish-

ment due to the broken law, ere He could say "It is finished." He did indeed exclaim long before, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do;" and this was most true, inasmuch as we have seen He had rendered entire obedience to God's law, and had been accepted of His Father, who says, addressing His dear Son, "In an acceptable time have I heard thee" (Isa. xlix. 8); as well as on two subsequent occasions, viz., at His baptism and His transfiguration, when an audible voice from heaven announced, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Thus our Lord's holy life, from His earliest years to the closing scene, during the whole course of which He was about His Father's business, and doing good to men—His holy life amply shows that He had then finished all He undertook to do on our behalf, by way of meriting that high reward of eternal glory which forms the rich inheritance of the saints in light. But He had not finished the suffering, He had not fully exhausted the cup of woe which He had engaged to drink in the stead of His beloved people; and not until the agony in the garden of Gethsemane and the suffering on the cross of Calvary had been undergone, did He utter the loud cry, "It is finished;" when His holy soul was released for a brief space from His immaculate body, to be shortly reassumed as the first-fruits of the resurrection of His mystical body—the Church, whom He had bought with His blood, and clothed with the glorious robe of His righteousness, the working out of which had engaged His whole life.

Before leaving this part of the subject, another thought arises—He who is the Lord our righteousness is also the Lord our peace—"For He is our peace" (Eph. ii. 13, 14)

Turn we now to the second clause in this short verse—"The effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance for ever." The effect of righteousness is not limited to peace only, its influence extends to quietness and assurance. "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength" (Isa. xxx. 15). Hence the dear Redeemer comforts His sorrowing disciples—"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," seeing that "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." Where is there room for disquietude, when Christ gives peace? Nor are these gracious effects flowing from righteousness bounded by time, since quietness and confidence are for ever. Peace is sweet, quietness is precious; but assurance is the very climax of blessedness. They begin in time, and pass on to eternity; peace flowing as a river, and righteousness as the waves of the sea (Isa. xlviii. 18). Peace, quietness, assurance—three blessed effects, constantly filling the hearts of the happy recipients of God's mercy in Christ with joy and gladness, and this for ever and ever.

It is well said that the "gifts and calling of God are without repentance." This is true of all God's "best gifts," which we are commanded to "covet earnestly." God never bestows spiritual gifts and divine calling to take them away again. Once received they become eternal possessions; incorruptible treasures, because they flow from the fountain head of blessing, even from Jesus, in whom are hid all treasures, and out of whose fulness we all receive grace, seeing that in Him resides "the fulness of Him who filleth all in all."

Ventnor.

ANNA.

An aged saint, upwards of eighty years of age, and whom every body knows, once said in the pulpit, "Who amongst you wishes to do God a service?" He supposes the people to rise, many of them, and say, "I!" "I!" "I!" "Then," said he, "believe what He says."

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

“*God be merciful to me, a sinner.*”—LUKE xviii. 13.

In this parable we have two characters delineated—one a Pharisee, and the other a publican; both of which seem to bear a direct allusion to, or were descriptive of, the two classes, spiritually considered, into which the Jewish nation was divided at the time of our Lord's mission upon earth; and which, we may add, have more or less constituted the professing world, in every age, down to the present time; for those whose eyes are opened can readily discover the counterpart of these two characters in the present day. Go abroad into the religious world (if we may be allowed the expression), and you'll see the Pharisees of our day all bearing a striking likeness to the original stock. Close sticklers are they for the outworks of Christianity; are very zealous for the law, which they do not keep, and more so of their own works and doings; yea, they cling as tenaciously as if life and death depended thereupon, to the rags and tatters of their self-righteousness, which every sinner saved is glad to cast away as a menstruous cloth; and hold poor sensible sinners, who know the plague of their own hearts, in as much detestation and contempt as the Pharisees of old did the poor publicans, whom we take to be a graphic description of sinners—sensible sinners—who feel themselves, under the teaching of the Spirit, and by their own vileness, to be the outcasts of society, the offscouring of all things, being oft, as to their apprehension, “without Christ, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world;” and, as J. Hart has it,

“Condemned and shunned by all.”

By the description given of these two characters, from the 9th to the 14th verse, you have somewhat of an insight into the principles of the religion the one possessed, and the other professed. One, though ashamed of himself and doings, and humbled in the dust before God, daring not so much as to lift up his eyes to the mercy throne, we discover on the King's highway to heaven; and the other, notwithstanding all his pretensions to holiness and sanctity, fast travelling the downward course to hell. It is with the prayer of the former that we have here to do, in considering which, we notice—

- I. The confession.
- II. The supplication.
- III. The blessing.

I.—The confession made—“me, a sinner.” Oh, how many there are, in every age, who have acknowledged this with their lips, but who have no spiritual perception of the nature thereof under the light of the Gospel, and by the teaching of the Holy Ghost; for, to make this confession merely with the lip, and to feel we are sinners at heart, and in the sight of a holy God, are two very different things. Those who make this acknowledgment aright, do so from a feeling sense of the hatefulness of sin, and of their own vileness on account thereof in the eyes of God. They go before Him, as we read of some of old, with a halter about their necks, owning that they deserve God's righteous indignation and wrath; taking, at the same time, shame and confusion of face to themselves; urging nothing by way of extenuation of their fault, having no objection to raise against the sentence of condemnation being passed by the law upon them. None but the quickened of God, and the convicted of sin by the Holy Ghost, know fully what it is to be a sinner in His sight, who is infinitely holy, inflexibly just,

and of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Such, though they condemn themselves, will not trifle with sin or their condition thereby; for—

“A sinner is a sacred thing;
The Holy Ghost hath made him so.”

All the sons and daughters of Adam are sinners, both by original and actual transgression, and stand every moment of their unregenerate state upon the brink of eternal destruction; though they cannot see this, so as to lay it to heart, till their eyes are opened, and they become the subjects of the Spirit's quickening grace and power. We will consider man as a sinner under this twofold head—by nature, and by practice. Original sin we are all implicated in; we sinned in Adam, our first parent, and, as his posterity, are attainted with his crimes and treason against the Majesty on high, and die the death which was denounced against him for transgressing the commandment of God in partaking of the forbidden fruit; and, though there are some to be found who repudiate this, and retort upon its holders with, “What have we to do with Adam's sin?” it is no less true, notwithstanding; and to whom we would answer, Much, every way. Adam was placed in the garden of Eden as the representative of every son and daughter that should hereafter spring from his loins, and be born into the world. He was their federal head under the covenant of works; was appointed such by the all-wise Jehovah, and so constituted by Him, being endowed with every moral excellency, gift, and perfection suited to the condition in which he was placed—both ample and adequate to maintain his standing in the state of innocence, and secure the possession of his earthly paradise to himself and his seed for ever. God pronounced all His works at creation very good—the first man included; and, had any of my objectors been there, and seen him endued as he was with superior faculties, holiness, and strength (for he was made perfectly upright—sufficient to stand, though free to fall), they would have silently acquiesced in, and been perfectly satisfied with, Jehovah's choice. But he fell; and we fell in and with him; and, as his offspring, have become naturally corrupt; as his family, are attainted with his treason, being turned by his transgression into the degenerate plant of a strange vine. None who are born of him into the world, whether elect or non-elect, come forth without the taint of original sin; yea, the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint and polluted; he communicates his degeneracy to all his seed, who are by nature the children of wrath, and exposed thereunto.

But man is a sinner by actual transgression. I suppose none will have the effrontery to dispute this for one moment; none amongst the sin-born children of men will dare to confront their Maker, and say they are clear from transgression and sin. Oh, no! It is abundantly manifested in us as children, for we go astray speaking lies as soon as we are born. The seeds of sin are implanted in our very nature, and bid fair as we advance in life, if grace prevent not, to produce copious fruit, which shall only fit and ripen us for destruction. True, some may advance in the paths of iniquity far greater lengths than others; for persons, from the advantages they possess by position, example, and education, may be in some measure restrained therefrom; but one and all of us, my readers, whether we know it or not, are sinners; ah, and great sinners too! for “who,” as the Psalmist asks, “can tell how oft he offendeth?” We have broken the law of God times without number, both in thought, word, and action; consequently, are in arrears, and must, unless God interpose, endure its curse. Who amongst the sons of men can calculate the hidden evils of their own hearts? We don't so much as mention the outward sins they have committed, but the

secret sins which are known only to God and themselves; for recollect that the thought of foolishness is sin: the bare conception thereof in the mind is a transgression of God's holy law, which requireth truth in the inward parts. We transgress hundreds, yea, thousands of times daily—I might almost say hourly; so that if we could really discover what monsters sin has made us in the sight of God—if we had an insight into the evils and corruptions of our hearts as they are seen by God, to whom all things stand naked, open, and exposed—methinks the sight, apart from a corresponding view of the mercy of God in Christ, would not only fill us with dismay, but also overwhelm us in despair. In and by God's light, let in by measure upon our souls, we see ourselves nothing but a mass of wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores, with no soundness in us; for which, when in our right minds, we loathe ourselves before God, and, like the poor publican, stand afar off, willing to put our mouths in the dust, if so be there may be hope for us through the rich grace of God in Christ. All attempts to palliate our fault, and excuse ourselves on the score of inability, weakness, and ignorance, only aggravate our case, and increase our crimes before God. It is a solemn fact, my readers, that we have all sinned, and debased ourselves to hell by our actual transgressions, to which we also richly deserve to be consigned. But as the knowledge of the malady is a prelude to the remedy, and half the cure, we would say to you who feel yourselves sinners, and are mourners on this account before God, Fellow-sinners, do not despair on account of the magnitude and enormity of your transgressions, for, if you are laying this to heart, and unreservedly confessing the same before God, and are crying to Him for mercy through the Redeemer's blood, there is hope in Israel concerning you. Besides, to confess our sins before God, is the right way to be forgiven by Him; for "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Our approaches, then, to the divine Majesty, seeing that in many things we offend all, should be attended with the frank, free, and open confession of our sins before God: it is only this that He requires at our hands previous to bestowing his pardoning mercy upon us. "Only acknowledge thine iniquity," &c., saith He by the mouth of Jeremiah to the Jews of old, who had spoken and done evil as they could, and which equally is applicable to notorious transgressors of the present day. None need be afraid of telling Him all their badness, for He is one who never discloses the secrets of His people, or upbraids them for their negligences, ignorances, and sins.

II. The supplication presented—"God be merciful to me, a sinner." Prayer is the desire and outgoing of the renewed soul towards God; the language of the contrite sinner's heart, indited and dictated by the Spirit of God, who for this end and purpose is the Spirit of grace and supplication in God's people, helping their infirmities at the mercy-throne, and making intercession in their hearts according to their needs, and agreeable to the will of God. In prayer we talk to the Lord in a familiar manner, and unbosom to Him all our wounds, our wants, and woes. Every praying soul, then, is a necessitous one, and, like the publican, is made to feel his need of the covenanted mercies of God, ere he is found asking for them at His hands; for none ever seek the blessings of pardon and salvation till they feel their perishing condition, that they are transgressors liable to the wrath of God, and reduced to self-despair; and, when this is the case with any one, we may safely infer that the Lord is at work with that soul, who sooner or later becomes, under the Spirit's influence, an importunate beggar at God's footstool, and the petitions that go forth from his lips are heart petitions, attended with divine energy and power; which spirit of prayer in the soul manifests a disposition on the part of God to help, for He never yet said to the

seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain ; and those who are the subjects thereof may rest assured that God's heart and hand of mercy are opened to communicate to them, according as their case and circumstances may require.

But let us look at some of the characteristics of the prayer of the publican, in which we discover the essence of *humility*, standing out as it does in contrast with the prayer of the Pharisee, which was the very acme of impudence, the elixir of pride, self-righteousness, and esteem. Whilst the Pharisee occupied a prominent place in the temple, taking care to be seen and heard of man, the publican, we are told, stood afar off, by which act he testified of the sense he had of his condition and unworthiness—that he was afar off from God, and deserved to be kept at an infinite distance from Him for ever. He evidently sought, as every poor sinner does under conviction of sin, retirement from the gaze of the world ; and thought, with them, that it was a great mercy to be out of hell, and on praying ground ; and, mind you, that soul that feels himself sin-convicted, law and self-condemned, always approaches the divine footstool in the garb, and sues for pardon in the spirit of true humility. He well knows if God were to deal with him in wrath, and after his just deserts, he would be in that place where neither hope nor comfort is found. And he “would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven.” This shows that he felt the guilt and rod of sin upon his conscience, and that shame and confusion of face had taken hold upon him on this account. “But smote upon his breast, saying,” &c. Thus was he the subject of impassioned sorrow and deep repentance on account of sin, and plagued with an evil heart, which he lamented as the source of all his transgressions. And is it not so with the sinner whose eyes are opened to see his state by nature ? Like Ezra, he blushes, and is ashamed to lift up his face to God, laments the hidden evils of his heart, and counts himself as unworthy of a place amongst the living family of God, and of the least of a covenant Father's mercies. This poverty of spirit is indeed a mark of divine grace, for nothing less than the power of the Holy Ghost can humble the sinner in the dust before God, make him reject his own righteousness, and cast himself as a poor guilty wretch at the foot of the cross ; and all those who thus humble themselves on account of their sin before God, shall eventually be exalted by grace here, and in glory hereafter.

2. It was *simple*. He had not the audacity to boast of his own doings, neither did he use excellency of speech to make an ostentatious parade before men ; but he addressed the God he had so oft offended in the simple breathings of a child, and the unadorned language of the heart ; which plainness of speech was a mark of the genuineness of his religion. And you may depend upon it, the more we divest ourselves of luxuriancy of expression, and the simpler our language is in addressing the Supreme Being, the better it becomes us as sinners, and the greater it tends to the edification of our own souls, as well as those that hear. The sinner in distress will not study nicely-concocted phrases, or elegance of style, however much he may have them at command ; but, under the burden of guilt, the pressure of want, and the oppositions of Satan, he will prostrate himself before the Lord in adoration of His goodness in His long-suffering towards him, and pour out his very soul in the simple language of a child, which is equally as pleasing to the Lord as the more eloquent speech of the full-grown man. In prayer, God looks at the heart of the suppliant ; and, though the desires of the heart are uttered in ever so simple and broken language before Him, they are carried up by the angel of mercy, and presented with the perfume of the incense of Christ's merits and intercession before the Majesty on high.

3. *Earnestness* was another characteristic of the publican's prayer. Con-

scious of his guilt, not only from the insinuations and accusations of the Pharisee, but from the sentence of the law upon his conscience, he was importunate and earnest in his suit for mercy at the hands of an offended God. And the man who is in deep distress on account of sin, who experiences the terrors of law and the arrows of the Almighty transfixed in his awakened conscience, who sees nothing but destruction on every hand, with perdition's yawning jaws already opening to receive him, will throw his whole soul into the cry for help and succour; the apprehension of danger will make him earnest in his entreaties for mercy; and he will feel something analagous to the experience of the poet,—

"Though words can never tell my case,
Nor all my sorrows paint;
This I can say before Thy face,
That Christ is all I want."

"Give me Christ," is his language, "or else I die." Besides, God is not mocked. He will have the heart of the suppliant engaged in this exercise of godliness ere success is attained, "for the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." And that soul who is in earnest about the one thing needful, and is a humble suppliant at the throne of grace, will have powerful pleas and arguments put into his lips far beyond his utmost expectations; strength is given him from above to wrestle with God in prayer, it being His intention to be prevailed with and overcome by a mere worm: in short, he prays now as he never prayed before. Such an one will plead the promises of God spoken to the coming sinner, will urge upon Him His gracious character as revealed in Christ, through whose obedient life and precious death he begs for mercy to be extended to him, vile transgressor though he be, that God's name might be magnified, and His glory declared great in his salvation. The child of God stands in this respect distinguished from the mere nominal professor: whilst the one manifests no anxiety or concern to be right, is cold and formal in his petitions, and gradually settling down upon his lees; the other is fearful lest he should be deceived, and, under a mighty influence at work within, is stirred up to seek God continually in earnest prayer, for the personal manifestation, and will not let Him rest till the doubtful case is decided, and the blessing obtained at His hands.

(To be continued.)

TO MY SOUL'S BELOVED.

Oh! draw me with Thine arm of love,
And fold me to Thy breast,
That I may feel Thy heart's warm throb,
And be supremely blest.

Oh! let my weary, troubled heart,
Find there a sweet repose;
The soothing of its anguish, pain,
And wild, impassioned throes.

Then in my storm-swept bosom speak
The calming word of peace,
To still the raging passions' toss,
Bid tempest terrors cease.

Here let me lie, and looking up
See Thy kind, gentle eye,

Bending its blessed beam on me
To bid all dark doubts die.

Here would I lie in glad consent,
And heav'nly rapture know,
In viewing that sweet loveliness
Thy gracious face doth show.

Oh! ever let Thy faithful arm
Be round me all life's way,
My soul's Beloved, Husband true,
Sure, saving, steadfast Stay.

Supported by that arm, I'll tread
The weary wilderness,
And toward the wished-for, waiting crown
With cheerful footsteps press. 000.

THE DOCTRINES OF GRACE VINDICATED.

3rd. THE doctrine of the absoluteness and unconditionality of the covenant of grace, is far from being a licentious one. It is true indeed that the works of men do not put them into this covenant, nor their evil works; their transgressions and sins turn them out of it who are in it; yet this does not suppose that God overlooks and connives at the sins of His people, since it is expressly said that it is a part of this covenant—"If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments, &c., nevertheless my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him," &c. Besides, nothing more fully provides both for internal and external holiness than the covenant of grace, and that by the most absolute and unconditional promises. It provides for internal holiness by such promises as these—"I will sprinkle clean water upon you: a new heart also will I give you," &c. It provides for external holiness, and that in the most effectual manner; since God in it promises, saying, "I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes." Nor is there anything under the influence of divine grace that more powerfully operates upon and stirs up the desires of the saints, their care, diligence, and industry to discharge their duty, than the absolute and unconditional promises of grace, such as these—"As God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be a father to you," &c. "Wherefore," saith the apostle, "having these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves," &c. Add to all this, that God in the covenant of grace provides in an absolute and unconditional way for the saints' final perseverance in faith and holiness; saying, "I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me."

4th. The doctrine of particular redemption by Christ is free from any imputation of libertinism. It is, indeed, a redemption from the bondage, curse, and condemnation of the law; but does not exempt from obedience to it, as seen in the hands of Christ: for saints are still "under law to Christ, and those who delight in the law of God after the inward man, and most cheerfully serve it with their mind, are those who are become dead unto it, or delivered from it by the blood of Christ. Redemption is a deliverance from sin, original and actual; and that not only from the guilt of sin and the punishment due to it, but, in consequence of redeeming grace, the redeemed ones are delivered from the dominion and governing power of sin, and at last from the being of it. Christ saves His people "from their sins;" He does not indulge them in their sins: the Deliverer that comes out of Zion "turns away ungodliness from Jacob." Strange, that a redemption from a vain conversation should ever be an encouragement to one; or that a person being ransomed out of the hands of Satan, and taken as a prey out of the hands of the mighty, should be an argument with him to give himself up to the service of Him by whom He was redeemed. Besides, the great end of Christ's giving Himself for any of the sons of men is, that "He might redeem them from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of all good works." Nor does anything lay such an obligation upon men to glorify God with their body and spirit, as the consideration of this, that they are not their own, but bought with a price.

5th. The doctrine of Christ's bearing our sins, and making satisfaction for them to the justice of God, is another pure and holy doctrine; for, though Christ has borne all the sins of His people—all the guilt and filth of them—and all the punishment due to them—has taken away all, for His blood cleanseth from all sin, removes all that is in sin, and belongs to it, yet this gives no encouragement to sin: for one end of Christ's bearing our sins in His own body on the

tree was, that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness. This becomes the motive to obedience and holiness. Though they through the law are dead to the law, yet it is that they might live unto God, and walk by faith in obedience to His revealed will. The blood of Jesus Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself a pure and spotless sacrifice for sin, purges their conscience from dead works that they may serve the living God; it is only such who walk in the light, and have fellowship with Christ, whom His blood cleanses from all sin: for "if we say we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness," &c. Christ suffering, the just for the unjust, the punishment due to sin was to bring us to God; not only to reconcile us to Him, and to enjoy His favour, but to walk with Him, to walk in His ways, and to walk humbly before Him; whereas if it gave a licence to sin, and encouraged in it, it would set us at a greater distance from Him. Christ's satisfaction for sin does not at all weaken our obligation to obedience, but increases it.

6th. The doctrine of justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ, is a doctrine according to godliness, however it may be traduced as a licentious one; it neither makes void the law, nor discourages the performance of good works, nor encourages in sin; it does not annul or make the law useless. "Do we," says the apostle, "make void the law by faith?" that is, by the doctrine of justification through the righteousness of Christ received by faith. "God forbid; yea, we establish the law," since we assert that men are justified by a perfect righteousness, which is every way agreeable to the demands of the law, and by which that law is magnified and made honourable. Nor does it at all discountenance the discharge of duty, but is the greatest motive and inducement to it. Thus the apostle having observed that we are not saved by works of righteousness done by us, that we are justified by the grace of Christ, and are made heirs according to the hope of eternal life, adds, "this is a faithful saying," and these things, that is, "these doctrines. I will that thou affirm constantly;" that thou assert them without any doubt or hesitation about them, and that thou dwell upon them in thy ministry, and frequently inculcate them, to this end and purpose that they which have believed in God "might be careful to maintain good works." Nothing like these doctrines will induce them thereunto. Nor does this doctrine give any countenance to sinful practices; for, though God justifies the godly, yet He does not indulge them in ungodliness. Christ's righteousness justifies from all sin, but does not justify persons in a continuance of sin. Besides faith, which receives this blessing from the Lord and righteousness from the God of salvation, which is the reason why men are said to be justified by it, love is an operative grace, is attended with the fruits of righteousness, is evinced by good works, made perfect by them, and is without them dead. Yet some will say the doctrine of justification by faith is no licentious doctrine; but the doctrines of eternal justification and eternal union are. This comes from another quarter, from a set of men who should know better. What diabolical charm—what Satanic influence can there possibly be in a date? If justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ alone without the works of the creature has had no influence upon the life and conversation, the moving of the date of it higher than it has been commonly put can never be attended with any bad consequences that way, nor can any consequences arise from it but what must also unavoidably follow upon eternal election; and, as for eternal union with Christ, it is the foundation of all the good things Christ has done for His people, of all the good things the Spirit works in them, and of all the good works done by them; and therefore can never give birth and countenance to evil practices.

—*Extract from Dr. Gill's Sermons.*

A TORMENTING INMATE.

DAILY life furnishes us with abundant commentaries upon the truth and wisdom of Scripture. The Church of God may well smile at all her foes as she lays alongside the speculations of essayists, and the arithmetic of Colenso, a few experimental facts realized by the teaching of the Spirit, shown up in the word, and acted out in the detail of life. God's book tells us, *an inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed.* Who that has lived long, and observed wisely, but has read in stubborn facts these words? Ill-gotten wealth, how often it takes wing and flies away; or with it comes corroding grief, and the torment of an accusing conscience, that mars effectually every benefit and comfort that riches afford. The following history illustrates our text:—About Christmas, 1801, a cattle-jobber, named Johnson, a man of industrious habits and no petty means, left the village of Freiston for Smithfield. He was known to have a considerable sum of money about him, and the beasts he was deputed to sell were valuable, so that his return home was looked for with some anxiety; but home he never came. The cattle he was in charge of, it was ascertained he had sold. Proof was also given that he had obtained payment for them before he quitted London. But of Johnson himself nothing more definite could be learnt than this, that he had been seen and spoken to by a grazier (who knew him well) on the north road, about twenty miles from London. Further and fuller inquiries were instituted; they resulted in establishing these facts as to Johnson's movements: that he had reached Oakham on his way homewards; that his object in going to Oakham was to meet a farmer named Smith, and another farmer named Hacket, from both of whom he was to receive a sum of money for cattle which he had sold to them in the preceding month of August. Hacket it appeared was punctual to his appointment, and settled with him, but Smith was not forthcoming.

Mr. Smith, the farmer at Braunston, was spoken to. He was a man in indifferent circumstances; keen after business; shrewd and wary in his dealings, and greatly influenced by his housekeeper, a woman named Levison, who attended to the dairy. The account each gave was simple and straightforward. Johnson, the cattle-jobber, had never been there; they had never seen him. They had never quitted the premises on the day named. If Johnson had called, they must have seen him; but he never did call—they were positive on the point. It was quite true they owed him money—not much; but it was ready for him, and whenever he called he should have it. Everything seemed to tally with this statement—nothing to contradict it; for none of the farmer labourers could bring to mind that they had seen any stranger near the place, or about the place, that day or that week, if it came to that. They were sure and certain Johnson, the cattle-jobber, had not been there; *they know'd he quite well.* Further questioning seemed idle. Nothing was to be learnt about Johnson at Braunston: that was evident at once.

Months rolled away; gradually, and with a most careful avoidance of all show and parade, capital was actively brought into play on Smith's farm: improvements were made, implements were bought, more money was spent in labourage, more stock was seen in the foldyard. Those around him remarked, "Neighbour Smith will do well yet. He understands farming, and is a close hand at a bargain. All he wanted was capital—that he has; the puzzle is where he got it. All's right now; he'll do well." But all was not right—he did *not* do well. Nothing did well that he took in hand. There was no want of industry, or

energy, or thrift; but nothing seemed to answer, and the result was that after awhile Smith failed—removed—died a pauper—and was buried at the expense of the parish in 1825.

Time wore on—the year 1831 arrived. Levison's health had been gradually failing. A fatal result at length became imminent. She was told of it, listened attentively, and after an hour or two said, "There was something on her mind she couldn't die with—she must see some minister." She did so. Her statement was extraordinary. She said with great calmness that Johnson, the cattle-jobber, called at her master's house to receive money that was owing to him; that he was then and there robbed and murdered, and that she was a party to the deed. It did not appear that there had been any quarrel between the farmer and his victim. The temptation had been the sum of money which the cattle-jobber was known to carry about him. "But it did us no good," she added. "We were poor before we had it; we were poorer still after we had run through it. Nothing answered. We buried him in the stackyard at night. Smith and I managed it between us; and, for security's sake, we had a haystack large and broad run up over him. We always dreaded his body being found, and so my master every year had a huge hayrick built up and put right over the spot where Johnson lay. People say, If you've a purse full of money to go to, the troubles of life are light. Our purse was full enough; *but then—but then!* I've had many a miserable hour with it all; but the worst is *to come*, I fear. The amount was very large—many hundreds; a good deal in Leicester notes, and gold. Master laughed over the money as he told it out; he laughed but seldom afterwards. Oh, the bitter hours he and I have had together! and all for what? Nothing did well, neither the crops nor the stock. The very horses on the farm died off; I don't know how. Others around us had heavy crops—*we* never. Do what we would, there seemed always a *hand* fighting against us, and baffling us. I wished that my master had been repentant before he died. And what an end to come to after all—to die a pauper, and buried by the parish! Money so got, never abides. What comfort did it bring to either of us? Where is my poor guilty master now? Where shall I be a day or two hence?" So died the wretched woman who aided in the murder, and shared the ill-gotten wealth of the poor cattle-jobber Johnson!

Satan in our day is making a grand struggle to persuade people that there is no hell; but, as long as there is one guilty conscience upon God's earth, so long is there a present and experimental evidence that *there is a hell*. Whence come the fears about the great hereafter, if there is no hell? These fears are not educational—they are intuitive; they are the instinct of the conscience implanted by God, and, whether to sage or savage, tell of sin that needs an atonement. The infidel sage might learn a lesson of the ignorant heathen who under acknowledged sin propitiates his idol god by sacrifice and offering, and thereby hopes to escape the future judgment which he fears. Ask the guilt-stricken what they fear, the reply is—hell. Not, it may be, from knowledge of Scripture, but from heart fear. They have sinned, and they dread a day of retribution.

For ourselves, we must make this revelation of a fact that is humbling to the rationalists, who are so liberal in their assertions that there is no hell. These believers in a God all mercy are wonderfully timid at meeting their God. They are singularly afraid of death; and, though according to their divinity, there is no hell, therefore nothing to fear, and everything to enjoy, they seem very loath to leave this world, and very fearful about the future. We have known not a few universalists who have been wonderfully unhappy at the prospect of death; and the reason is simply this, *they do not know where they are going*.

"'Tis conscience goads them—that's the fear
Which prompts the wish to stay;
They have incurred a long arrear,
And must despair to pay."

Oh, what a contrast is there presented to us in the joys of a pardoned sinner, whose conscience has been purged by the blood of Christ, whose heart has been lightened of its load by the sweet sense of sins forgiven, and has found peace at the cross. Grace has picked up the worst of mankind, and put them among the blood-washed family of God; and, though the amount of crime is not equal in all, the nature is the same in every child of Adam. Reader, you and I have nothing to boast over these two wretched criminals; but may it be our portion to realize the pardon of sin and a sprinkled conscience by the blood of Christ.

K.

ON PILGRIMAGE.

GRACE, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you from the fulness that dwells in our precious Jesus; for "it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell:" and by virtue of our vital union to Him, "of His fulness have we received, grace for grace." Not only grace to quicken us when dead in sin, and create us anew in Christ Jesus, but grace to support us when fainting under the pressure of accumulated trials—grace to reclaim all our backslidings, and bring us again and again to His feet (and oh how sweet at such times have we heard His loving voice, "I have healed thy backslidings, received thee graciously, and loved thee freely"); grace to quicken us when from a feeling sense of our coldness to Him, and distance from Him, we have cried out, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken thou me according to Thy word." Ah, my brother, where should you and I have gone if the Lord had but left us after quickening our souls? How often have we to cry for renewing grace. Blessed be His name, He is not a God afar off, but a God near at hand; while we are yet speaking, He will hear. He comes skipping over the hills of our guilt, fears, and unbelief. On the mountain of His everlasting love He says, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." Our spiritual strength is renewed, and we mount as on eagle's wings, and soar above all the corroding cares of a perplexing world; forgetting for a time the things that are behind, and running the race set before us, with the prize in view; then we run without weariness, and walk without fainting in the divine life, and can say, "How sweet are Thy words to my taste; how I love Thy precepts, and hate every false way." Thus the Lord raiseth up the poor out of the dust of all the beggarly elements of this vain world, and lifteth the beggar from the dunghill of all his corruptions; then "we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the atonement." "God forbid, then, that we should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world." Instead of a life of conformity to the world and its maxims, "the life we live in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God." Let the world account us poor, we have durable riches and righteousness; treasures where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Where our treasure is, there may our hearts be. What an honour to be counted the offscouring of all things. "It is enough that the disciple be as his Master."

"A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure."

Yet, alas, what poor frail mortals we are, notwithstanding the many great deliverances the Lord hath wrought for us. How many Jehovah-nissi's, Hill Mizars, and Ebenezers, we have set up in by-gone days; and yet we no sooner see a cloud gather, than we fear as we enter; and when the Lord seems leading us in a way we have not gone heretofore—when the enemies bend their bow, and make ready their arrows, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart—when thus set up as a mark to be shot at, poor nature fears and says, "I shall surely fall by the hand of this Saul." Thus we are daily taught more and more of our weakness and entire dependance upon the great Captain of our salvation; faith lifts up her head, and penetrates the cloud, and sees the smiling face of Jesus; and when poor nature sees a host encamping against her, faith espies the Angel of the Covenant encamping all around them that fear Him; then the poor timid child turns to the stronghold, and exclaims, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host encamp against me, mine head shall be lifted up above mine enemies round about me." "Greater is He that is for us, than all that are against us." When strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, we can leap over a wall, and go through a troop. Ah, beloved in the Lord, how oft should we faint by the way did we not "believe to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." The Lord is pleased to cause much of His goodness to pass before us, and we have been favoured to enjoy times of refreshing from His presence, when "He has taken us into His banqueting house, and His banner over us was love." We have walked all day in the light of His countenance, and in the multitude of our thoughts within us His comforts delight our souls. Thus we have been indulged to hold sweet and hallowed communion with our best Beloved. Have we not often found when thus favoured, the Lord has been strengthening us for the day of trial, for some sharp conflicts with the enemy, like the prophet who went forty days in the strength of that meat? Our God hath set the day of adversity over against the day of prosperity; and, as Watts sings—

"We should suspect some danger nigh,
When we possess delight."

You will be ready to ask, if I am looking out for a storm? My Lord has been very gracious unto me for some weeks past; He has given me rest round about. I have been dwelling in the cleft of the rock, singing in the heights of Zion, my mind kept in perfect peace, stayed upon Him. Everything in providence is as straight as I can expect for a wilderness journey; all earthly props cut off; none to lean upon but my best Beloved; all streams dried, my thirst slacked with water from the smitten rock; meat to eat the world knows not of; not living upon bread alone, but by every word of God. "Thy word was found, and I did eat it; and it has been the joy and rejoicing of my soul." I dwell alone, yet enjoy the best of company, for my Beloved comes in, the doors being shut, and the world, professing and profane, shut out.

"Sometimes I find Him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray."

Ah, beloved in the Lord, these are indeed hallowed moments, to be closeted with Jesus, when we can not only say, my God is mine, but see His glory shine; thus we behold the "glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." You know when the sun shines, the wild beasts creep into their dens, and leave the poor sensible sinner alone with her Lord, and all her accusers are

silenced. Who then can bring a railing accusation? The law cannot, that has been honoured—justice satisfied; and the blood upon the conscience gives us a boldness without presumption, and while with deep humility we creep beside Him like a worm, and say He died for me, with child-like confidence we cry, “Abba, Father, my Lord and my God: I am my Beloved’s, and my Beloved is mine.” No formality here. We are raised above the world and its fading vanities. Nor is there any corroding care about the morrow. You will say, highly-favoured Sarah. Yes, indeed, for “the Lord hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden. My soul doth magnify the Lord, my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord alone.” To Him be all the glory, praise, and power. You know from your own experience that the bride cannot mourn while the Bridegroom is present. But time and language fails me to tell a thousandth part of what my dear Jesus hath revealed to me. Oh, how precious is His blessed word, when the Holy Spirit is the Preacher. He always preaches Christ, and what He hath done and suffered for us.

Since thus favoured I have sunk very low, fearing a fresh campaign, and feeling I would rather put off the armour, when the Lord gave me that portion in Joshua—“Have not I commanded thee? Be strong, and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed.” The whole chapter seemed all for me. Thus the Lord put my fears to flight. But I must close. Is it well with thee and thine? Through much mercy I am well. What a wonder-working God is our God; there is none like Him.

Yours in love,

Southampton.

SARAH.

A MERCHANT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE town of La Rochelle, on the western coast of France, is renowned in history for the memorable siege sustained by its Protestant inhabitants in 1628 and 1629. For fourteen long months it bravely resisted the attacks of vast forces both by sea and by land, and only capitulated when its 27,000 people had been reduced by famine and disease to 5,000. Amongst many interesting memorials of that trying period, there is one, however, whose history antedates the time of the siege by several centuries. It is a massive square building, built of white stone, and is situated in the middle of the town. Over its principal entrance it bears this inscription—“Hospital D’Affredy.” It is, indeed, an immense hospital for the sick, and owes its foundation to the following circumstances, which are strictly true.

Towards the latter part of the twelfth century, there lived at La Rochelle a merchant named Alexandre D’Affredy. On one occasion he ventured the whole of his fortune in the purchase and equipment of ten ships, which he sent forth to dispose of their cargoes in the cities of the Mediterranean and the ports of the far east. The factor who had charge of the ships, designing to increase the profits of the voyage by repeated transactions, employed a great deal of time in coasting; that is to say, he sailed from port to port, vending his cargoes and taking in others, and gaining great riches by each exchange. The return of the ships thus retarded, caused it to be generally believed that they had been lost in a tempest, or had fallen a prey to the pirates which then infested the seas.

This supposed failure of a venture in which he had embarked his all, caused

D'Affredy to be unable to meet his engagements with his creditors. He became bankrupt, and fell into the deepest miseries of poverty. His relatives and friends abandoned him, showing that human nature then was very similar to what it is now.

The unfortunate merchant, isolated and alone, turned to God for comfort; and, humbly considering His providence as the one master of revolutions, who varies our destinies as He wills, began to love and cherish his reverses. He found, as the Lord's people in all ages have found, that the loss of wealth and friends was the means of discovering to him the love of God; and that the last blessing far outweighed the former.

In order to procure a scanty subsistence, the once wealthy employer was compelled himself to seek employment as a porter. He was one day upon the sands waiting for labour, and, being tired, had laid down and fallen asleep. Presently one of his fellow-porters awakened him by shouting, "Affredy! your ships are in sight." But the announcement seemed to him more unreal than his dreams, and he only turned round to go to sleep again. The cry, however, was quickly repeated, and, being taken up by others, Affredy got up, and, looking out upon the sea, beheld the long missing ships sailing towards the shore. They had been absent for ten years, and the factor, learning the distress of his master, hastened to inform him of the success of his voyage, which had resulted in gains to the amount of £120,000.

But D'Affredy, despising the riches of which he had so long been deprived, and knowing by experience the miseries of the poor, resolved to consecrate his wealth to mitigate their ills. He founded the hospital called by his name, dedicating it to St. Bartholomew, and endowing it by a generous benefaction. He also devoted the rest of his days to the service of the sick—"a double example," says the ancient French chronicler, "of the grandeur of commerce of the Rochellois in the 12th century, and of the piety of one of their citizens whose memory 'will ever live.'"

LOVE AND BLOOD.

CHRIST's old covenant love to His people led to the shedding of His new covenant blood for them; so the way to find the fountain of His love, is to have it by the stream of His blood. It is by having an interest in His love that we have an interest in His blood; therefore, the people loved by Christ will be washed in the blood of Christ. No interest in His love—no interest in His blood.

None who feel the preciousness of the Saviour's love can think, speak, or write slightly of His blood.

The way in which the Holy Spirit breaks the heart of stone is by bringing it under the droppings of love and blood. How deep the seed of God's word sinks into the heart that is softened by love and blood! Oh, when the believer's soul, through the Holy Spirit, is saturated by love and blood, how insignificant he feels in himself! how overcome with a sense of boundless grace! What dangers he can then brave—what hills of difficulty he can then climb—what burdens he can then bear—what songs he can sing, even in the night! Through the medium of this love and blood, how brightly the precious promises shine!

Christ's love, without His blood, could not have saved us: Christ's blood, without His love, could not have redeemed or cleansed us. The warm drops of

the Saviour's blood came from a heart that was heated by the fire of divine love ; it was, as it were, His love boiling over—forcing itself through the veil of His flesh.

Oh, what triumphs have been achieved over sin, death, and hell, by love and blood ! Christian ! what has made you to differ from others, but love and blood ? How is that you have been enabled to keep your head above the waters, and have walked unhurt in the fire ? Here is the reason—love and blood ! To what but to love and blood will the salvation of every elect vessel of mercy be ascribed throughout eternity ?

Dursley.

F. F.

“WHERE ART THOU ?”

No doubt, dear reader, you are well acquainted with the occasion on which these words were used. After Adam had sinned—after he had loaded his soul with guilt—after he had estranged himself from God—enlisted under the devil's banner—when he was filled with fears and confusion, and had sought to hide himself from his Maker ; then God appears, and in a voice which caused poor Adam and Eve to tremble, he demanded, “Where art thou ?” Oh, how truly does this illustrate the truth spoken in the book of Job : “There is no darkness or shadow of death where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves.”

Poor unconverted one ! “Where art thou ?” It may be thou fanciest thyself a freeman, and, dreaming of liberty, art going heedlessly on in the downward road which leadeth to destruction. Oh, how fearful the end of such a course—destruction of both body and soul ! Thou thinkest thyself free ; you do not see any cause to be alarmed. Alas ! So does Satan blind men's eyes, and in carelessness, worldliness, and profanity lulls them on easily to perdition, under the “power of Satan” (as the Scripture speaks) and bound with the “bond of iniquity.” It may be that thou thinkest death is far away, and perhaps, after all, the judgment-day will never come. Oh, may God by His Holy Spirit awaken thee to see thy danger, to feel thy guilt, and flee to Jesus for thy soul's salvation ; for remember, oh, remember that ye cannot escape, if ye neglect so great salvation.

But, professor of religion, allow me to ask, “Where art thou ? You may not curse, and lie, and swear as many do—you may not break the Sabbath as many do—you may, perhaps, diligently attend the means of grace ; but for all that, still it may be that you are not separated from the world ; that you are not “born again ;” that you are not a living member of the true Church of God. Oh, professor, tell me, how is it ? “Where art thou ?” While in this world, poor sinners are, through God's mercy, feeling their lost condition, and many a one is brought to lament the desperate wickedness of his heart, and to confess the guiltiness of his sinful life, to flee from the wrath to come, to come unto Jesus, and to enter in, by Him, into the fold or Church of God ; and, entering in by Him, they are accepted, pardoned, washed, and safe for ever. Oh, then, reader, is this thy happy case ? “Where art thou ?”

Also many a poor sinner has seen his folly and his ignorance, has (through grace) become dissatisfied with worldly things, and has come unto Jesus, and at His feet to sit, as did Mary of old, to learn of Him, and hear the gracious words that fell from His mouth. These, dear reader, these have chosen that “good part which shall not be taken away from them.” Now, let me ask, is this thy case ? “Where art thou ?”

Young believer, happy is thy lot as being freely and fully forgiven for His

name's sake. But still, Satan watches to entrap thee; the world is ready to allure thee; then, though thou art forgiven, still "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Tell me, "Where art thou?" Art thou becoming lukewarm, and neglecting the throne of grace, and becoming cold in thy heart's affection towards God? O my fellow-believer, if this be the case, return, return to thy loving Saviour's embrace, and determine, by His help, "with full purpose of heart," to cleave unto Him.

Might I not ask the believer in Jesus "Where art thou?" Art thou idle, or art thou seeking diligently to serve the Lord? Be this the language of your heart, with Paul to say, "Whose I am (O what a mercy!) and whom I serve" (O what a privilege!). Yes, it is a privilege to serve God. Does not Jesus live to plead for you? Has he not lived and died for you? Yea, as His Father's servant, He loved to come and do His will; yea, He took the sting of death away, He conquered the grave, and now gives thee to shout "Victory!" through His precious blood! Oh, then, may we ever reckon as Paul did, because Jesus has done this, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." B. B.

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS BY THE REV. R. LOVETT.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

[DEAR SIR,—Some ten years ago, the Rev. R. Lovett, then minister of Marboeuf Chapel, Paris, lent me a volume of his sermons, with the kind remark that he could not give it, as it was the last copy he had, and the work had been long out of print; it was published in 1837. Your readers probably have never seen it, but the lucid statements of truth are too valuable to be lost, and I send you some extracts for insertion in your pages, if you can afford space for them.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

UNIT.]

EXTRACTS.

"The supremacy of God is as generally acknowledged as His being; but many who allow His rightful dominion over the works of His hands, who never think of mentioning or impugning His justice in the distribution, however unequal, of temporal blessings, yet limit His sovereignty in the disposal of that which is as much His own, even His saving mercy; and with temerity challenge His justice and arraign His love, in selecting from among the children of men, who are all equally guilty, some to be heirs of glory, and leaving others to reap the fruits of their disobedience."

"God, according to the everlasting covenant, which is ordered in all things and sure, purposing to make known the riches of His glory in those whom in sovereign compassion He had afore prepared thereunto, and with a view to manifest His love to man, thereby exhibiting His wisdom unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, gave unto His Son a people out of the fallen family of Adam, in whose nature and on whose behalf the eternal Word should sustain the righteousness of the divine character, and harmonize the divine attributes, and whose advancement to glory He should render fully consistent with the divine perfections."

"No unregenerate man can, by any exercise of his intellectual energies, by

any force of argument, by any vigour of his mind, persuade himself that the Gospel is the truth of God. True, he may have an opinion upon that, as upon any other subject; he may arrive at a moral certainty respecting the truth of matters of mere history, contained in the word of God; but of the truth of the Gospel message he can at heart know nothing, unless he be taught its real meaning, and be convinced of its certainty, by demonstration of the Spirit of Christ. Else had it never been said, 'As many as were ordained to eternal life, believed;' nor, 'unto you it is given . . . to believe.'

"If we view the redemption of Christ with reference to the ransom, we must admit it is infinite in value. Were it the purpose of Jehovah to apply to every individual of the human family, or to the inhabitants of ten thousand worlds, the merits of Christ's work, there would be sufficient to ransom all. . . . But, considering redemption in its application, with reference to the persons whom the Lord had in view in 'enduring the cross, despising the shame,' although they form a 'great multitude whom no man can number,' yet, if our notion of redemption (as deliverance from bondage, in consequence of a ransom paid, and accepted) be correct, we are compelled to believe that they only have been redeemed to whom the Spirit of Christ reveals that their iniquities are covered. Had Christ made atonement for all, He must have represented all—He must have made reconciliation for all—He must have obtained pardon and eternal salvation for all. From the very nature of substitution and sacrifice, it would be but justice to Him that He should obtain the stipulated reward of His obedience unto death. If He died that all might be saved, and His death has been accepted in lieu of their's, then it must follow that all shall infallibly be saved. 'For this is the Father's will which hath sent Him, that of all which He hath given the Son, He should lose nothing.' Such is the covenant between the Father and Son, so that, in performing the conditions of that covenant, the Son did not act upon an uncertainty, but with perfect assurance that as He fulfilled His part of the engagement, so would the Father be faithful to His. Can we doubt that He will? Not one so given shall fail of being brought to glory."

NO SAVIOUR BUT JESUS.

No Saviour but Jesus—in whole or in part;	No crown for a head who dishonoured shall be;
No merit of works can we do;	No palm where the victory's not;
No heaven unless there be Christ in the heart;	No kingdom within, then the kingdom not see;
No hell when once Jesus we know.	No sheep by the Shepherd forgot.
No half way to heaven—then prostrate at last;	No sin once forgiven, then charged for again;
No sheep now and goats in the end;	No pardon, then guilty at last;
No "Come sinner, thou," if not saved in the past;	No reaping the harvest, then losing the grain;
No saving, and then to hell send.	No kingdom, then out of it cast.
No quickening the dead, and then die evermore;	No; that is not like our Immanuel God—man—
No calling for life from the grave;	Our Prince, who must ever prevail;
No Peter is rescued to die on the shore;	What He undertakes, nothing frustrate e'er can,
No Christ dying, yet cannot save.	Once saved—saved for ever—all hail!

Sheffield.

J. R.

AN ADDRESS,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS EVEREST, WHO DIED JANUARY 10, 1864,
AND WHO MINISTERED TO A SMALL NUMBER OF CHRIST'S FOLD.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—To-day I have a duty to perform; I cannot let this opportunity pass without paying a tribute to a man, a leader in Israel, who is no longer among us—one whose memory will at least be cherished by all whom I am now addressing.

In reference to him as a man among men, his character is irreproachable. He was incapable of a wrong action; and those who knew him best, and most intimately, are best able to verify the truth of this statement.

As a Christian, he was a staunch upholder of the truth as it is in Jesus, and to the maintenance of that truth, even to personal loss, and at times reproach, and the evil tongue of calumny, and that on many occasions from those who profess themselves members of Christ.

He was one who could dare, and who was able to declare the whole counsel of God, and preach the fulness and completeness of the death and finished work of Christ, in all its elective, calling, sanctifying, and glorifying purposes, the whole of which being begun, carried on, and completed by the Three Persons in one glorious and ever blessed God; and, I believe, were he to have been called upon, would have suffered martyrdom, rather than have given up one of its vital principles.

He was a man not understood by the generality of professors. He was outspoken and valiant for the truth. He feared not the frowns, nor studied the praises of men, and wherever he found error he at once successfully exposed it, and upheld truth triumphantly. He spared neither friend nor foe, brother nor sister; truth to him was dearer than life, and stronger than death.

He was a man who cared not for the good of this world, in fact, he despised it. He fully realized the words of his Saviour: "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

But, brethren, he is gone! The place that knew him once, shall know him no more for ever. And shall we repine? Sorrow may abide for a night—it will; and who can repel the tear, and the pang the heart feels? Brethren, let us think, that while we *sorrow his loss*, he and angels *sing his gain*.

Though the passage through which he passed was dark, and long, and most severe, he has passed it! Though the last enemy was strong, and he had to battle long and heavy, he has conquered—the victory is won! Though the stream was deep, and the waves ran high, and beat hard, he has reached the shore. He has set his foot on the promised land; and I think I see him now, as you have many a time, looking upwards, with tears of joy in his eyes, exclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest." Yes, blessed be God, that which he so much dreaded is passed and gone, for where he is, there is no more dying, nor death.

And, now, what more can I say? "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let them be afraid; in my Father's house are many mansions." He has gone to enjoy his, and ours are waiting for us, or rather Christ is preparing them—furnishing them for us—and when they and we are ready, we shall enjoy them for ever.

In drawing this address to a close, I have only to give you a very short account of a very few of my visits to our dear brother.

I may say I always found him full of faith, and strong in the power of God's grace—not but that he had his dark and dreary days—days of fighting and wrestling. I must remark, that, during his illness, I saw in him such a marked difference, that I was struck with surprise. You know that when strong and well, he was naturally excitable and hasty; but now he was as patient as a lamb, and bore with resignation the severe pains racking his system.

On one occasion, he said, "Ah, George, it is one thing to be resigned, but another to be submissive to the will of God." On another occasion he said, "It is one thing to live a Christian, but another to die a Christian." Blessed be God, he both lived one, and died one.

The last time I saw him, he was weak in body, but strong in mind, and God helped him, for he spoke very freely to his wife, children, and me; and I shall never forget when he spoke of his dissolution, how he turned and looked to his wife and children, who were all around him, and, in concluding his remarks, he said to me, and I now repeat it to you, hoping it may have effect upon us all: "Be ye faithful, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." This was the last time I saw him. From those who were with him, I am told, that many times he exulted in the Lord, and gave perfect satisfaction of the peace and joy he had in Christ.

Brethren, follow him as he followed Christ. You have lost your earthly leader; but not your heavenly. He yet lives, and lives for you. He will guide you even until death. Be ye faithful. Cherish our brother's memory; let it be an incentive to your perseverance; and, when you flag, and are ready to despair, remember him; think of meeting him again, and *once for all*, to sit down at the marriage of the Lamb. Let our earthly bereavements break our ties of the world. What have we here when our friends are gone? What is the dark night when the lights are all out? What is the earth when the salt is gone? The one darker than Egyptian night; the other, a mass of putrefaction. Who would live always? Not the Christian—not us.

To this sorrowing widow and children I would say, Bear your grief, and God give you grace to moderate it. It need be that you should sorrow—nature demands it; but moderate it, and remember that husband, that father, and emulate his virtues. You cannot make yourselves children of God; but, as a man of sterling worth, as was your father, you may be. You are old enough to have watched his conduct, and observed his rules, therefore follow him in his character as a man, and you will not fail to be honoured as he was; and from this day pray God may make you, in a spiritual sense, godly men, and useful men. Amen.

G. D.

THAT HAPPY HOME!

Those mansions fair, those mansions fair,
Oh, Jesus, when shall I be there,
To see Thee as Thou art, and be
In everything like unto Thee?

Those harps of gold, those harps of gold,
And glories which can ne'er be told,
When shall I strike their notes, and sing
Of Thee, my Lord, my Life, my King?

Lynnmouth,

Those pastures green, those pastures green,
Which yet mine eyes have never seen,
When shall I walk with Thee in white,
And never leave those realms of light?

I wait for Thee, I wait for Thee,
I wait from sorrow to be free;
I wait—but, Lord, do quickly come,
And take me to that happy home.

M. E. B.

LETTER BY THE LATE JAMES BOURNE.

January 10, 1841.

DEAR MRS. TIMMS,—It pleases God that I shall have a path of tribulations, but I begin to think it not strange, but that the Lord can cause much of His goodness to pass before me in the midst of the furnace. It was there the three children had the presence of Jesus Christ, and were carried safely through without the least harm; and there I too hope for much profit at times. I have been for some few days considering what are the best means of profiting by affliction, and these words came as very suitable and profitable, "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting." As it is said in the verse before, so the Lord in mercy "opened mine ear" to discipline, and by His grace "I was not rebellious." In this sad cast-down state I perceived a very watchful frame, especially to see, by God's help, what was the secret movement of my spirit; for that measure of enlightened understanding which I think the Lord has given me, makes me very desirous of watching this point. If resentment be encouraged—if counter-charges are made—if a self-justifying spirit be cherished, at once to conflict with these, and by God's grace give my back to the smiters, though full of grief and mourning, yet with some little secret hope that "the Lord God will help me," so that I shall "not be confounded" (Isa. l. 5—7). When I am brought to this, then comes in a secret peace, and I return once more to my old promise, "Wait on the Lord, and He shall (yet) save thee."

This secret work is very little known to another by outward observation, but I am utterly astonished how such proceedings vanquish the enemy in all directions, so that he is not able to approach, and is for a season wearied with oppressing.

The Lord gently and sweetly whispered these words in my heart last night, when I was grievously upset with reproach, "In me ye shall have peace," and indeed I had peace; all my burden was removed for a time. When Shimei cursed David, how wisely he bore it, saying, "Let him alone. . . . It may be the Lord will look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day" (2 Sam. xvi. 12). Now, my dear friend, I feel oftentimes exactly so. The Lord has often doubly blessed me in thus turning my battles to the gate, and not attempting to fight them myself; and, though I am so terrified and cast down in the onset as to believe there can be no escape for me, yet this very fright drives me to the stronghold which never yet did fail me in the time of extremity. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God" (Isa. l. 10). Let him venture on that name, and he will find that he cannot be confounded. I have walked in this mournful path, and have been often brought to such a point as to fear my utter ruin; instead of which, I have had nothing but repeated tokens and assurances of the Lord's help. These have always appeared when all prospect of help has been at a distance.

What, say you, has been the effect of these conflicts and conquests?

I think I have been kept more alive to the things of God, my family, and their souls' concerns have been nearer to my heart; and therefore liveliness in my prayers, and much watchfulness, have been maintained in begging the Lord to keep them in bounds; and much peace has been the consequence; and what the final issue may be, I do not yet know. I have also found the word more precious

in the reading, the Lord often speaking upon my heart many things both of admonition and instruction; and in the word preached I have felt a great trembling, receiving it not as the word of man, but as the message of God, which has had a very humbling effect, and has often sent me home with cries and tears. This is another way of giving my back to the smiters.

We read, as soon as David acknowledged his sin, Nathan had his message, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die" (2 Sam. xii. 13). Oh, what a mercy it is to be enabled to attend to these divine and spiritual things; what heavenly prosperity follows, and what admiration is excited of Christ's beauty and suitableness! How our spirits are engaged in this divine work; so as to have no spare time for reflecting upon persons or things, to bring about a stumbling somewhere or other! The hot furnace is a good place to cure that disorder, and brings the severest reflections upon our own depraved hearts. It makes me feel myself of all sinners chief, and of all saints least; and the sad and painful discovery of my nature's evil makes me keep silence when I am reproached, being yet secretly assured, "Your heart shall live that seek God."

Yours in the Lord,
J. BOURNE.

THE AGED PARISHIONERS' ANNUAL TEA-MEETING.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—What an affecting sight was it to see those poor old people wending their way towards our spacious schoolroom, and assembling therein for their annual tea-meeting, on the 17th ult. To me, as I doubt not it was to yourself, the scene was almost too much to witness. I attempted to say a few words to you of what was passing in my mind at the time, but my feelings were too much wrought upon to permit of my uttering my thoughts. I cannot, however, permit the occasion to pass away without expressing them to you by way of writing.

It was my lot to stand at the door for some time to receive the tickets of admission from the dear old folks; and I had a good opportunity of a near view of many of them, as they slowly and feebly dragged along their wearied frames to their place of destination. Here and there might be seen one and another upon whom the finger of time had not pressed so heavily; they appeared still vigorous and well: but by far the major part, what were they like! *Individually*, almost worn out; panting, decrepit, tottering, in second childhood! *Collectively*, a mass of shattered humanity! Ah, thought I, here is a lesson for proud man! Here is a faithful mirror in which he may see what he really is, and to what he is fast hastening on! He may be rich in *this* world's goods; have all that his heart can wish for of worldly ease and comfort, estate, and position; but, after all, he cannot long retain them: they are even *now* slipping from his grasp. Soon will old age, with all its infirmities, aches, and pains, creep upon him; and he will totter down to the tomb just as feeble and decrepit as are these poor old folks doing. *There* they will be *equal*. The king and the beggar, the noble and the plebeian, the rich and the poor, the beautiful and the plain, all find one common home in the grave! Here ends all distinction, as far as *this* world is concerned. But, ah! how changed the scene beyond the grave! Many of those dear old souls, living a life of penury and privation *here*, are heirs of immortal, imperishable estates in that bright world above! They are "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ" of an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled,

and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." They know their titles are indisputable, secured by an eternal covenant of the Triune Jehovah!

Happy souls!—though poor in this world, yet "rich in faith" and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him, already are you near entering upon possession! Even *now* you can almost espy the pearly gates of the "New Jerusalem," the "city of our God!" Not many more have to step over the threshold ere it will be *your* turn! Cheer up, poor panting one! The brittle thread which binds you here below is well-nigh snapped asunder. "The silver cord is near being loosed, the golden bowl being broken, the pitcher being broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern;" but thou wilt afterwards soar away to the realms of bliss and immortality, and stand in full and uninterrupted view of the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb," where thou wilt drink thy fill for ever and ever, and never thirst again.

Doubtless many of them enjoyed a blessed foretaste of these realities while listening to the words which fell from your lips when speaking to them of the "atonement" made on Calvary's cross, of the "glory" hereafter, and that "everlasting."

I remain, Rev. Sir, yours affectionately,

Bedminster.

E. L.

ALL POWER IN CHRIST.

CHRIST has power to inflict punishment on His enemies, power to chasten His friends; power to bless, power to curse; power to save, power to destroy; power to gather, power to scatter; power to accomplish His designs, power to defeat the designs of His enemies; power to bind, power to unloose; power to wound, power to heal; power *over* all His enemies, power *in* all His friends; power to exalt the humble, power to abase the proud; power to kill, power to make alive; power to strengthen the weakest, power to weaken the strongest; power to darken, power to enlighten; power to raise up, power to cast down; power to feed the hungry, power to starve the full; power to make the poor rich, power to make the rich poor; power to make the wise foolish, power to make the foolish wise; power to make the fearful courageous, power to make the courageous fearful; power to draw by love, power to drive by wrath; power "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Christ uses, but never abuses, His power; His is the only power that never is abused.

To whom does Christ give power? "He giveth power to the faint." How could a fainting person fight with a lion, run through a troop of foes, or leap over a wall? It would be impossible. But bring the fainting person into contact with the bracing air, sprinkle clean water upon him, and consciousness and strength will return. It is in a similar way that the Lord Jesus gives power to the fainting souls of His people. He holds them up to the wind of the Holy Spirit, sprinkles upon them clean water, and by these means enables them to fight the good fight of faith, and to say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me."

"All hail the power of Jesu's name," &c.

Dursley.

F. F.

GLEANINGS FROM THE LIVES OF GOD'S FAITHFUL AMBASSADORS.

REV. WATTS WILKINSON, B.A.,

Some time Sunday Afternoon Lecturer of the united parishes of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, and St. Thomas the Apostle; Tuesday Morning Lecturer at St. Bartholomew, Exchange, London; and formerly Chaplain of Aske's Hospital, Hoxton.

BELOVED, where are our Topladys, Romaines, and Wilkinsons? Gone to be with Jesus, 'tis true; but are their places supplied? Alas! alas! we fear not. We cannot take up the memoir of such a venerable saint as dear Watts Wilkinson without feeling that we should have to look far and wide for such champions for the truth in the present day: men who preached a full, clear, and uncompromising Gospel, rejoicing to set forth the covenant engagements of the Triune Jehovah, the distinct offices of the sacred and eternal Three—the everlasting and electing love of God the Father; the atonement, righteousness, and complete salvation of God the Son; never to lose sight of the renewing, sanctifying influence and operation of the Holy Ghost, through whom alone holiness of life, walk, and conduct is maintained. These were the gracious truths that dear Watts Wilkinson preached from first to last. Watts Wilkinson was born in London, Nov. 14, 1755. In early childhood he possessed a very tender conscience, and was even then under the influence of (so called) *religious feelings*. But after he was sent to school such feelings wore off, and his life was spent chiefly in thoughtless inattention to the "one thing needful." At length that God who had separated him from his mother's womb to be a chosen vessel for His honour, and a blessed instrument of promoting His glory in the conversion and edification of His people, was pleased to call him by His grace, and soon after to make it manifest that He meant him to work in His vineyard. Passing over his college days, we find that he was ordained a deacon in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on Sunday, Feb. 28, 1779, and commenced his public ministry in the afternoon of the same day in the church of St. Anne, Blackfriars; the subject of his first sermon being the conversion of Manasseh. At the close of the same year he became the chosen lecturer of the united parishes of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, and St. Thomas the Apostle; and in February, 1780, he was elected chaplain of Aske's Hospital, Hoxton. We thus behold him as a minister of the Gospel; and it pleased the Lord to greatly humble him under a deep sense of his own insufficiency, and to render him entirely dependent on His own grace and strength; and thus did He prepare him as an instrument in His hands—a polished shaft from His quiver—for the most extensive usefulness. A divine blessing rested upon his Sunday afternoon lectures; and many have traced their serious impressions of divine truth up to that early period of his ministry, when he was comparatively little known.

In the year 1803 Watts Wilkinson was chosen Tuesday Morning Lecturer at St. Bartholomew by the Exchange. When he entered upon the discharge of this duty, he feared he should never obtain a good attendance, and was also apprehensive that he should never preach with any degree of comfort in a place of such public resort—the grand centre of commerce, the principal mart of all England. But so far was this anticipation from being realized, that he was enabled by divine assistance to preach here even with greater comfort than elsewhere; nor was it long before the church became thronged. A Christian minister was accustomed to give his friends in the country the following direc-

tion: "When you are in town on a Tuesday morning, look out for 'the house of mammon,' and close to it you will find 'the house of God,' in which you may hear that which will greatly contribute to your spiritual edification and comfort." And here the contrast between the scene without and within the church was peculiarly striking. Outside, a dense multitude of persons, apparently in eager pursuit of those things which are seen and temporal; within the walls of the sacred edifice, a crowded congregation engaged in divine service, in pursuit of those things which are unseen and eternal. The following extract from a letter addressed by Sir William Knighton, physician in ordinary to His Majesty King George IV. to Lady Knighton will be read with interest:—

"Athenæum, Jan. 5, 1836.

"I have just returned from hearing old Mr. Wilkinson in the City. I think he must be above eighty; quite clear and distinct; a beautiful old church, thronged to fulness. I could only just get in and stand at the door. I was not in time for the text; I should think it was on regeneration. He said there were three joyous periods in the history of man: the first was the day of his conversion, when the finger of God by His Holy Spirit writes on the heart of man the comfortable assurance, Thy sins are forgiven thee, by the redeeming blood of thy Saviour Jesus Christ. Under such circumstances, the next joyous day is the day of our death, when all the miseries our mortal flesh is heir to terminate; and then comes the third period of our joy—namely, our ascension into heaven. This gentleman has the most striking countenance you ever saw. What a beautiful picture might be made of him, and of the marvellous variety of strange careworn faces by which his pulpit is surrounded."

Of the character of the ministry of this dear man of God, his own words in a letter to a friend will best show. He writes—

"Oh, the wonderful scheme of covenant salvation which the Scriptures reveal; planned by the eternal Three from everlasting, before time began, or this world was created; sealed by the second Person, the eternal self-existent Word, upon the cross; and applied to the heart by the efficacious power of the eternal Spirit, Jehovah, Lord of Hosts. The rich blessings of which precious covenant flow to eternity to come, to the unutterable felicity and glory of the great, incomprehensible, immutable, gracious, and ever-blessed God of salvation. These are views which I cannot but esteem to be the very essence of the religion of Jesus, and which are the only solid ground of support in the time of trial and hour of death."

Really, dear reader, these are views we hear seldom expounded in our days. To another friend he writes—

"Precious seed, the great truths of God's own word, sown and watered with prayer, cannot be lost; it will spring up in the Lord's own best time, though in some cases we may be called to wait long before we see any very evident effects of it; and the great day will doubtless discover that purposes of love have been accomplished by the means of God's ministers which they never came to the knowledge of in this world."

In all the ministrations of this dear man of God, he endeavoured, after the example of his blessed Master, to preach the Gospel to the poor in spirit, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bound; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

We must reserve much interesting matter concerning him for a future paper.

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

THOUGH the plague be bad, Jesus will be sure to cure it in the end.

PROTESTANT BEACON.

ABUSE OF CHURCH PATRONAGE—FAMILY ARRANGEMENTS.

So much injury is done to the Church of England by the distribution of preferments and honours according to family considerations, that too much attention cannot be given to the case which the following letter, from the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborn to the *Times* newspaper, first caused to be presented in a tangible shape to the public. The letter contains a few inaccuracies with reference to the income derivable from the promotion of Mr. Lear, brother-in-law to the Bishop of Salisbury, and to the case of the young man, Mr. Fisher, from whom the Bishop of Oxford withdrew his consent to ordain him as a Priest, in consequence of the disfavour into which the act was certain to bring him; but in its main features the complaint is well-founded.

"SIR,—Allow me to call the attention of the public generally, and the clergy of the diocese of Salisbury in particular, to the very pleasant family arrangements just made to fill up a residential stall in the Cathedral of Sarum, and a good living.

"I know the world too well to expect even men of the highest honour and holiness to be exempt from a natural desire to further the interest of their own immediate connexions; and I was not, therefore, so surprised or hurt as many others seemed to be when the lucky possessor of the best living in the diocese—£806 a-year, population about 600—being yet a young man, was made a Prebend of the Cathedral, and also its Chancellor. He was chaplain to the Bishop, and his brother-in-law; I could, therefore, quite understand these honorary additions to his position.

"But, Sir, this man is also son-in-law to one of the Canons; they have now given him a residentiary stall, say £600 a-year, with, of course, a house, &c. So that the old working clergy of the diocese, who have for long lives done their work, not simply as incumbents, but as Churchmen, whom successive Bishops have held up to esteem, see £600 a-year quietly put into the pocket of a rich incumbent, much their junior, and inferior in position to them as long-known, hardworking, parish priests.

"This, of course, is to be merely taken by the public as an ordinary family 'transaction.' A shorter word would more clearly define it.

"But the father-in-law of this fortunate new Canon has, besides the vote and interest he could use in his behalf for the stall, also a living to give away, it having fallen to his turn. It is in value more than £300 a-year, population between 600 and 700. It has been for many years diligently worked by a most excellent curate, who, as is well known, has done the Church no little service.

"The Canon is, in feeling, a father as well as a father-in-law. He has a young son, ordained deacon in the diocese of Oxford on Trinity Sunday last; to whom he gives this living, the Bishop of Oxford consenting to ordain him priest, to enable him to hold it at the earliest moment he can.

"Here, then, is a youth ordained deacon a few weeks since in another diocese, brought back into this diocese to be preferred to all men in it, hurried through his diaconate for the purpose, and all because he is the son of a Canon who has, at the playing out of the same game of patronage, succeeded in giving a rich son-in-law £600 a-year more from the Church revenues!

"No living man can write more disinterestedly than I do on this matter; few men in the diocese could care less who are the lucky recipients of Church gifts. No man, for many reasons, could write with more private reluctance on the subject, for with many of the parties I am on terms of kindly friendship—with one on terms of close affectionate respect.

"Still, I feel called upon, from within and without, to deliver my mind by taking care that a transaction so every way disgraceful to the Church should not pass un-

noticed. I know what is felt in the diocese; I know how few, from private feeling, care to speak out what they in private do not hesitate to say.

"I regard this transaction—nay, this job—as simply most disgraceful. It reflects credit on no one party to it; it proves that family interest is as powerful in holy places as in Downing-street; and even Bishops, warned 'to lay hands suddenly on no man,' can hurry imposition of hands to lift a mere youth to preferment over the heads of those who have borne the heat and burden of the day.'" "S. G. O."

In a subsequent letter, the writer of the above states that he believes Mr. Lear "owes his election not to Palace *interference*, but to Palace *influence*;" and that the posts of Prebendary and Chancellor given to him open his way to further advancement in the Church. He then puts the following question:—

"Who now among us can preach self-denial to our flocks when such a text as this affair has been so expounded *ex cathedra*? How preach on covetousness? Let the clergy now mark the result of this triumph of nepotism, this family appropriation of Church patronage; it has yet to bear its fruit. Talk of the prizes of the Church as necessary; it is all very well to say that every profession should have them; it is quite another thing to say there must be enough of them to satisfy those who ought already to be satiated; to keep up in all ecclesiastical dignity and wealth the families and connexions of wealthy dignitaries.

"To make the matter worse, this exposure of Church greed came forth at the very time a large number of the chief clergy of the diocese were in synod assembled at the Cathedral; and this, to quicken their zeal in behalf of the Church, the extension of her principles (!) at home and abroad. Which of them at that Chapter-house synod could lay his hand on his heart and say—Verily, I believe the new election is—no job?"

"S. G. O."

THE PRIEST AND THE WIDOW'S PRIZE.

THE Turin correspondent of the *Herald*, after remarking that the priests have been struck dumb by the news of the Santiago disaster, continues:—

By the way, the Tribunal of Cremona is now occupied with a singular affair, which will not have the effect of increasing the popularity of the Roman Catholic party. A poor old widow, living in that city, had, like most of her sex and condition, a most remarkable dream some weeks ago, and of course made up her mind, after due consultation of the cabala, or dream interpreter, to play the corresponding numbers at the lottery. But, as her funds were at a very low ebb when the day arrived, she had nothing to stake, and therefore pawned or sold her ivory crucifix to raise the wind, investing the proceeds in a *terno*, or combination of three numbers. The *terno* came out, and the old lady found herself the fortunate possessor of 9,000f.

The winner of the 9,000f., having certain compunctious visitings of conscience with respect to the mode in which the money had been acquired, communicated her scruples to her father confessor, who, after duly inveighing against the impiety of which she had been guilty in selling her Saviour for a lottery ticket, persuaded the poor creature that there remained only one possible way of atoning for her crime. She was to make a bundle of her ill-gotten treasure, and to deposit it at the dead of night in the cemetery where her husband was buried. "The spirit of the defunct," continued the godly man, in a tone of solemn unction, "the spirit of the defunct will relieve you of this vile dross, and lay it at the feet of Jesus, in expiation of your grievous sin. Go, my good woman, fear not, but remember that you will have laid up for yourself an eternal treasure in the world to come." The deluded being, who found the *marengos* absolutely too hot to hold any longer, caught at the suggestion, and deposited the sum in the appointed place, whence she afterwards saw it

abstracted and carried away by an apparition that made its mysterious appearance from among the tombs and the cypress-trees of the Holy Field. Considerably lightened in heart, though chilled to the marrow by the aspect of the awful phantom that stalked away among the sepulchres in the weird moonlight, the widow made the best of her way home, but when on the road she fell in with a couple of neighbours, to whom she was induced to explain the circumstance of her journey to the cemetery at so late an hour. To abridge my story, the neighbours were incredulous, hurried to the house of the priest, and laid their hands upon him just as he was stealthily opening his own garden gate, with the widow's bundle in one hand and in the other a sheet, the only "property" required for the enactment of the preceding scene. The next visit made by the party was to the police-court, and the priest is now in *durance vile* awaiting the day appointed for the investigation of this singular case.

HIGH CHURCH PROCEEDINGS AT SALISBURY.

WE have been furnished with a special note of the proceedings at Salisbury on the 6th inst., on the occasion of the anniversary of the local association in aid of the S.P.G. and S.P.C.K. :—

On the morning of the above day there was service at the Cathedral, the attendance not being so large as usual. Of late years there has been a procession on such occasions, this being one of the innovations of the present Bishop. This year the procession must have been highly gratifying to the revivers and admirers of Popish practices and uses, for four bishops formed a part of it. They were preceded by organist, choristers, diocesan clergy, prebendaries, archdeacons, canons, &c. Immediately after the Bishops of Oxford, Columbia, and the Bishop-Coadjutor of Edinburgh, followed the domestic chaplain of the Bishop of Salisbury, preceding the bishop with a large crosier of silver, much ornamented, and which, during divine service, was fixed at the left hand of the bishop's throne, so as to be conspicuous to all the congregation. The procession marched two and two from the Chapter-house, through the cloisters, then in open air, entering the Cathedral by the west door, and proceeding down the nave; all in the procession wearing surplices, and the Bishops their robes, and all joining in chanting the 68th Psalm. The pastoral staff, used on this occasion for the first time, excited great surprise even among some who are not unfriendly to Popish usages and innovations. The number in the procession must have been not less than one hundred. The Bishop-Coadjutor of Edinburgh preached, and he intoned in loud voice the prayer before the sermon, and the usual doxology after it—a circumstance quite new in our cathedrals. His sermon was carefully prepared, but full of unscriptural views and statements. In style it was flowery and bombastic, not unlike Dr. Wiseman's style in his "*Lives of the Popes.*" After divine service, there was holy communion.

In the evening there was a public meeting, at which the Bishop presided. The speakers were Lord Nelson, the Bishop-Coadjutor of Edinburgh, the Bishop of Oxford, and the Bishop of Columbia. The Bishop-Coadjutor of Edinburgh described how the Scotch Church had given Episcopacy to America, and how Episcopacy through that source had found its way to Calcutta, Barbadoes, and Madras; and our two English Bishops, Oxford and Salisbury, listened to all this, and gave their assent. *Pro hac vice*, they must have been highly delighted at their fraternizing with the Scotch Episcopal Church; but, whatever the Bishop of Salisbury may think of the effect produced on this occasion, many present were startled at the proceedings, and are beginning to ask (and it is time they did), *What will be the end of all this?* On the evening of August 5th, the

Salisbury Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society held its anniversary meeting: but not a clergyman from the city was present, and not one from the Bishop's palace, where the rural deans and archdeacons were assembled from every part of the diocese; and yet it was stated at the meeting, by the deputation from the parent society, that of nine translations used by the missionaries of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, seven were obtained from the dépôt of the Bible Society; but, on the following day, neither at Cathedral, nor at the meeting, was anything mentioned but "the Church—the Church;" and, but for one passing allusion to the Church Missionary Society, by the Bishop of Columbia in his address, no one, from what was said, could have inferred that there was any missionary society in existence save the two whose anniversary was so popishly celebrated. The Bishop of Salisbury has many excellent qualities; but there is a feeling gathering strength even among those who would wish to think favourably of him, that he is quite prepared to carry out Romish ritual and superstition. Unfortunately, instead of respectfully and firmly remonstrating with him, his clergy fall in with him, and especially his brother-in-law and chaplain, Mr. Lear, whose recent appointment to a canonry has occasioned great dissatisfaction among all parties, and will never be forgotten as long as Canon Lear holds the same. This favoured canon headed the procession, chanting in due form.—*The Record*, August 14th, 1863.

THE BROMPTON ORATORY AGAIN.

In the House of Commons, on Friday night, Mr. Newdegate presented a petition from Mr. Alfred Smee, F.R.S., of Finsbury-circus, setting forth that on the 16th of July last, the petitioner attended the funeral of a relative in a private garden attached to a house called St. Mary's, at Sydenham, belonging to the members of the order of St. Philip Neri, located at the Brompton Oratory; that he had been informed by the Rev. W. Knox, a member of that order, that this garden had a licence, which had been procured from the Home Secretary by the late Duke of Norfolk; that he had seen His Grace, the present heir to the dukedom of Norfolk, with his Grace's brother, assisting, in ecclesiastical garments, in the public performance of services on the 16th July, 1863, at the Catholic chapel at the Brompton Oratory, in conjunction with the priests at the Oratory, and at the garden at Sydenham; "that young men of position and wealth are concealed from their friends by the members of the order, that they may be converted from their faith, and that their property may be obtained for the maintenance of the order;" that the part of the garden at Sydenham used as a burial-ground has no boundary walls and no public access; that the persons there buried are described on tombstones by names falsified by the addition of a second Christian name, so that the names on the tombstones do not correspond with the names known to the families, or with names used by themselves in their wills, whereby the means of identification are destroyed; that no register of burials is kept, and, up to the present moment, although the petitioner had many times applied, he has been unable to obtain a certificate of the burial of his relative; and that the house at the Oratory at Brompton is so constructed as to afford means of concealment. The petitioner therefore prayed that inquiry might be instituted into the facts, to enforce existing Acts of Parliament, and, if necessary, to take fresh legislative action on the subject, so as to restrain the members of the order of St. Philip Neri, or other monastic orders, from absorbing the property of those whom they convert, or induce to become members of such orders.—*City Press*.

REVIEWS.

"*A Little While,*" and other Poems. By Mrs. T. D. CREWDSON, Author of "Aunt Jane's Verses for Children," "Scripture Lessons," &c. Manchester: W. Bremner and Co., 11, Market Street. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

"BEAUTIFUL! beautiful!" we mentally exclaimed, as, dipping into page after page, we *revelled* in these delightful poems. Rich they are in sentiment, and sweet in song! They combine, what comparatively seldom are combined, *truth* with *talent*—yea, we may add (and thus make up the trio), there is *taste*, as well as truth and talent. The three, occupying, as they evidently did, the chastened mind of this sweet songstress whilst on pilgrimage through a vale of tears, waft o'er the dreary desert, as we journey on, most precious promptings to neither faint nor fear. Christian pilgrim, listen to the love-notes of this departed and now triumphant one, whilst yet in the valley of Achor, and 'mid its weaknesses and wearinesses, she tuned her lyre, and sang in plaintive song, in her own sweet way, as prompted by the cheering thought that her sojourn here was but—

"A LITTLE LONGER."

"Oh, be not fearful, strive a little longer;
The cloud of unbelief will soon divide;
Look upward!—though the foe be waxing stronger,
There's yet a Stronger fighting on our side!"
* * * * *

"Though still we kneel to gather up the manna,
Ere yet it melt from off the desert sand,
We hail the echoes of a glad hosanna,
Wafted in whispers from the promised land.

"A little longer—yet a little longer,
And every lurid shadow will divide;
Take up the song!—though foes be waxing stronger,
There's yet a Stronger fighting on our side."

"*Out of;*" or, *The Deliverances of the Christian.* A Tract for Believers.

"*IN Sin.*" A Tract for the Unconverted. By WILLIAM MAYHEW. London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street; and Ford and Son, 179, Upper Street, Islington.

Two invaluable tracts. The former is pithy and precious, and may well cheer the oftentimes drooping hearts of the children of God, as they contemplate the sovereignty, and the riches, and the power of that grace that first brought them "*out of*" nature's darkness into Gospel light and liberty; that by little and little delivers them "*out of*" trial and temptation; and that ultimately shall rank them among that number "*out of*" every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, who shall have come "*out of*" great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and shall be before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple.

The latter tract is a solemn and searching appeal to the unconverted, and well adapted for general circulation.

The British Workwoman. London: Hall, Smart, and Allen, Paternoster Row.

THIS periodical is good, and ought to be placed by the side of its companion, "*The British Workman*," and others of that class, in every cottage. It gives sound advice and instruction to our women; if they would follow it, we should have more happy homes.

Salvation: What is it, and who is it for? A Sermon. By W. CHAPPELL, Minister of the Baptist Church, Victoria Rooms, Southampton. Southampton: To be had of the Author, or the Deacons.

A SOUND, full-weight sermon, in which the nature of salvation is clearly set forth as consisting—1. In a deliverance from the power and dominion of sin; 2. A deliverance from the curse of a broken law; 3. From the final triumphs of Satan; 4. From eternal death, and the grave, as a curse; 5. From eternal wrath and misery. In speaking of whence salvation proceeds, the author is most clear in his testimony as to its having been originated and accomplished by the Three adorable Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity. He proves to a demonstration, that if redemption be general, and not special and limited to the people afore prepared unto glory, then there cannot be a unity in the Trinity. In showing who salvation is for, the preacher says:—

"In our text reference is made to a people who were chosen unto salvation; these, as before referred to, are said to be 'chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world' (Eph. i. 4); and that same Apostle, speaking of them, says, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? it is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us' (Rom. viii. 33, 34). Let it not be considered by these remarks that we who maintain that the salvation our subject refers to is intended for a special people, would limit the Lord God of Israel by these remarks, for we rejoice in the statement made by the four-and-twenty elders, who, in their song, exclaimed, 'Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by His blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation,' and that they are 'a number that no man can number' (Rev. v. 7—9). Still discrimination is here observed, for it is not all kindred, but *out of all* kindred, &c., showing that all mankind are not included. Innumerable passages might be brought forward to substantiate the same, but it is presumed enough has been quoted.

"But it may be said, on the other hand, are there not some portions of the word which seem rather against a limited, and more in favour of a universal, salvation! to which we reply there may at the first sight be such, but a careful investigation of them, with their separate contents and collateral bearings, will clearly show their direct meaning. The want of such lead some to the conclusion that the Scriptures will not harmonize. This, in my humble opinion, is a great reflection upon the divine Author thereof, for, be it remembered, 'God is not the Author of confusion' (1 Cor. xiv. 33), since it is said of Him, 'But He is in one mind, and who can turn Him? and what His soul desireth even that He doeth'" (Job xxiii. 13); for while in Matt. xx. 28, it is said, 'He gave His life a ransom for many,' and in xxvi. 28, 'For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins,' yet in 1 Tim. ii. 6, it is said, 'He gave His life a ransom for all;' and in Rom. viii. 32, we read, 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?' also, 1 Tim. ii. 4, 'Who will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth.' In each portion the adjective *all* alludes to such as were given to Christ in covenant to redeem and save, which is perfectly in accordance with His own words; thus, 'All that the Father giveth to me [evidently for the purpose we are treating upon] shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out' (John vi. 37). But is it not said, 'He is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe?' (1 Tim. iv. 10). Certainly it does, and this passage clearly shows that a temporal or providential salvation all may appreciate, while a special one is intended for all who through the Eternal Spirit believe. But again it is said, 'But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man' (Heb. ii. 9). This cannot refer to all mankind, seeing there are many who know Him not, for whom He does not pray (John xvii. 9), and most certainly are not saved; but the very

next verse clearly shows who they are, thus, 'for it became Him for whom are all things and by whom are all things, in bringing *many sons* unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings;' but some suppose a more conclusive passage in favour of universal redemption is found in 1 John ii. 1, 2: 'And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world.' Now it will clearly be seen that the world, and the whole world referred to so often by the beloved disciple in many passages, as in his Gospel, i. 10, i. 29, vi. 33, xii. 19, xv. 19, and xvii. 9, each has a very different meaning; but, if we are to take the words in this text in the most unlimited sense, then so must we do with others, where the same words occur, thus, 'All the world wondered after the beast' (Rev. xiii. 8); 'The whole world lieth in wickedness' (1 John v. 19); 'There went out a decree that all the world should be taxed' (Luke ii. 1). These and many similar passages show that the whole world must be taken in a limited sense, the meaning evidently being A WORLD WITHIN A WORLD, or a world of grace as separated from a world of nature; thus it is evident the beloved disciple referred to himself, his colleagues, and all those who through grace should need the Advocate referred to."

An Exposition of the Prophet Ezekiel, with useful observations thereupon.

By WILLIAM GREENHILL, M.A. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: J. Nisbet.

THIS forms the fourth volume of the set of valuable works edited by the late REV. JAMES SHERMAN, and which Mr. Nisbet has reproduced, in addition to the works of Dr. Goodwin, Dr. Sibbes, and other standard divines. Of GREENHILL on Ezekiel we need say nothing. Its worth is already too well known to need any commendation of ours. All we have to do is to express our gratitude at such works being republished in these truth-despising days, and that too, at so reasonable a price as to place them within the reach of the young minister and Bible student. May the Holy Ghost so go forth in unction and power with these reprints, as to cause them to counteract much of the destructive teaching now teeming from the press.

The Works of Thomas Goodwin, D.D. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THIS forms the seventh volume of Dr. Goodwin's Works, as issued by the enterprising publisher, Mr. Nichol. The contents of this volume are as follows:—Of the creatures, and the condition of their state by creation: Of Gospel holiness in the heart and life: Of the blessed state of glory which the saints possess after death: Three several ages of Christians in faith and obedience: Man's restoration by grace: On repentance. The article which has mostly occupied our attention in this volume is that in which the learned Doctor has so ably combated the opinion of some as to the sleep of the soul after death, in common with the body. This paper alone stamps the volume as invaluable, and adds materially to the importance of the whole series, which we cannot but most strongly recommend to the support of our readers.

The Complete Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D. Vol. VI. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet.

THIS sixth volume of Dr. SIBBES' Works makes the sixteenth volume of the Puritan Divines issued by Mr. Nichol. This volume fully sustains the character of the preceding: invaluable in its contents, and uniform in paper, print, and binding with the whole of this admirable series of standard divinity.

Christian Work. No. II. London: "Good Words" Office, 32, Ludgate Hill. A MAGAZINE full of religious and missionary information; it tells of the Christian work that is going on in all quarters of the globe,

Remarkable Answers to Prayer. By JOHN RICHARD PHILLIPS, of the Country Association of the London City Mission. London: J. Nisbet and Co. THIS is, as the title would imply, a deeply-interesting volume, and, under God, calculated not only to stimulate to prayer, but, what is of immense importance, the "watching unto prayer"—that is, the waiting for and expecting answers thereto:—

"Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see."

Jesus Mighty to Save. By the REV. ALEXANDER GROSART. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THE title of this volume would touch a poor sinner's heart—He is "Mighty to save:" yea, "to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him." It is touchingly and well written, by a talented author, and some parts of the work are particularly striking, though we cannot agree with all its sentiments.

Wayside Thoughts by a Christian Pilgrim. London: Emily Faithfull, Victoria Press.

THESE poems were jotted down, during hours of suffering, by a weary traveller, and are well calculated to console and comfort others in days of languishing, and nights of pain.

Our Own Fireside. (February). Edited by the REV. CHARLES BULLOCK. William Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

THE number for this month contains a new feature in the commencement of a serial story, "Well Married," by Mrs. Clara L. Balfour. The magazine still continues to be very welcome to members of the fireside circle.

Thoughts on Conversion. What is Conversion? London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

A MOST valuable pamphlet, admirably adapted for general circulation. The simple scriptural way in which man's condition by nature is set forth, together with the character of real conversion, prompts one to hope that this little work may be issued by tens of thousands. District visitors should avail themselves of this excellent pamphlet.

"Our Father!" *A Word of encouraging Remembrance for the Children of God.*

By the Author of "Thoughts on Conversion." With an Introduction by the Rev. A. HEWLETT, M.A., Incumbent of Astley, near Manchester. London: Hunt and Co.

THIS is a charming book. It is not only well designed and well written, but every page is significant of teaching, deep and clear. Chapter after chapter bears the impress of a mind tutored with trial—temptation—sorrow; at the same time realizing the unearthly, inconceivable blessedness embodied in the short but significant expression, "Our Father!" The very title of the book is a volume in itself. We most strongly recommend it to our readers as a work that will—yea, *must*—be blessed to souls far and near.

Letters to a Friend concerning the blessed and triumphant Departure of Elizabeth Lord. With some Particulars relative to her Experience while living. Arranged, with a Preface, by the Rev. ALFRED HEWLETT, M.A., Incumbent of Astley, near Manchester. London: W. Hunt and Co., Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

A GEM, calculated to cheer the hearts and strengthen the faith of the tried and afflicted. "As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man,"

LITERARY NOTICE.—Nearly ready, in post 8vo., uniform with "Sympathy," and "Try, and Try Again," **BIBLE LIVES AND BIBLE LESSONS**; or, Gleanings from the Book of Genesis. By the Editor of the "Gospel Magazine."

"The title of this little volume expresses, as far as a title can express, its character. The object of the author has been to seek, under God, to fix the truths inseparably connected with Old Testament saints upon the attention of the reader, by analyzing the heart and appealing to the conscience. If God condescends to bless, such means are calculated to arrest the mind, and so to impress the truths of God upon the heart, as to defy all the sophistries of men, and the subterfuges of Satan, to uproot the same. 'As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man.' Hence home-and-heart-truths, as exhibited in the word of God, in connexion with His Divine leadings and teachings, gain a most powerful, irresistible, and imperishable hold, wheresoever experienced and applied by God the Holy Ghost. And such as are thus taught and blessed of God, feel the force and beauty of the divine declaration, that 'no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation: for the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;' and again, 'Whatsoever was written aforetime was written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope.'

Moreover, in these truth-despising days, it is desired that this little volume should prove to be a simple testimony for God; and that parents may hand it down to their children, as illustrative of that important saying of the venerable JOHN NEWTON, 'Experience is the key with which to unlock many of the mysteries of Scripture.' What, as the apostle John says, those have 'heard,' and 'seen,' and 'handled' of the word of life, is too precious, and too deeply imbedded in the heart, to be surrendered. 'To the word and to the testimony,' say they; 'if a man speak not according to these, it is because he has no light in him.'

The book has been written under circumstances of deep anxiety and much domestic solicitude. Whilst the MS. was in progress, a precious child of fifteen years of age, was called away to her everlasting rest. Subsequently the author was intensely anxious about the issue of the severe illness of another and still older beloved daughter, whose life for a season hung as it were upon the brittlest thread. Within these pages, therefore, the writer was enabled, with some degree of hopeful relief, to pour out the anguish of his heart before the Lord.

That the truths here embodied, and the lessons connected with Bible lives, may be savingly inculcated upon many a reader's mind, is the author's ardent prayer. In these last days, may this humble volume be a simple means, in the hand of God, of leading precious souls, not only to 'read, mark, learn,' but also to '*inwardly digest*' the blessed truths of God, as so richly and graciously presented in His own holy word; and, realizing the power and the preciousness of it in their own souls, may they exclaim, in spite of all that Satan may suggest, or ungodly men say, 'Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.'"—*Preface.*

THE beloved of God have much in possession, but much more in expectation.

I have long thought that the greatest miracle that can be exhibited, is a sinner converted to God from the error of his ways.

The permissions of God, as well as His eternal purposes shall stand fast for ever.

Redemption work will not be complete, while the body remains subject to corruption.

The marks of contrition are the first marks of beauty God sees upon a sinner.

When men have not boldness to act contrary to the prejudices of men, it is to be feared they will soon contract boldness enough to act contrary to the commands of God.—*Rev. W. Borrow.*

[May 2, 1864.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 89, }
NEW SERIES. }

MAY, 1864.

{ No. 1,181,
OLD SERIES. }

THE REVIEW AND THE REMEMBRANCE.

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments, or no."—
DEUT. viii. 2.

BELoved BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN CHRIST,—We are brought, in the wondrous providence of our God, to the completion of the twenty-fourth year of our editorship of this work. Personally we are bound to testify that we are amazed and astounded in the review. If spared another year, and we should be privileged still to address you through this medium, *one quarter of a century will have passed away since we became acquainted.* The contemplation of this fact fills us with adoring admiration, and, in the spirit and language of the prophet Micah, we are prompted to exclaim, "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy." And, again, with the prophet Nehemiah, we are bound to testify, "Thou art a God ready to pardon [margin, of pardons], gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness."

Oh, reader, is it not so? Have not you and ourselves proved it all the journey of the wilderness unto this day? Sympathizing with Moses, as he pleaded with the Lord, on behalf of Israel, saying, "Pardon, I beseech Thee, the iniquity of this people, according unto the greatness of Thy mercy," may we not add very specially in regard to ourselves, as he did with respect to Israel, *"and as Thou hast forgiven this people, from Egypt even until now?"* Is it not so? Are we not compelled to admit its truth? Has it not been forbearing and forgiving, day by day, and from moment to moment, from our veriest infancy even to this hour, but more especially in reference to the time and the circumstances since we were first brought to know the Lord? Oh, what mercy—what love—what marvellous forbearance and long-suffering since then! We repeat that, personally, we are amazed and astounded in the recollection.

Under the circumstances, therefore, beloved, the Scripture at the head of this paper best expresses our own views and feelings in addressing you to-day. We pray God that you and ourselves may have feelings in common, as we are led by the Spirit in review of the pathway through which we have been conducted.

May the Holy Ghost warm our souls, and animate our spirits, and give us to worship and adore our Triune Jehovah, as we contemplate His divine power, all-sufficiency, and gracious acts, in the dispensation of His covenant love and mercy. Whilst, by His power, we drop into the very dust of self-loathing and detestation, and exclaim, with the prophet Daniel, "Unto us belongeth confusion of face," may we at the same time admire and adore Him, and say, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

Now, in looking at the words before us, it behoves us, beloved, first, to inquire *who* those were who were to remember. It was the children of Israel; and it is only the true spiritual Israelites who do remember and acknowledge the ways and works of the Lord. However kind and merciful Jehovah may be as the God of providence, both Himself and His doings are lost sight of and utterly disregarded, only as the recipient is wrought upon by the great and gracious Remembrancer! His mercies and His goodness are lost, even upon His own children, unless their hearts are wrought upon and influenced by the Holy Ghost; so that even the veriest recognition of mercy and goodness must be traced up to Him, and Him alone. All is lost otherwise, and God deals out of His kindness and compassion but in vain, as far as apprehension and acknowledgment are concerned, upon the part even of His own dear children, to say nothing of the world. The Lord is working every day, and every moment of the day—yea, and of the night—but, alas! alas! how ignorant are we of, and indifferent to, the fact. How truly may we each and all exclaim—

"His mercies lie buried in forgetfulness,
And without praises die."

But there is another thought connected with the *who* mentioned in our text, and that is, though Moses was addressing Israel collectively and at large, he addresses them as one—"thou." Does not this, beloved, bespeak the oneness and identity of the family—family relationship, family features, family interests? Although, in one sense, this is humbling, as far as the similarity of weakness, and ingratitude, and depravity are concerned, yet, at the same time, there is mercy in the mutual recognition and family familiarity with the Lord's word and works.

Then a very special mercy was to be vouchsafed to Israel: it was that of *remembrance*. Now we would lay great stress upon this, because sure we are that the *review* and the *remembrance* are most distinguishing privileges, as well as the liveliest incentives to gratitude, and hope, and encouragement. But, as the first *revealing* and *testifying* is wholly and solely of the Holy Ghost, so also is the subsequent *remembering*. It is alone of His grace and power we are brought to "remember all the way the Lord our God hath led us," and most blessed it is when He is pleased graciously and sovereignly so to enable us to look back and retrace the pathway.

Brethren, beloved, apart from Israel, we pray that, by the Spirit, *we* may be enabled: this morning to "remember." We would look back to-day; we would call up to our recollection past scenes and old associations. Confining ourselves even to the period of our acquaintance—the four-and-twenty years before spoken of—what shall we say in the review, but "What hath God wrought?"

As far as nature was concerned, in the putting on of her beauteous spring attire, it was a similar morning to the present when, through the medium of these pages, we first addressed you. The language then adopted is fresh upon our recollection: "Simply looking up to Him for His divine teaching, with

much fear and trembling, we take this our first step in a path, the difficulties and discouragements attendant on which He only fully knows." Beloved readers, many of you have been familiar with the pathway by which the Lord hath been pleased since to conduct us. You know somewhat of the trials and temptations, the difficulties and dangers, and the mercies so mighty and so manifold, which have attended our course during the period of our acquaintance. Will you not with us bless and praise, worship, and adore the Lord? We refer to ourselves, reader, because it is our fervent desire that your mind, whilst thus led forth in contemplation, may be diverted from our pathway to that by which the selfsame Lord has been pleased to conduct you. Truly, *your* course, like *our own*, may have been in a totally different direction to that you had marked out for yourself, or which you had anticipated; but has it been less the path of mercy or of safety for all that? Supposing you have had trials or losses, crosses and disappointments, have you not had mercies, too—rich, precious, manifold? Why set your heart upon your disappointments? why pore over your losses? Has not all been intermingled with mercy? And what folly, beloved, to imagine for a moment that no trial, or loss, or cross would have attended another course—that which you vainly imagine had been more desirable? Supposing that success *had* followed your enterprise or speculation, think you that such success would have exempted you from trial? Would such a course have been an exception to the universal rule, "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward;" "In the world ye *shall* have tribulation?" Know ye not that that very prosperity (as you term it) might have subjected you to ensnarements and entanglements of which at present you have not the merest conception? Know you not that the prosperous path is always the most critical and dangerous? Have you not as yet learnt that prosperity is more dangerous than adversity?

Contemplate, reader, another fact—the necessity for trial. It was the frequent remark of that venerable servant of God, the late ALGAR LOCK, "We are cold and icy enough, my friends, with all our trials; what should we be without them?" Now is it not so? Could you, think you, do without trouble? Oppressed and anxious, weary and worn, as you may be, is even your present tone of spirituality remarkable? Is your deadness to the world, and indifference to time-things, more marked than most? Have you *no* pride? *no* carnality? *no* lusting after evil things? *no* "doing what you ought not to do, and leaving undone what you ought to do?" Can you declare yourself to be clean and free and innocent in these respects? If, on the contrary, conscience compels you to fall under the charge, permit us to ask, if, in spite of all your sorrows and your sufferings, such is the real state of the case, what would be the aspect of things were there no trial, no cross?

Again, if you are looking at mere *creatures* in the abstract, and ascribing to *them* the cause of your trouble or privation, loss or cross, this very spirit proves you to require additional trial, because, whilst looking at mere instruments, whoever they may be, or whosoever they may arise, you are looking short of the great First Cause and prime Mover in all. "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" "Out of *Him* came forth the corner, out of *Him* the nail, out of *Him* the battle-bow, out of *Him* every oppressor together." "Thou broughtest us," said the psalmist, "into the net; Thou laidst affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water; but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place" (Psalm lvi. 11, 12). Then with regard to Shimei, David said, "Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him." When brought to this recognition and

May the Holy Ghost warm our souls, and animate our worship and adore our Triune Jehovah, as we contemplate His sufficiency, and gracious acts, in the dispensation of mercy. Whilst, by His power, we drop into the detestation, and exclaim, with the prophet Daniel of face," may we at the same time admire the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the power, and able are His judgments, and His ways past finding out."

Now, in looking at the words before us, we inquire *who* those were who were to receive the promises, and it is only the true spiritual Israel, who follow the ways and works of the Lord. He is the God of providence, both in the world and in the church, utterly disregarded, only as the God of grace, the gracious Remembrancer! His mercies are to His own children, unless their hearts be turned away from the Holy Ghost; so that even the most wicked, when traced up to Him, and His kindness and compassion are remembered, His judgments are concerned in nothing of the world, but only of the day—yea, and of the day of the Lord, indifferent to the world, but not to the day of the Lord.

But the Lord has been a wilderness, truly; but, though in a wilderness, has He been a wilderness, or a land of darkness?" And what, too, about your vileness—your ingratitude—your unbelief—your hardness of heart? Has there been no *mercy* mingled with the leadings and teachings? Have you *deserved* all the kindness and goodness you have experienced? Nay, did you expect a tithe of it, years and years ago, when the Lord first revealed Himself as a sin-pardoning God to your then apparently hell-doomed soul? Could it have been then whispered into your ransomed spirit that you should be led and fed to the present moment; that you should have been holpen thus far on your journey heavenward and homeward; what a base wretch you would have then called yourself, had it been foreshown you, that you would then have doubted and despised—murmured and repined, as now you do doubt and despise—murmur and repine? "What," you would then have said, "borne up and brought through, forty, fifty, sixty, it may be threescore years and ten of my pilgrimage, and *then* doubt or despond—murmur or repine? That be far from me. I can never be so base as *that*." Ah, reader, so you may have said; but, how does the matter stand, notwithstanding? Is it not a fact, nevertheless? Does not this very experience, painful as it is, give you a little insight into the *why* included in the language of our text?—"to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments, or no." Not that *the Lord* might know, for He knew from all eternity what, reader, thou wouldest be and do, as He tells us in another place, "I knew that thou wouldest be called a transgressor from the womb." No, not that *the Lord* might be enlightened, but that *thou* shouldst know what was in thine heart.

Reader, at best we know but little of the treachery and abomination of our hearts. Notwithstanding all the teaching and training—the line upon line, line

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THOUGHTS.

xx. 14.

and first to Mary Magdalene, who knew familiar voice, calling her by name, assure herself if it was her own "Touch me not; for I am not and say unto them, I ascend your God."

was seen of His disciples is remarkable that on first), He not only ra, even to thrust this is, that in presence of at He had

been to nearly the has been connected suggest as a ground for prayer or the Lord to manage than we? Have we so gentle, so pliant, that the Lord could easily manage there is so much to subdue, and overcome, and control? experience and the little insight into our own hearts testify to the Who knows how the Lord may be working, and where? What the source cannot do, the smile may accomplish. Who knows but the blessed may in due time be learnt by the so-special objects of your deep, deep solicitude, reader! and to which, possibly, your present trials and conflicts and protracted warfare may be contributing in an unseen but still not less efficient way?

"Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
This dissolves the heart of stone."

Be it yours, reader, to recollect, that, as the early teachings and trainings of your own soul were, under God, intimately associated with the trials, and the sorrows, and the conflicts of others, so the self-same all-wise and all-gracious Teacher may be making use of your present trials and perplexities for the instruction and edification, in an indirect but not less effectual way, of those of whom you may be the daily spectacle. Seek to remember how others' eyes are upon you—watching far more vigilantly and tenaciously than you imagine. Perhaps when your head is laid low, and your ransomed spirit bowing before the throne, that anguished experience of which you are now the subject may, in God's own good time, and in His own gracious way, tell effectually and savingly upon the hearts and consciences of those about whom you now wrestle and agonize at the throne of grace. Will you not, therefore, upon the bare presumption that the Lord may thus be making use of your trials and afflictions, seek to be reconciled to the cross, and say, instead of murmuring, and repining, and finding fault with second causes (which is all vain and futile), "The will of the Lord be done?" Oh, think, poor seemingly heart-broken parental reader, if your troubles should but contribute, in however small degree, to your loved ones ultimately saying—

"Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

"But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
'Almighty love, arrest that man,'
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

"Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
'This mountain is no hiding-place!'

"Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel-form appeared :

She led me on with gentle pace
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.

"A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place."

Dear brethren and sisters in Christ, we would sum up this, our last address to you upon the completion of our twenty-fourth year's editorship, with the precious language brought before the companion of our earlier days, a few minutes before she departed this life. She left this vale of tears, three-and-twenty years ago, on the morning of the 19th of May, in the very room where we wrote our first address to you. We would say, then, to you in regard to all *your* afflictions as we said to *her*, with respect to *hers*,—

"Yet a season, and we know
Happy entrance shall be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven."

Dear readers, grace, mercy, and peace be with you now and for ever.
Amen. Farewell.

THE EDITOR.

Totterdown, Bristol.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer Home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's House,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white Throne,
Nearer the jasper sea:

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;—
Nearer leaving the cross—
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads me at last to the light.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer Home—
Nearer now than I think!

Now is our salvation nearer than when
we believed (Rom. xlii. 11).
The time of my departure is at hand
(2 Tim. iv. 6).

In my Father's House are many man-
sions (John xiv. 2).
And I saw a great white Throne (Rev.
xx. 11).
And I saw as it were a sea of glass
(Rev. xv. 2).

We that are in this tabernacle do groan,
being burdened (2 Cor. v. 4).
Let him take up his cross daily (Luke
ix. 23).
I will give thee a crown of life (Rev.
ii. 10).

If it had not been the Lord who was on
our side—then the waters had over-
whelmed us, the stream had gone
over our soul (Ps. cxxiv.). The swell-
ing of Jordan (Jer. xii. 5).

When thou passest through the waters,
I will be with thee (Isa. xliii. 2).
I have prayed for thee, that thy faith
fall not (Luke xxii. 32).

Fear not; for I have redeemed thee
(Isa. xliii. 1).
Absent from the body—present with
the Lord (2 Cor. v. 8).

EASTER THOUGHTS.

JOHN xx. 14.

WHEN Jesus rose from the dead He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, who knew Him not until He addressed her in His own familiar voice, calling her by name, Mary. It was natural she would be anxious to assure herself if it was her own dear Lord who spake, but Jesus said unto her, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God."

The apostle Peter, in the 1st of Acts, says that Jesus was seen of His disciples forty days before He visibly ascended into heaven; and it is remarkable that on His second appearance to His disciples (eight days after the first), He not only suffered, but invited, the unbelieving Thomas to touch Him, yea, even to thrust his hand into His side; therefore, the inference we may draw from this is, that in the meantime he had ascended bodily into heaven to appear in the presence of His Father, to testify, as it were, to Him and assembled angels, that He had finished the work He had given Him to do, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness, having entered into the holiest by His own blood, and put in His claim to eternal redemption for His people. Having fulfilled the requirements of the law, it was necessary He should present Himself a *living* sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. Then from the God of peace He comes into the midst of His disciples, the doors being shut (showing His miraculous power and Godhead), and said, "Peace be unto you."

During His first visit on the day He left the tomb, He showed unto His disciples His hands and His side, but there is no evidence from John's testimony to prove that He allowed them to touch Him. Nevertheless He breathed on them, and said unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." When Thomas beheld that it was even He Himself, he was convinced of His divinity, and exclaimed, "My Lord and my God."

The account given by Matthew differs from that of John, for, in the 28th chapter of his Gospel, it is stated that when Mary Magdalene and the other Mary first saw the Lord after His resurrection, as Jesus met them, "They came and held Him by the feet, and worshipped Him" (verse 9th), thus proving they must have touched Him before His appearance to His disciples. Now, as there cannot really be any contradiction in the word of God, how are we to understand this, as compared with John's account? In this wise: That if Mary, who loved much, had not attempted to touch her risen Lord, there would have been no necessity for Him to say, "Touch me not," but, that *while doing so*, He gently rebuked her in the words made use of by John, adding, in the words of Matthew, "Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me" (verse 10th).

"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord" (John xx. 20). And does not a sight of Him ever give great joy to a sinking soul? Whether it be one who has not found Him to His soul's satisfaction, but is saying, "How shall I know that I am one of those for whom Jesus died? I long to behold Him in all His loveliness, and hear Him say, 'I am thy salvation,' but dare not, cannot say, 'He is mine, and I am His.' Weighed down by a sense of guilt and misery, His righteous broken law condemning me, I dare not say, 'He died for me.'" But, when the Holy Spirit brings home a sense of pardon and acceptance to that soul, it is like heaven upon earth; then can the poor sin-stricken one say, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." "Blessed be the

Lord who hath showed me His marvellous lovingkindness in a strong city." And even to those who have already found the Lord, is not His presence again and again desired? Do they not long earnestly for further manifestations of His grace and love? Are they not like a sparrow alone upon the housetop when He is absent?

"Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine—
Mine they are, if Thou art mine."

Oh, to every one who is saying, "I would see Jesus," whether in the first longings of a renewed soul, or in after experience, amidst the hidings of His countenance, we would say, "Wait on the Lord, be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

Manchester.

A LITTLE ONE.

THE SECRET OPENED.

"For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God."—1 COR. ii. 11, 12.

SALVATION, though a precious theme,
Alas! how few that theme esteem;
Lost man will still in sin abide,
Vainly puffed up with creature pride:
And let who will deny the fact,
That "man is dead and cannot act,"
It still is true; this all will own
On whom the "life of God" has come:
None else "the secret" know.

Reader, dost thou know it? Hath "the Lord dealt bountifully with thee, in delivering thy soul from death, thine eyes from tears, and thy feet from falling?" Then hast thou great cause for thankfulness, yea, abundant matter for endless praise; and sweet employ indeed it is, affording perhaps the *nearest* approach to the happiness of heaven that can ever be attained unto in this life; I mean especially when all the powers of the soul and body are called up to the exercise, and with the Psalmist we can shout, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." And I do think, with dear Cowper, that

"Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me."

Fletching.

H. H.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

BELOVED, how very precious it is to meet unexpectedly with some warm-hearted old pilgrim, trudging along the same road, having the same hope, holding the same Head, and looking forward to the same end. How nice it is to open one's heart to such, and for each to tell other (in joyous haste, lest interruption should come) of hard fightings, wondrous deliverances, helps by the way, and multiplied mercies. Of course, all such enjoyment is subordinate to communion with our dear Lord Himself—this is incomparable; yet we do feel often helped by the way in overtaking a pilgrim, staff in hand, trudging homewards, as we hear him tell, out of the fulness of his grace-taught heart, of things tasted and handled concerning the kingdom of God.

In the absence of this face-to-face fellowship, the next best medium of companionship is the pen, which, dipped in the ink of experience, and guided by the dictation of the Spirit of God, brings us into fellowship with unseen brethren and sisters in the Lord; so that while, it may be, clayey circumstances bind the tongue, yet the pen preaches to a scattered congregation of over two thousand precious souls, and tracings, if clothed with the power of God, live long after the writer is laid in the silent tomb.

Oh, dear Lord, give thy poor worm more of those flowings of heart, that, running over into "empty vessels, not a few," give joy to Thy waiting ones, and bring glory to Thine own great name.

And now, beloved, in opening God's word, the first passage that arrests the attention tells of

A MIRACULOUS SUPPLY IN THE HOUR OF NEED.

[Read 2 KINGS iv. 1—7.]

"Thine handmaid hath not any thing in the house, save a pot of oil."

2 KINGS iv. 2.

How very precious are the narratives of Scripture; they bear upon their very surface the imprint of inspiration. The following is one among many that has proved a source of sweet comfort and consolation to many an afflicted child of God, who, with empty cupboard, has cried in agony of spirit unto the Lord, and, in answer to that cry, supplies have come in a miraculous way. It might be headed, "I was brought low, and He helped me." "Now there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying, Thy servant my husband is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord: and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen. And Elisha said unto her, What shall I do for thee? tell me, what hast thou in the house? And she said, Thine handmaid hath not anything in the house, save a pot of oil. Then he said, Go, borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbours, even empty vessels; borrow not a few. And when thou art come in, thou shalt shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons, and shalt pour out into all those vessels, and thou shalt set aside that which is full. So she went from him, and shut the door upon her and upon her sons, who brought the vessels to her; and she poured out. And it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son, Bring me yet another vessel. And he said unto her, There is not a vessel more. And the oil stayed. Then she came and told the man of God. And he said, Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest." (2 Kings iv. 1—7).

Notice, beloved, that the poor woman who was thus wonderfully helped was "the widow of a prophet of the Lord." God manifests a special care for "the widow in her affliction." He says, "Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry" (Exodus xxii. 22, 23); He is "a father to the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation" (Psalm lxxviii. 5).

There is a very precious instance of this fact given us in the life of Mrs. Mary Winslow, when she became a widow. She writes:—"After all had retired for the night, I was left alone with God. My mind and heart had been greatly exercised throughout the day. I felt deeply my helplessness and responsible situation. I thought, 'How can I, a helpless woman, care for and train up these children to manhood?' I felt I should sink beneath the overwhelming conviction of my own weakness and insufficiency. I paced my room in prayer, tried to take hold of a promise, but all was dark—the present and future—as midnight. It was late before I retired to rest. In vain I endeavoured to compose myself: sleep had forsaken me. Again I lifted up my heart in prayer, and these words were spoken to my ear and heart, as if an audible voice had uttered them, 'I will be a Father to thy fatherless children.' I knew this voice, and could make no mistake, so powerful was it. I instantly replied aloud, 'O Lord, be Thou the Father of my fatherless, O my God.' Oh, the solemnity of that hour! I felt God was with me, and my soul was filled with joy and holy reverence. And," Mrs. Winslow adds, "years have passed since then, and the Lord has not for a moment forgotten His promise." Oh, if these lines should be perused by an afflicted one, who no longer leans upon the arm of an earthly beloved, suffer the writer to say, dear sorrowful one, be comforted by the sweet assurance that Jehovah has promised to exercise a peculiar and tender care for thee, and "He is faithful who hath promised."

And now trace on, beloved, how marvellously He worked for the poor widow in the narrative before us. Behold *her bankrupt condition*. "The creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen," is her plaintive acknowledgment to the prophet. And Elisha, evidently moved with pity and tender compassion for this sorrowful one, said, "What shall I do for thee? tell me, what hast thou in the house?" How kindly he spoke to the poor afflicted woman! Oh, the comfort of having a sympathising friend in a time of need!—some man of God, to whom we can tell our distress. We know such a privilege falls infinitely short of the comfort of telling all to Jesus; there is no friend like Him; still it is a relief to have a brother's help and a sister's counsel when the heart is sad and sorrowful. The world forsakes in times of affliction, but the Christian is true at such a time; for when one member suffers, all suffer. I am sure, beloved, the less we court worldly society, and the more we cultivate the friendship of the godly, the better it will be for us. For years the writer has desired to carry out this principle—viz., to form no friendships but in the name of Jesus. 'Tis hard work, we confess, especially when one's lot is cast amidst the whirl of commercial life. Our lay friends will understand me when I say, it is one thing to preach such a standing from the pulpit, and another thing to practise it in every day life; yet, by God's help, there is such a thing as being *in* the world, yet not of it.

And now to return to the prophet's inquiry, "What shall I do for thee? tell me, what hast thou in the house?" "Oh," responded the poor woman, "thine handmaid hath not any thing in the house, save a pot of oil." Oh, what a desolate position! what a scene of poverty! "Nothing in the house, save a pot of oil!" Unbelief would say, "Surely it is a hopeless case." No; nothing

is too hard for the Lord. Large blessings are in store for the poor in spirit. "Go," said the servant of God, "borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbours, even empty vessels; borrow not a few." Mark, they must be "*empty vessels*;" not part full. No, God will not pour His pure oil into part-full vessels; they must be turned bottom upwards, and be thoroughly drained, ere they can become "vessels of honour, fit for the Master's use." Ah, beloved, what a secret is here. How few empty vessels do we see; plenty puffed out with creature pride and self-righteousness, but the thoroughly-emptied ones are "few, and far between."

But further, beloved, we can but notice the poor woman's FAITH. When the prophet bade her, "Go, borrow vessels of all thy neighbours, even empty vessels, not a few," we do not find her in the least way hesitating. Unbelief would have argued, "Well, but perhaps my neighbours will not like to lend me their vessels; or, "What is the use of a number of empty vessels to an already empty soul?" But, no; she goes; she does her Lord's bidding without distrust or disputation. Oh, beloved, have we such faith? The secret of much misery, discomfort, and rebellion is unbelief. The self-willed child reads in God's word some particular doctrine, and argues, "Oh, but how can this be? I cannot see that God can be just thus to act; it would surely be far better otherwise;" and thus the clay dares to assert its superiority to the Potter. Or, again, with some particular providence, the rebellious child argues, "God might surely have spared me this; it cannot work for my good. It would be better if my lot were cast in a different sphere of action;" and thus the creature claims superior judgment to the Creator. Oh, how much better for us always to take God at His word, and do His bidding. May God grant that, when inclined to murmur, we may think and act like this poor woman, who did as she was bid without disputation.

And now, having collected all the vessels she could, and brought them into her house, she is, by the prophet's ordering, to "*shut the door*." The revelation of God's goodness and mercy is to be special and personal; *it is a secret pouring of the oil into the empty vessel*. And oh, how precious is this *secret pouring in of the oil of joy*! The saints of God have much here to make them sad: their corruptions, their barrenness, the unkindness of friends, the lack of the preaching of the pure truth; these and many other things often make them mourn. What would they do without the secret drops of unction into their earthen vessels, quickening them to a lively sense of their true standing in Christ, and of the fast approach of that eternal day when sorrow and sighing will be at an end?

Now, beloved, this miraculous supply of oil may fitly represent—1. Multiplied mercies from a God of providence; 2. Continued supplies of grace from the God of all grace. Now, with regard to mercies day by day granted, must we not say they have been "new every morning, and fresh every evening?" and must we not, upon the seal that closes up our trodden footsteps, impress this motto, "*Multiplied mercies*," while again and again

"Our God the time of dearth foresaw,
And made provision long before,
That famished souls like me might draw
Supplies from His unbounded store?"

And then with regard to the continued supplies of grace received. Dear friends in Jesus, do we not find ourselves often looking up to the throne, and putting up something like this cry, "Dear Lord, pour a little more oil into our

empty vessels;" and has not that plea been repeatedly answered in our past history, so that grace upon grace has been granted from the fulness of a precious Christ? From Him there has been no lack; down the golden pipes the oil has trickled, fulfilling the promise, "Ye shall be as shining lights, shining more and more unto the perfect day." And if this has been so individually, so has it been with the Church of Christ as a whole; and not until every elect vessel has been brought to Jesus, and filled with the oil of the Holy Spirit—then, and not till then, will the oil be stayed. Oh, the marvellous goodness of our covenant God! how complete and perfect are all His plans!

One thought more, beloved. Notice what this supply of oil did for this once poor but now enriched woman: with it she paid her debts, and lived upon the rest. "And she came and told the man of God. And he said, Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest." With the oil she paid her debts, so that the creditor, who had come to take unto him her two sons be bondmen, departed out of the house. What an emblem of the healing character of the unction of the Holy One! It is the precious blood of Jesus which redeems the soul; and then how healing the effect of the application of the unction of the Holy Spirit! The good Samaritan, finding by the road-side the man who had fallen among thieves, who had stripped him of his raiment and wounded him, had compassion upon him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine.

But, again, the poor woman and her children were "*to live upon the rest.*" Here we have an emblem of the continued consolation of the Gospel: salvation, followed by supplies. The hand that poured the oil into the wounds of the stripped one, "brought him to an inn," and gave orders that he should be taken care of, saying, "Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee" (Luke x. 35).

And now, in conclusion, dear reader, does not the condition of this poor woman, and the miraculous interposition of the Lord by His servant Elisha, on her behalf, remind us of some past season of spiritual, or, it may be, with some even temporal *bankruptcy* on our part, and of *bounty* on the Lord's part, that we can fall back upon as a standing memorial of a covenant God's goodness in the hour of need. Cannot the finger of faith point to such a time, and shall we, to the day of our death, forget how signal and special was the help, how completely it fitted into the emergency, and left us a miracle of God's grace and favour? There are few of the Lord's people so prosperous in this world but have passed through such memorable seasons, when the pot of oil has expanded to vessels of plenty, and the poor soul, calculating that surely despair must follow dearth, has lived to see mercies multiplied, debts paid, an honourable station in life maintained, and God faithful to His every promise. Praise Him for the past, beloved; trust Him for the future—

"And let not doubts your mind assail,
Remember God has said,
'The cruse and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed.'"

Pray for more of the golden oil of the Spirit, and for the help of God's grace in every time of need; and believe that Elisha's God, and this poor bankrupt woman's God, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and will never suffer either the body or soul of His believing child to famish. "I was brought low, but He helped me."

THE SUFFICIENCY OF CHRIST'S ATONEMENT.

[Read ROMANS vi.]

"For in that He died, He died UNTO sin once : but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God."

I pray you mark, reader, that little word *unto*. It is not said that Christ died for sin (this is a precious fact, fully set forth in the sacred word), but it is here stated by the apostle Paul that "Christ died *unto* sin;" the intent of which is, we apprehend, that Christ *turned His face unto sin, and dealt with it fully*, making, by His atonement, a full and satisfactory oblation for all the sins of all His people.

Now, if we, poor erring creatures, set ourselves, heart and soul, to any task, alas ! how often health fails, and we die ere we can accomplish it ; but when Christ set Himself to make an atonement for sin, He died *unto* it ; that is, died for the express purpose of accomplishing it, that, through His death, we might live ; which brings us to the practical and precious part—viz., "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (verse 11). And here is just the difference between the children of the devil and the children of God : the former are alive to sin, and dead to God ; the latter are dead to sin, and alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ ; that is to say, they have no taste, no longing, no desire, to live in sin ; yea, they hate themselves on account of it, and it melts their hearts to think how they have practised that which is such an abhorrence to a righteous God ; and they are alive to Him, through the quickening, regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost—alive through Christ's doing and dying. All hail, thou dear Redeemer ! my stronghold is Thine atonement, for in it I find a sufficiency, and herein is the keystone of the arch that supports the Church of Christ—herein is my soul's refuge. Come, beloved, with us to the cross at this season :

"Oh, lift up your eyes !

"Tis finished !" He cries ;

Impassive He suffers, immortal He dies.

His death is my plea ;

He nailed to the tree

The bond that condemned us. The sinner is free."

Pray for a clearer and deeper realization of the purpose and effect of the atonement of Christ, and never cease to adore that Saviour who died unto sin, that His believing people might be "made alive unto God through Him."

JESUS RAISETH LAZARUS FROM THE GRAVE.

[Read JOHN xi.]

"I am the resurrection and the life."—JOHN xi. 25.

Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs—that is, about two miles off ; and it was in this town that Lazarus, and Mary, and her sister Martha dwelt. It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped His feet with her hair ; and it was that Martha to whom He said, "Martha, Martha, thou art cumbered about many things ; but Mary hath chosen that better part which shall not be taken away from her." And now their brother Lazarus is sick. Our dear Redeemer had always manifested a tender love and regard for this favoured family, as declared : "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." Of this the sisters seemed fully aware ; for, upon

the occasion before us, they sent to Him, saying, "Lord, he whom *Thou lovest* is sick." So also were the Jews aware of Jesus' esteem for this family; for when they saw Jesus weeping by the grave of Lazarus, they said, "Behold, how He loved him!"

Dear reader, what a hallowed privilege and mercy: a family beloved by the Lord! and they, too, placing implicit confidence and faith in Him, as Martha acknowledges: "Yea, Lord: I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." And now their beloved brother, the earthly stay and support of this favoured group, is laid upon the bed of affliction. What shall they do? Physicians are of no use; the case is beyond their skill. Oh, they remember their best Friend—He whom they have trusted before—and they send Him a touching message, telling Him, "Lord, behold he whom Thou lovest is sick." One would suppose this message would have been sufficient to cause Jesus to hasten to the bedside of the sufferer. But, no; when He had heard that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was. "Marvelous!" would say little faith. "What can be the reason of His delay? Has He forgotten to be gracious? Is His mercy clean gone for ever?" No, no! His divine mind pondered well His every action. His delay was intentional. The miracle He purposed working was for the advantage of the disciples—yea, for the advantage of the faith of every believer down to the end of time. Hence, when penetrating with an Almighty eye into the chamber of affliction, and knowing everything that was transpiring there, although distant personally from the scene, He announced untold, "Lazarus is dead;" adding, "And I am glad, for your sakes, that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe. Nevertheless, let us go to him." And now, as they draw near to Bethany, not merely do they find that he is dead, but that "he had lain in the grave four days already," causing little-faith Martha to declare, "Lord, by this time he stinketh." "Oh," would say unbelief, "'tis useless now. Mock not our sorrow; we have lost our loved one for ever; nothing is left for us but woe and distress. The joy of our home is gone; the support of our household is taken away at a stroke. Our hearts are sad and heavy; leave us to our mourning, and let us feel our anguish."

But a gleam of sunshine breaks through these gathered clouds of calculated sorrow. The sisters receive joyful tidings that "Jesus was coming;" and Martha, as soon as she heard the news, hastens to meet Him, but Mary sat still in the house. "Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died; but I know *even now*"—(precious faith)—*even now* in this our greatest extremity—*even now* (though all around scorn the very idea)—*even now*, "whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." Surely she who had been cumbered about many things had now cast aside the weights which did so easily beset her, and was looking to Jesus. Affliction had taught her a valuable lesson, and to her importunity Jesus gives her the assurance that her brother shall rise again. "Ah," she says, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." But the Redeemer stops her arguments with the emphatic declaration, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? And she said unto Him, *Yea, Lord.*" Light flashes upon her mind, divine illumination lights up her pathway, and she hastens with gladdened feelings to Mary, her sister, exclaiming, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Mary had been sitting still, doubtless pondering over her sorrow; but the name of Jesus stirred her out of her reverie, and she arose quickly and went out to meet Him: for Jesus

had not yet come into the town of Bethany, but was in that place where Martha had joined Him. And "when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw Him, she fell down at His feet, saying," in the very language of her sister, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Truly were they sisters in the Lord. But the scene is too much for the humanity of our Lord; touched with feelings of our infirmity, His manhood is moved to very tenderness. And when He saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in the spirit, was troubled, and wept too. What a scene! a weeping company with a weeping Saviour in their midst! "Where have ye laid him?" asks the sorrowing Redeemer. And they respond, "Lord, come and see." And the tearful group proceed to the tomb. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, "Take away the stone." But their hearts misgave them; at all events, Martha's. She reminds her Lord that by this time the body of the loved one must have become loathsome. "Jesus said unto her, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" Then they took away the stone* from the place where the dead was laid. "And Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me; and I knew that Thou hearest me always, but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent me. And when He thus had spoken He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth." Oh, how that voice must have penetrated the bowels of the earth, and rang through the vaults of the dead! It was a resurrection voice, and as has been truly said, "To die was an act of the Son of Man, to raise from death was an act of the Son of God." The dead must rise at the sound of that voice, hence "he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes, and his face bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go." Surely, dear reader, this whole miracle of our dear Redeemer is a standing earnest of the resurrection-day. The same powerful voice shall collect the scattered particles of the bodies of those who died in the faith, and shall raise them glorified bodies. And the conversation our Lord had with Martha previously to their repairing to the tomb of the dead Lazarus, wherein he declares unto her "I am the resurrection and the life," testifies of this foundation doctrine—

"I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
And long to see it fall;
That I my willing flight may take,
To Him who is my all.

"Burdened and groaning then no more,
My rescued soul shall sing,
As up the shining path I soar,
'O death, thou hast lost thy sting!'"

Pray for a deeper insight into the glorious doctrine of the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, so that you may be delivered from living in bondage through the fear of death.

And now, beloved, in conclusion, we have, in our wayside gatherings this month, put into our pilgrim's wallet themes which we trust, in dispensing, will prove the bread of life to hungry souls. We have seen how our covenant God

* In contemplating the miracle of our Lord, we must recollect the Eastern mode of burial. No coffin was used, but the body was wrapped and swathed tightly in many folds of linen or cotton cloth; hence Lazarus came forth bound hand and foot with graveclothes. Nor were their burial places deep graves like ours. Ancient sepulchres, we are told, were commonly recesses excavated in the sides of caverns, and doubtless the body of Lazarus lay in a recess of this description; his body being introduced head foremost, it can be understood how at the call of our Lord he would have slid out of the recess, and stood on his feet on the floor of the cavern.

miraculously supplies in the hour of need. We have glanced at the sufficiency of our dear Lord's atonement, and thought of His own emphatic declaration, "I am the resurrection and the life." And now may He who heareth prayer visit you with the tokens of His love, supply you with all needful grace, and grant you the never-dying comforts of the Holy Spirit, are the desires of your soul's well wisher,

Bury St. Edmund's.

G. C.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

I WANT to be bow'd in the dust before God,
And humbly submit to His chastening rod;
I want to be taught by His Spirit my guilt,
And trust in the blood which for sinners was spilt.

I want to be shown my own vileness within,
That, killed by God's law and convinced of my sin,
My soul, feeling helpless, and wean'd from the earth,
Shall evidence give of its spiritual birth.

"The whole," says the Saviour, "need not to be healed;"
But they unto whom a just God is revealed,
Feel undone and ruin'd, and tremble withal,
For fear their Creator for vengeance should call.

They know that all those for whom Jesus has died
Are saved in the Lord; and in Him they shall hide.
But thus, then they reason, of all pow'r bereft,
"If I should be found amongst those that are left."

As whole-hearted sinners, they thought they had power;
"Shall I turn to God?" was their language before:
But, now they are humbled, how changed is their cry!—
"Will Jesus receive such a rebel as I?"

"Has God put my name in the bless'd Book of Life?
Do I form a part of the Bride, the Lamb's wife?
Has Jesus redeemed me? if not, I can tell
My soul, for its sins, will be cast into hell."

Immutable love, which no creature can turn,
Salvation of God are the lessons they learn;
Thus humbled, they sigh, self-condemned by their sin,
"Oh, may I be blessed with an interest therein."

Then mould me, O God, and subdue me by grace,
And show me Thy glory in Jesus's face;
And help me on Jesus alone to rely,
For all I require both to live and to die.

For trusting in Jesus what can my soul fear,
As troubles are trifles when Jesus is near?
Thus may I esteem Him supremely below,
And shouting His praises to glory I'll go.

R. A. L.

ALL life is seated in God, as in its proper throne; in its most perfect purity.

RICHES!

I HAD long thought that the rich were in the most unenviable of positions, for not only have they the tremendous responsibility of the talents thus entrusted to them, and may at any moment be called to give an account of their stewardship, but they are placed in circumstances in which they are the subjects of envy, of reproach, and of an almost total lack of that sympathy which is one of the chief features of the friendships that unite heart to heart in this poor dying world. In regard, too, to the difficulties connected with the position in which the wealthy are placed, it was only a few days since I was told, by a dear brother in the Lord, of a certain nobleman in London, who, with his wife, has recently been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ. He is a man of large means, and, morning after morning, gets his score of letters asking help. He is perfectly at a loss to know what to do: hence in this respect is the subject of trial and perplexity to which his poorer brethren are utter strangers. Again, if there is the fear of God in the heart, there is the constant harass lest (as Luther once feared) the Lord should be putting them off with the things of this life. They know that, for most part, the word of God is dead against them: they know it says, that the Lord "hath chosen the *poor* of this world rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom:" they know, too, that the self-same word declares that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called:" hence they are the subjects of a thousand fears lest they personally should not be among the few thus called. They feel, too, the words of Agur to fall upon them as an admonition and a rebuke, "Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." They feel that *they* cannot say this, and hence they fear that they are at issue with one of God's much-honoured servants. Thus they are apprehensive that they lack the Spirit—that they are not in the footsteps of the flock—and that their position is altogether unlike that of their Lord and Master, who not only said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God; for it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," but He also Himself was poor and despised, who "though the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, had not Himself where to lay His head."

Again, those who have riches are in constant dread of losing them. MATTHEW HENRY used to say respecting riches, "The trouble of *getting* them, the care of *keeping* them, and the fear of *losing* them, takes away all the pleasure of *using* them." I am personally acquainted with one rich man who, in addition to his own large fortune, married a lady with £20,000; he is constantly the subject of dread that he shall *die in a poorhouse*.

Another wealthy man, when once walking in his beautiful grounds in the vicinity of London, intimated to me, that he was a happier man when engaged in business in the City, and quoted with evident anxiety the Scripture, "Riches take to themselves wings, and fly away." Another one said to me, "My motto is, Make it sure! make it sure!" "Poor fool!" thought I, "how soon the Lord could take it all away, notwithstanding all *your* puny efforts to make it sure." My very soul trembled at hearing such an utterance. But, even supposing the Lord did allow such men to make (as they say) their money sure, does such a Scripture as this stand upon record for nought? "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver

is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days."

My impressions, in regard to the wealthy, were recently much confirmed in the course of visitation among the tried and afflicted. I happened to meet in the house of mourning, where the only surviving parent had suddenly been called away, a lady of whom I had had some previous knowledge, and with whom, some months before, I had conversed. Meeting now in the house of mourning, and under circumstances of deep solemnity, she spoke with the greatest candour and simplicity. It was well known that she was a person of large means—that she had, not long since, £50,000 left her by a relative. But it was clear that she had *aged* greatly under the weight of care and responsibility which this large sum had entailed. Her mode of living is simple and unpretending; her object, as far as I have heard, is to help, in every possible way, her poorer relatives. But she said, that the misconstruction of motive, unkind insinuations, and heartless charges, were such as to compel her to seek refuge and relief in God, to whom alone (as she expressed it) she could appeal as the Searcher of hearts and the Trier of the reins of the children of men. She spoke as one bowed down with care. Hence I was confirmed in my long-cherished conviction, that the *smallest* trials with which the Lord tries His people are the trials of His providence, or, in other words, anxiety about the ways and means. Trying as this may be, reader, and most trying it is, depend on it there are trials and afflictions of a far keener kind.

THE BLOOD OF ATONEMENT.

THIS is the all-pervading theme of the Bible. It is met with in Genesis and Revelation, in Leviticus and Hebrews; in the writings of the prophets, and in the gospels of the evangelists; in the prayers of saints, and the songs of the glorified. Besides, everything in our salvation is attributed to it. Are we *forgiven*? It is through the blood: "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sin." Are we the occupants of a state of *justification*? It is by the blood: "Justified by His blood." Are we the possessors of *peace*? It is through the blood: "Having made peace through the blood of His cross." Are we the subjects of *sanctification*? It is by the blood: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Are we walking in the privilege of *nearness* to God? It is by the blood: "Made nigh by the blood of Christ." Are we acquiring the *victory* in every contest in which we engage? It is by the blood: "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb." Yes, the theme of the Bible is *salvation by blood*. "When I see the blood," says God, "I will pass over you; for it is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul." And, delightful thought, He is always seeing the blood. Jesus has entered into the heavens with His own blood, and is before the Father with it, as Aaron was of old before Him in the holy of holies, with the blood which he carried from the altar of sacrifice. The ground, then, on which sin can be forgiven, and mercy to any extent exercised, is ever under the divine eye. God sees in the blood the judgment and punishment of iniquity; and therefore, for the sake of it, is ready to receive, at any moment, and place among His children, all who look to Him for forgiveness and reinstatement in His favour. Thus believing in the blood of atonement, you are as completely under its cover as were the Israelites in Egypt when their door-posts were besprinkled with it.

NOTES OF A SERMON

PREACHED AT BOLTON STREET, KENNINGTON, ON MARCH 13, 1864, BY THE
REV. J. W. GOWRING.

As recalled to memory and written down by one of the congregation, for the benefit of an absent member suffering under great depression of mind and soul.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

THE gracious words of the Lord Jesus—part of the lively oracles of God, not spoken only for the comfort of those to whom they were addressed at first, but to form part of the inspired word of God—addressed in their fullest meaning to His living children, containing also a great general truth. All men are born to labour—it is God's appointment: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The Apostle Paul, writing to the Thessalonians, discourages idleness; men are not to be supported in idleness—each is to take his place, which God has allotted him, and fulfil the duties of it. "Art thou called being a servant? care not for it." No man is born to be an idle citizen of this world. There is often great weariness connected with the labour, and to God's people perhaps more than to others, because they are bidden to do heartily whatsoever they do. But even here God's providential care has ordained that "the sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." This is a natural truth, but there underlies it a spiritual mystery; it is one of the dark sayings in the Book of Proverbs; but those to whom God has given to know the labour will know the sweetness of the rest He gives. But the abundance of the rich often will not suffer them to sleep. *In this labour there is often perplexity, distress. The Lord says: "Them that honour me I will honour," and there are many instances—few compared with the multitude of men, but very many instances—of His hearing and answering the cry of those who, as yet, give no proof of knowing Him. There are no trifles with God; there is nothing so small that we may not go to Him about—temporal mercies as well as spiritual. He orders all things, the most minute, what seem to us the most trifling; but they are all connected in the machinery, as it were, of His providence. There is not a grain of dust blown along the road but it is guided by His will and according to His good pleasure; no waft of wind but what comes out of His treasuries. If it were possible that one, even the smallest, event could happen, which He had not foreseen and appointed, all might go wrong; that one small event, even the turning of a straw, might be the check in the great course of His providence. God hears not only the mourning of the dove, but the cry of the raven. He giveth food to all flesh, for His mercy endureth for ever. His tender mercies are over all His works; every breath we breathe comes from Him. There is a pithy sentence of an old divine, but a very important one—"They who watch God's providence will never want a providence to watch." As illustrating the general truth of my text, I would refer to the case of Johnson, one of the most remarkable missionaries that ever left this country; he went out to Sierra Leone. He was a Hanoverian, settled in England, where he got work, and lived in utter disregard of God and His day. Work failing, and being reduced to perfect destitution, he was one morning rolling on his bed in agony, when there came to his memory a text which had probably never crossed his mind since he was eight years old, a child at school, and required by his master to repeat some sentence from the Sunday's sermon. He repeated, "Call-upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Scolded by the master for

repeating a *text*, rather than a passage of the sermon, it made a transient impression; now in the hour of need it was recalled. "If there is a God who hears," said he, "I will ask Him to help me." The promise of work came that day—the next he went to it; returning at the breakfast hour, not expecting any provision, he found the table spread. This labour of his heart had led him to God: he now sought Him for spiritual blessings, and found them. I have often thought this a great encouragement to parents and instructors to bring up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The seed is sown in the portions of God's word committed to memory; the results may not be seen, not even in the parent's lifetime; it may be, after many, many years, it shall be found as bread cast upon the waters, but it shall not return unto Him void.

But, in the fullest sense of these words, they are addressed by Jesus to the little flock that gathered round Him, the babes to whom He revealed them in His good pleasure. Our Lord, in John vi., says to those who followed Him for the sake of the bread that perisheth, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." The sinner is led to consider and think upon such a verse as this—"If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are *lost*." His thoughts may be something like this—"Hid! what have I understood of the Gospel? what glad tidings has it been to me? I have a soul which must be lost or saved in the Lord. What shall it profit me if I gain the whole world and lose my own soul?" He is in earnest—he labours—he attends God's house; but his very prayers, having in them the wandering thought, the heart going after every vanity, show him that he does not love God with his whole heart, and soul, and strength. He fancies he makes some progress, but the very sin he thought he was delivered from comes and enthrals him again. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" The remonstrance is here not against the labour, but the sinner is striving in a wrong way; it is that which satisfieth not. Hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith to all that truly turn to Him, as in our Communion Service: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." "He satisfieth the desire of every *living* thing." He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we think or ask. He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him. And to us who have long believed on Him, Jesus still says, "Come unto me;" "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom, and with it He will give you all things." We may come to Him with everything—things we name not to our nearest and dearest friend; in all our perplexity, in all our labour, when heavy-laden, burdened with the conflict within. "When we would do good, evil is present with us." Paul had known the Lord twenty years when he wrote thus. Even ministers of the Gospel know what it is to be heavy-laden—to go to their work as the horse in the mill. There may be light shining on God's word, and they may labour on under the consciousness how infinitely below their subject they are—how far short of the depths in it. Their language is, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." This is a hard lesson to learn, but a needful one, to take away all confidence in the flesh. I shall never forget the power with which the words of my text once came to me; nor are they to-day of my own choosing. They flowed in after hard labour and weariness in seeking for a portion of God's word to address you from, and followed those lines we have been singing—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

This is the lesson the Lord would have His people learn—to place no trust in themselves; this is the true self-denial, not the world's caricature of it—that is easy; but “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself.” He will have us not look to our own labouring. When coldness and apathy creep over us in prayer, and the devil tempts us to believe it is all of no use—when walking in darkness and having no bright shining, then let such trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God; for “it is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.” At the brightness of His rising the thick clouds are dispersed. Yet the labour has not been lost; it has taught the heart that there is no help in self. It is to “them that have no might He increaseth strength.” His heart was towards the Syro-Phœnician woman all along: there is no unwilling, no inattentive ear to hear us. Man may despise us—man did despise the sinful woman who washed our Lord's feet with her tears; but it is Jesus who says, “Come unto me.” And He says it in every trial, in every trouble. He knew it all; it is His will that it should be so, but He will be inquired of by the house of Israel; and He thus teaches His people not to trust in themselves nor in man. It is painful for the time, when all seems dark, and there is no bright shining, no comfort even in parts of His word that have been our joy—that word unto His servants on which He has caused them to hope. But the Lord will have His people trust in nothing short of Himself; thus patience works hope. The poor woman in the Gospel had to wait many long years. It seemed a hard case; she spent all her living on physicians, and was nothing bettered; but what a blessed deliverance for her in the end! So Joseph was long before he knew why things were working so; but in the end he found that the Lord had been leading him right. There may be many difficulties, many disappointments in the way; but let us not be discouraged—let us press on, giving all diligence; though faint, yet pursuing. The Lord will make us strong in Him, and in the power of His might. Let us labour on, though there be weariness in the labour. God is true; He says He will give us rest if we come to Him. Jesus knows what it was to be weary: many a long day of bitterness and anguish did He pass through in fulfilling the work the Father gave Him to do. He was *wearied* (the same word as for *labour* here) with His journey. Not with that alone. He had a work to do that the world knew nothing of. He was wearied *in* it, but not *of* it; but He did not give up. He could say at last, “I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do”—the work of redemption, of which He said at last, “It is finished;” that work by which we have rest in Him—the pardon of our sins brought home to us by His Holy Spirit. “Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live.” I believe some of you can put your Amen to this—you can witness that Christ is precious, that you have come unto Him, and He has given you rest; and thus you are His witnesses to others, and made manifest as the epistles of Christ, known and read of men as such.

I cannot dissociate from this rest the rest of the Sabbath, the day that God has made for man, not to be spent in idleness or pleasure, for it is not our own day: needful, indeed, in a natural sense, and acknowledged to be so by those who do not take the Bible for their guide. But “man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” This is the day on which we commemorate our Lord's resurrection from the dead—“the day that the Lord hath made, we will rejoice, and be glad in it.” This rejoicing is the best preservative from that sleepy devil that harasses some of God's children in the house of God, and in private communion. Even in the presence of the Lord we find the adversary resisting Joshua; he is ever ready to hinder

what is good, but "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan." The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Our Lord's injunction is, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." "Resist the devil, and he shall flee from you." Peter, confident in himself, had said, "I will never deny Thee;" but, though he forgot Jesus, Jesus did not forget him. But if this is so with the Lord's people, it is a grief, a burden to them; they are not content to have it so, to fold their hands passively, and say with the sluggard, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber." Take this burden to the Lord; "cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall deliver thee." "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Often the smallest things ruffle the spirit most; great troubles press comparatively lightly, but mere trifles are sometimes heavy burdens to us. There is nothing so small but we may take it to Him who careth for us. Those who have never come to Jesus cannot understand this: they think it would be presumption to imagine that the great God should take notice of such little matters. But they do not know God; they judge of Him, not by what the Bible or the experience of His people prove Him to be, but by their own fancies. There is nothing small to Him. In the greatest and most important circumstances of life, and in its most minute details, we may in perplexity or difficulty go to Him. When we foolishly think we can manage the trifling concerns ourselves, and He for a time leaves us to our own wisdom, we soon find our need of Him even in these.

If in anything you feel conscious that you are not acting to the honour of your profession, go to Jesus with this burden; He will give you strength, though your own labouring cannot attain to it. "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

LETTER BY THE LATE JAMES BOURNE.

November, 1840.

DEAR MR. TIMMS,—I am often greatly surprised at the changes I find, and especially at the great distress that often comes suddenly upon me even in one day. I sometimes meet such a sweet encouraging gale from the everlasting hills, that I am ready to believe "I shall never be moved;" yet, how soon this deceitful heart of mine is led astray, and, before I feel the guilt, I am far removed from the simplicity I felt perhaps an hour before. Then arises a secret suspicion whether I am at all under the teaching of the Spirit; and the enemy takes every advantage to further the calamity by many proofs which he invents as infallible tokens of hypocrisy. These are the things which make me murmur, and search deeply into the word of God, to see if any saints have been exercised in the same way; and I find they all "sing of mercy and of judgment." How well David seemed to begin in the name of the Lord to fight Goliath, yet what discouragement he endured from his brethren. The victory he obtained by the wonderful mercy of God procured him the notice of Saul, and he was raised to great honours; but soon we hear of Saul casting his javelin at him, through jealousy, if possible, to counteract what he knew to be the purpose of God. Though Saul again restored him outwardly to favour many times, and gave him his daughter in marriage, yet he pursued him continually. This is a true picture of every one that is in earnest for the kingdom, and on whom the Lord has in any degree manifested His purpose of mercy. If it were possible, our grand adversary would put a final close to all our mournful seeking, by bringing

us under some untoward dispensation, that should seem to threaten any purpose of God towards us of mercy or salvation. Solomon, who was a man of peace, and to whom the Lord so abundantly manifested His favour, soon showed how outward prosperity carries the heart away. None were ever so wise as Solomon, and none in Scripture seem to have acted so foolishly as he respecting his wives and their gods, who turned away his heart, to the destruction of his kingdom.

These things show that the Lord is a minute observer of our ways, and it is no small token of living faith to tremble at His judgments. The fear of His uplifted hand is a continual exercise to me, knowing that my heart is foolishly carried away with idols. Nothing but the Spirit, as "the candle of the Lord searching the innermost parts of the belly," will cause the trembling, but when once the alarm is struck within, I find no rest till the Lord comes with some favourable token of His mercy to me and mine. Such as fear God are subject to these painful changes, but I am quite sure that a mournful, watchful spirit will work its way out of them all.

Many strange things occur from quarters never thought of, which involve us in inextricable labyrinths, and are so managed by the enemy as to preclude all power of helping ourselves. This is his craftiness, to catch the unwary; but, through mercy, the snare is discovered, and we find the way out, not by carnal reason, but by a simple cry to the Lord. When we feel ourselves most unworthy of help and mercy, and in the lowest place, then we find an open door. Hope revives, patience is found, and something of quietly waiting brings up the rear; and, to our surprise, the Lord draws near, and tells us we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us. Oh, how sweetly this breaks the heart, and makes us see the wisdom of God in the trial, as well as His power, faithfulness, lovingkindness, and tender mercy, in the deliverance out of it. Thus we get the honey out of the carcase of the lion, and the places that threaten the greatest sorrow are productive of the sweetest evidences of eternal life begun.

Yours in the Lord,

JAMES BOURNE.

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST.

WHEN I think the sorrows o'er,
Which for me my Saviour bore;
Lord, how is it I should be,
No more filled with love to Thee?
Give me with an eye of faith
To behold His awful death;
Overwhelmed with wrath and blood,
Baptism of Christ our God.
Weep, oh weep, my marble eyes!
See, the Friend of sinners dies!
See, His choicest blood is spilt,
Rebels to redeem from guilt!
See Him breathe His soul away,
On that dread, mysterious day;
Then the sun withdrew his light,
Shrunk affrighted from the sight.
Hark! I hear the mountain rent,
Will not then this heart relent?

What! will nothing make it ache?
Smite it, Lord, and it shall break.

Let one ray, as once did dart
From Thine eye to Peter's heart,
Pierce my harder bosom through—
Lord, one look like that will do.

Slay this antichrist within,
By Thy death be death to sin;
Reign within if aught oppose;
Saviour, crucify Thy foes.

Oh, I long for that blest day,
When my soul shall fly away;
Leave this land of frost and night,
For the realms of love and light.

There no more shall I lament,
That Thou dost Thyself absent;
No cold heart shall feel above,
But be all transformed to love.

JOHN RYLAND, D.D., 1774.

NOTES BY A WAYFARER.

"How he *hates* religion; he says, it's all cant, or *tries* to think so." "Ah, yes, *tries* to think so," was the reply. "And yet," it was added, "you believe he will be brought to think otherwise." "I am *sure* of it," was the answer of the first speaker. "Then it's *your* faith," mentally exclaimed the other, "that I am depending upon, not my own, for I seem to have no confidence, or scarcely any *hope*, in the matter; and yet there was one circumstance which he could not forget, much less despise: it was the precious application, nearly two years before, of the words, "*The Lord hath loved him.*" This scripture was applied, at *two different times* (which is rather unusual) with precious savour and power, and once under most peculiar and striking circumstances, in which it was evident that the Lord, and the Lord alone, wrought. It was *His* hand, and *none but His*, that brought about the issue; and that in His own always blessed and soul-strengthening, heart-cheering way. But the faith of the other—the first speaker above mentioned—was based upon a direct, personal application which she had had at a subsequent period, and in the strength of which she has since been sustained and comforted. However, a few minutes after the conversation above alluded to, and after a further trial of faith and patience connected with other circumstances, the annexed most encouraging fact came to hand. How richly and blessedly does it bespeak divine sovereignty and almighty, irresistible power, as well as the fulness and freeness of sin-pardoning, Satan-crushing grace:—

London, April 2, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Old as I am, I am not insensible to those warmings produced by the Sun of Righteousness when He ariseth with His healing wings; and, having the MS. of this trophy of divine grace put into my hands for perusal, I could not refrain from running back to former days, and, in the newest style of the old trade, make a *side-spring* of it, and send it forth from the stall with much thankfulness of heart. Zion's God still reigneth, and leaves not a hoof behind of His ransomed flock. What a display of sovereignty! This wandering sheep, in full pursuit after his prey, has a hedge placed before him, which keeps from his view his companion in sin, but brings into view the Friend of sinners, and enables him just to tell what great things He had done for him, and then takes him home to glory:—

"O'er heaven's gate a motto stands engraved,
'Let sin alone be damned, but sinners saved;'
And o'er the gate of hell's dark dismal cave,
'Jesus the purchase of His blood will have.'"

The long seclusion I have had in my stall must have led many of my old friends to conclude I had packed up my *kit*, and resigned business to others not so in the growth of years. I am still strong to labour in the ancient craft of *rap, rap*—the sound of which is only deadened by the fear of offending the powers that be; nor have I cause to complain of the slackness of business, for from the first of inhabiting *the stall* I have never had such an abundance of cobbling jobs, and glad should I be to have some of them taken off my hands; but, alas! who is there willing to do old *Crispin's work*? Forgive the seeming egotism of one who, like most old men, lives next door to himself; and there are not many Crispins in our day.

CRISPIN.

From my Stall, Amen Corner.

TREASURES HID IN THE SAND.

A few months since, a thoughtless young nobleman went into a place of worship on a Sunday afternoon, not for the purpose of worshipping, but with the view of meeting with a young female who had formerly been his companion in sin, and whom he expected to find there—the Lord having brought her to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

From being a stranger, as well as from the respectability of his appearance, the congregation were much excited, as was also the minister, Mr. Hanks, who, upon first seeing him, felt a strong desire, if it was the Lord's will, his mind might be impressed with the things of the Gospel; with this view he gave out the following hymn:—

"In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my mad career.

"I saw One hanging on the tree,
In agony and blood;

He fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

"Ah, never till my latest breath
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke."

One of the friends, seeing he was a stranger, gave him a hymn-book, when he appeared to listen to the hymn with much attention, and showed great interest throughout the whole of the service; at the close of which he returned the book, and, without making any observation, withdrew with the rest of the congregation, amongst whom there was great inquiry if he was known, or if Mr. H. had noticed him.

Not succeeding in finding the object of his search, he was there again on the following Lord's day, and listened with no less attention throughout the service, at the close of which he left, as before, disappointed with regard to the individual after whom he was seeking. On this occasion, one of the deacons gave out the following hymn, to which he seemed to listen with peculiar interest, as if indicating he had never heard the like before—the strains were quite new to him:—

"Lord, Thou hast won; at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to Thee;

Against Thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against Thy love?
Love conquered even me."

In the ensuing week he left England for Switzerland. On reaching Belgium, he suddenly became unwell, and was thereby prevented from proceeding any further. His friends being alarmed at the symptoms of the malady, and himself no less so, medical aid was quickly in attendance, and from the first but little hope was held out of his recovery.

The thoughts of death, and the unwelcome recollection of his past life, with the anticipation and dread of meeting his Maker, brought him into a state of mind bordering upon despair. His earnest cries for mercy and forgiveness were to all who heard them thrilling and heart-rending to the last degree. Every means within the reach of his friends were resorted to, with a view of allaying his fears, and mitigating his mental distress; but all was in vain.

In this appalling state of mind he continually exclaimed, "*I am lost; I shall soon have to appear before God; and, oh, what an awful account shall I have to give unto Him.*"

In the midst of the sufferings of his body and the terrors of his mind, he frequently referred to the services he had attended on those two afternoons in the room at Woolwich; and now for the first time confessed how much he had been affected by them, and now desired that the hymn-book should be sent for

which contained the hymns that were then sung, that he might read them, which was done; and over and over again he very eagerly and with apparent pleasure read them with others from the same collection, which in all probability was the one edited by the late Mr. John Stevens, of Meard's Court.

At length his anguish began to abate, and his tears to subside; and, when speaking of the effect the hymns had upon him when first heard, he mentioned several scriptures as quoted by Mr. H., which had not passed from him. "*We all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.*" These were the words that first took possession of his heart, and brought the sense of sin, the value of his soul, the fear of death, and the wrath of God before him.

He happily received a sense of the full forgiveness of his sins—yea, all his sins; and the love and compassion of a precious Christ fully absorbed every power of his happy soul. He wept for joy, as pardoned sinners do, and sung with rapture and delight of that mercy he had obtained.

Often and earnestly did he pray for Mr. H. as the instrument in the Lord's hand of stopping him in his mad career of folly and sin, and also for all his friends worshipping with him; and desired that certain books should be forwarded to him by way of remembrance, which was done by his friends, and brought to Woolwich by his uncle, who is a clergyman of the Church of England, and who communicated the above particulars of this valuable treasure, once hid in the sand of nature, but now, through sovereign grace, a diadem in the Redeemer's crown.

A short time before his death, and in the anticipation that his desire would be soon granted, he sung the sweet hymn of Berridge—

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus set me free;
And to Thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be."

He fell asleep in Jesus with the utmost triumph of faith, and breathed out his ransomed spirit, exclaiming with his last breath, "Glory, glory, glory." Who can say this is not "*a brand plucked out of the burning?*" He departed May 26, 1863.

SACRED MAXIMS.

If Jesus had escaped any of those fears and temptations incident to humanity, it would not have been said, "He was in all points tempted like as we are."

It is God's ordinance that many means leading to very beneficial results, should be in themselves extremely unpleasant.

The Great High Priest of our profession is far more exquisitely touched with the feeling of our infirmities, than we are with the sufferings of each other.

The strength of the Church stands in the perpetual intercession of Jesus.

Inward corruption forms no subject of distress to the world, but the people of God feel incessant cause for lamentation on this account.

It is a high honour to be instrumental in helping any in the ways of salvation.

The salvation of Christ extends to all who feel the curse of a carnal mind.

Carnally-minded men never have a good conscience.

The hearts of God's people are so often overcharged with cares, as to make them walk very unbecomingly.—*Rev. W. Borrowes.*

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

*(Continued from page 165.)**"God be merciful to me, a sinner."*—LUKE xviii. 13.

4. *Brevity.*—Whilst the Pharisee, being a man of parts, made a loud boast and long harangue, the better to mask the hypocrisy of his heart, and obtain the vain applause of men; the publican followed the admonition of a wise king (Eccl. v. 2). He was not rash with his mouth, nor hasty in his heart, to utter anything rudely before God; for he made no appeal but for mercy, and urged no plea but his own misery. He evidently felt his was indeed a solemn position, and was equally alive to the momentous exercise in which he was engaged; therefore his words were few.

"Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
Oh, let Thy mercy come."

And, though we would not for a moment advance anything to quench the spirit of supplication in God's people, or close their mouths in prayer—for we would ever approve those things that are excellent, which the gift of prayer is—yet we do venture to assert, that those short ejaculations and broken expressions which go forth from the heart of the child of God, are often more effectual in opening the windows of heaven, and bringing help from His sanctuary, than the long prayers some give utterance to before the Lord. It is a source of trouble to many of the living family, that they have not a volubility of speech at command to make known their abundant wants before the throne, being slow of speech, and of a stammering tongue; and for the most part give vent to their feelings in sighs, and groans, and tears. Never be troubled about these thy deficiencies, beloved; recollect that the broken sigh, the inward groan, and the falling tear are counted *real* prayer by the great Searcher of hearts. Besides, Jesus, thy Advocate and Intercessor, who is at all times touched with the feeling of His people's infirmities, can speak *well* for thee Godward; and, though thy petitions are poor in thy own and man's account, yet, through the Spirit's influence and Jesu's intercession, they not only wing their way to heaven, so as to engage the ear, but they affect the heart of the Lord of Sabaoth, who will at thy request shower His blessings down.

Lastly. *It was the prayer of faith*, without which it is impossible to please God, or call upon Him aright; "for he that cometh to God must believe that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." And the publican must have had some realization of the merciful character of God in Christ, with faith in His name, and the power of His salvation; for he frequented the temple, where sacrifices were offered, which were the appointed medium under the law for mercy to be communicated, the atonement being set forth thereby: from which service, according to some, the sect were excluded, and not allowed to participate in; yet his faith led him to press through every intervening obstacle and opposing power, for he was found in the place where God had recorded His name, and where He had promised to meet with and bless His people. And the prayer of faith always has to do with a crucified Redeemer, and with the promises of God in His word: "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" both which are calculated to give encouragement and hope to

a drooping soul. The sinner, under the influence of this precious grace, takes encouragement from the circumstance of notorious transgressors obtaining mercy; and argues, if grace was free and abundant to save them, why not me? I am sure, if there is any ground for hope, if it be but the power of God, true faith will build thereupon, and will urge the seeking sinner forward to make the trial, with this resolve, that, if he perishes, it shall be suing for mercy at Jesu's feet. Such an one was never known to perish, and never will whilst Jesus remains mighty to save; seeing He hath said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." And, though he may meet with discouragements, be apprehensive that God frowns upon him, and is taking no notice of his petitions, yet there is a something within that will not let him give up, but keeps him holding out and on to God; for he will go again and again, as the woman of Canaan did, with fresh importunity every time, till he has obtained his request, and is bidden "Go in peace, thy sins are all forgiven." Thus that faith which is of the operation of the Spirit not only honours God, but will be honoured by God; and that prayer which is indited by the Spirit in the soul, though ever so simple, brief, and humble, will be heard in heaven, and answered upon earth: for the sinner thus wrought upon throws himself, as it were, into the arms of divine mercy for life and death, and, under the divine influence, from a wrestling Jacob, he becomes a prevailing Israel.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner," was the publican's prayer then, and has been the prayer of every vessel of mercy that has navigated life's tempestuous sea, and will be till the last of the divine convoy has entered the port of heavenly rest; and I am sure we cannot pray a more consistent one, or one so well adapted to our state and condition here below. Besides, there is something so full in this petition, that I should say it contains the marrow of true religion, and the very essence of vital godliness. Look at the comprehensiveness of it. In it is included man's condition, and God's character: it is the children's constant confession and supplication, which not only embraces pardoning mercy, but assisting mercy, preserving mercy, providing mercy, and guiding mercy: all which, if we are God's children, we shall need every day of our life, and every step of our pilgrimage course here below.

Archbishop Usher, one of the best as well as one of the greatest of men, who, to a gravity that impressed the beholder with awe, gave the most satisfactory evidence of his being a partaker of divine grace, by his most exemplary life and uniform conversation, being one of the brightest luminaries at the court of king James, said he hoped to die with those words upon his lips; and he died pronouncing them. And John Wesley, that inveterate opposer of the doctrines of discriminating grace and imputed righteousness, notwithstanding all his pretensions to sinless perfection in the flesh, gave utterance to the publican's prayer with his very last breath, which led Dr. Hawker to make this remark concerning him, that he had more hope of his salvation from his last words than from all that he had previously written and uttered. And the sinner who approaches to God with a contrite heart, humbly pleading the efficacy and worth of the blood of the adorable God-man Redeemer, and cries for mercy through the same, shall have mercy extended to him even down to the gates of hell and death; for

"No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake."

III. The blessing craved—mercy. Invaluable blessing! inestimable boon!

"Forgiveness ! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doomed to die :
Lord, may this bliss in me be found ;
May I redeeming grace enjoy."

Mercy is the great blessing of the Gospel—a blessing which man would never have known or experienced but for his fall and sinnership. Thus the introduction of sin, though the greatest of all evils, has, according to the gracious purpose and by the manifold wisdom of God, been productive of the highest good to man. It made way for the scheme of redemption by Christ to be displayed, which just meets his case as a sinner, and clothes the sacred name and character of God with a lustre and glory that will never fade. But let us look at some of the properties of the divine mercy.

1. It is *sovereign*, being a free act of God's will, which is perfectly sovereign, He having mercy on whom He will have mercy, without being moved by anything in the creature apart from His own will, or out of Himself, to show mercy unto him ; "it so seeming good in His sight." Mercy being sovereign, stands out in distinction from all human worthiness, consequently gives the death-blow to the pride of man, and is gloriously displayed towards the Church in and by Christ Jesus the Lord, to whom He hath abounded herein in all wisdom and prudence, and who are and ever will be to the praise of His glory. As a shrewd and intelligent writer of the present day remarks, "It was sovereignty that opened the fountain of mercy, formed a channel for its precious streams, and vessels to empty itself into withal." This rule by which God shows mercy to man (however much some may kick against the dispensation, and cavil with God for the exercise of His divine prerogative) has the character of goodness ; for had He passed by all the fallen race of Adam, and provided no ransom for sinners, but left them to perish in the ruins of the fall and their own transgressions, His character would have remained unimpeachable, for He is no man's debtor, and under no obligations to save any. But to display the riches of His grace, and exalt the glory of His character, he has pitched upon a remnant, though included in unbelief, to whom He makes His mercy known, according to the love of His heart, and the purposes of His own will. Thus sovereign mercy as to its communication is without money and without price ; cannot be obtained by the doings, tears, or repentance of the creature ; but comes down from above as free as the rain which descends from heaven to water the earth, and which tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men. No sin-convicted and law-distressed sinner has any ground whatever to despair of obtaining mercy, because it is exclusively the prerogative of Jehovah, and must ever be resolved into His sovereign will, seeing God is more free to communicate it than the creature is ready to ask or receive it at His hands. The circumstance of their being sensible of their need of mercy, and the possession of an anxiety to be the recipients of the same, argues well for them—yea, is a proof that God has purposes of mercy towards them, which He will unfold in due time. Such have abundant cause to bless God for graciously instructing them in the knowledge of themselves, and enlightening the eyes of their mind to see the all-sufficiency of Christ ; and take courage in that He hath quickened their souls to desire His mercy and salvation.

2. It is *tender*. "Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us." It was not to make God merciful that Christ came down from heaven to bleed and die for man, for God had love in His heart towards His people before the foundation of the world. But Christ's assumption of our nature was the effect or open manifestation of that love, and

was tenderly expressed in His coming into the low estate of His people, becoming a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and submitting to the being wounded for their transgressions and bruised for their iniquities, that they might possess the mercy of God, and be exalted to the mansions of never-ending bliss. Thus, from having suffered, He is become a merciful High Priest in things pertaining to God, and His people's salvation; and who can have compassion on the ignorant, pity on the weak, and mercy for them who are out of the way: for "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." We read further that "His tender mercies are over all His works"—His works of nature, of providence, grace, and glory; and especially is it true as respects His work of grace, for "a bruised reed will He not break, and the smoking flax will He not quench," by which metaphors we understand the weary under sin, the weak in faith, the afflicted in Zion, the poor and lowly in their own eyes, who are the subjects of many infirmities, and are full of wants, wounds, doubts, and fears—lacking, as they think, those evidences of grace which are productive of the sweetest consolation and the highest joy to the soul. These He will not despise, speak roughly to, or deal harshly with; but, with the greatest consideration, tenderness, and care, will adapt Himself and His teachings to them according to their varied circumstances, and deal with them as they are well able to bear; for He will sustain them through every depression, fan the smoking flax into a flame, and cause it to burn clear and bright, and so send forth judgment unto victory. See how He bore with the manners of His ancient people in the wilderness, when they disregarded His counsel, despised His words, and provoked Him to anger with their idolatrous practices and fleshly inventions. Truly the Lord was very pitiful and of tender mercy towards them, for "He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and suffered not His wrath to rise: remembering that they were but flesh; a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again." And is not His tender mercy and infinite compassion equally manifested in His dealings with His spiritual Israel, both before and after their call by divine grace? for no figure that is employed in holy writ sets forth fully the love and affection of His heart towards His wayward people:—

"His tenderest mercy is to be seen
In His bearing the guilt, the rebellion, and sin
Of those He has loved, and eternally saved,
By the rich flowing blood of their covenant Head."

All the tenderness of the creature falls infinitely short of the tender mercy and compassion of our God towards His returning and repenting children. His is indeed *the compassion of a God*. "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." He is all tenderness and gentleness itself towards His flock; the good Shepherd, who once gave His life, and still careth for the sheep. He heals the sick, binds up the broken in heart, brings again that which is strayed, and seeks that which is lost; for "He gathers the lambs in His arms, carries them in His bosom, and gently leads those that are with young."

3. It is *perfect* mercy, having in it everything requisite to its nature and kind; being pure, unmingled with the dross of creature merit, and without defect, grounded upon the principles of law, truth, and justice. The mercy of God could not be bought with corruptible things, as silver and gold; neither was the blood of bulls, rams, and goats sufficient to procure its extension at the hands of an offended God; but it was by the equivalent which both law and justice

demanded, even the blood of Jehovah's fellow—Christ, the immaculate Lamb, whose veins were wholly drained that mercy, which from everlasting was pent up in the heart of God, might flow out, consistent with His holiness and perfection, in abundant streams towards His people. So that God can forgive the vilest transgressor, and still maintain the honour of His law, and uphold the perfections of His nature, to which all glory redounds by the salvation of man, through the atonement of Christ:—

“Bring no money, price, or aught—
Deeds of alms or pleasing frames;
Mercy never can be bought—
Grace is free, and all's the Lamb's.”

“The mercy of God,” as Dr. Carson writes, “is distinguished from, and cannot be confounded with, the mercy of man; for in the execution of human laws it is impossible to exercise mercy but at the expense of justice. If a king pardons a guilty criminal, or a judge frees an insolvent debtor, it is at the expense of both law and justice; the law is violated and set aside, and justice bleeds: whereas the way in which the mercy of God reaches its object through the atonement secures all the claims of the most rigid justice, honours the divine law, and silences every murmur against the divine clemency. Christ has paid the debt His people had contracted, so that the salvation of the believer is perfect justice, because his sin is fully punished in Christ; and perfect mercy, because that punishment is suffered by his Substitute.” The scheme of redeeming love harmonizes the divine attributes in the salvation of sinners. In this gracious dispensation, “Mercy and truth have met together, and righteousness and peace have kissed each other.” From being perfect in its nature, it is pure as to its effects, for it inculcates a forgiving spirit in all those who are the recipients of it, who are commanded to be merciful, even as their Father which is in heaven is merciful, without which none could have proof that they were forgiven themselves. The sinner whom God has pardoned numberless offences, under the influence of grace exercises the same spirit, and puts on bowels of mercies towards his brethren who have trespassed against him, and fallen through sin.

4. It is *sure*. “I will give you,” saith God, “the sure mercies of David.” Sure it is, in that it is covenanted mercy, and made doubly sure through the crucifixion and death of Christ. Christ was the Surety for us under the covenant of grace; He fulfilled all His engagements therein, and hath ratified and sealed the testament with His own blood: consequently all the blessings thereof, of which mercy is one, are sure to all His seed. “I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.” It is sure mercy, because God hath bound Himself by His word and oath that He will not be wroth with His people, but with everlasting kindness will He have mercy upon them. Though they may not always have the sweet realization of interest in the same, yet it is nevertheless sure to them; for God is not a man that He should lie, or the son of man that He should repent: His grant of divine pardon, and His calling by divine grace, being without repentance.

5. It is *great* mercy: “Great is His mercy towards them that fear Him;” and great sinners need great mercy, and here in Christ it is to be obtained; for

“’Tis high as heaven's eternal throne,
And deep as hell below.”

I recollect the time when God spoke these words into my heart, "I am thy salvation," after being convicted of sin, and sorely tempted of Satan to think that I had sinned beyond the reach of mercy, and was left of God eternally to perish. How great the mercy of God then appeared to me; and I have no doubt some of my readers have been the subjects of similar sensations under mercy manifested and favour revealed. And as we have advanced in the divine life, our views of this mercy have been considerably enlarged, and our knowledge of the divine character increased; for when we have wandered far off from God by numerous falls, repeated provocations, and grievous backslidings of heart; when God hath met us with His mercy again and again, our eyes have then been opened to see His unmerited goodness and unlimited mercy towards us, coupled with the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, who cheerfully underwent the deepest sorrows and sufferings to open up its channel from the very throne of God. The mercy of our God is boundless, far exceeding all human thoughts and expectations, and its dimensions incalculable, and cannot be reckoned up or explored by the creature; for it reaches even to the sinner sunk to the gates of hell by transgression, and overtops the sins, fears, and unworthiness of those who are in feeling at the confines of despair. I know we are apt to limit the Holy One of Israel, and think of Him as we do of our fellow-men, who deal out their favours with somewhat of a slack hand. Why, bless you, reader, there is no strait or circumstance a poor sensible sinner can be in, and needing mercy, but that our God who is abundantly rich in mercy can show it unto him.

6. It is *eternal* mercy. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." He had thoughts of love, peace, and mercy towards His people from the foundation of the world; and all His paths towards and dealings with them in time are mercy from first to last; and there will be mercy's song to sing, and mercy's unfathomable abyss for them to rove across, through the countless ages of eternity; for "His mercy endureth for ever." None once within the bounds of God's mercy can break out therefrom, for the arms of everlasting love and eternal mercy so entwine themselves around the sinner, that he cannot drop out from them, so as to sink to hell, and perish eternally. Besides, mercy is an attribute of Deity, which displays the divine character in the most amiable light. It is His name, which He will not change, and by which He proclaimed Himself to Moses and the children of Israel, who were a type of His spiritual seed, and what He delights to show to poor sinners, that He may be glorified thereby.

Have we then ever prayed the prayer of the publican? He did not utter many words—only seven; but he certainly felt a great deal, by the act of smiting on his breast, by which the orientals to this day give expression to their grief, which is always more evident with them than with us. I do not ask you whether you have uttered it with your lips, for lip service is not acceptable to or acknowledged by God; but has it been wrung from your soul by deep trouble and distress? If so, He who taught you thus to pray, has an ear to hear, and a heart disposed to answer thy petition. Thy request for mercy shall assuredly be granted, for God's bowels of mercy and compassion are moved for and towards His repenting children; and ere long thou shalt, like the publican, go down from the throne of His grace not only pardoned by thy God, but also justified from all things.

JOSEPH.

THE believer loses, for a time, his love to God; but God never loses His love to him.

THE PREACHER'S SATURDAY.

I HAD spent hours in my study, and had read and read, but seemingly to no purpose. I was in what I call "the Saturday-stocks," nor could I disentangle myself. At length I sallied forth on some visits, to see what the sick chamber would do. By one bedside in particular I felt a little *heart-glow*, but no text for the morrow. I pleaded with the Lord—told Him my wants—asked Him for a word for the people. I could not think He would leave me without one. He never had. Why should He now? Would He leave me dumb, and put me to confusion? No; I *could not* think so. Presently the words came with a degree of sweetness, "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee." I thought that so sweet and condescending; not merely "gracious," but "*very* gracious." So I began to muse, and, in my simple way, to open out the text. Upon my return home, however, and turning to my Bible, I found I had preached from the words some sixteen months ago. This seemed directly to throw me off my track. My musings were stayed; other texts came to mind, but not upon one could I fix. "At our Saturday-evening prayer-meeting," thought I, "perhaps I shall get one." Passage after passage was quoted in the course of the petitions which were offered. At one time I thought, "This will do;" at another time, "that." The uppermost word seemed to be, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Blessed be His holy name, I was at the time altogether unaware of the gracious way in which my precious Lord and Master was about to fulfil this His word in my happy experience. Towards morning I became restless; my sleep broken; and there was a struggle between the inclination to rise at a very early hour, in order again to search the word, and a consciousness of physical weakness and infirmity, which very early rising in earlier years had produced, and which, upon recurring, totally unfits for reading or thought. In a sort of half-sleep, one lay pleading with the Lord for a word, and the opening of it. Now mark, dear reader, the Lord's divine condescension, and gracious fulfilment of His word, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Upon going down to breakfast, I found a letter awaiting me from a distant friend. Among other things, it contained the following, entitled

HEART TEXTS.

A Christian, on his dying bed, said, the other day, "There are some texts which seem expressly designed for the affections—they go so straight to the heart. Now, that verse, 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms,' is grand—sublime—magnificent! but the words, 'Abba, Father,' are more precious to me. Oh, that is *my* text! It is so sweet to say simply, 'Father!' and then rest in His love."

I read, and, having done so, said instantly to myself, "I have a text;" and, turning at once to Gal. iv. 6, read, "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Then, reader, with the text immediately came the opening; for, mark, when *the Lord* gives a text, He gives the opening; and then, after the fleshly labour and toil in the searching and opening, is known in all its experimental blessedness, what is involved in Jacob's reply to his father Isaac's question, "How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?" "Because," said he, "the Lord thy God brought it to me." Now, there at once appeared in this precious text,

first, the *Position*: "Because ye *are* sons;" not to make them sons; they were sons from all eternity; and, if you ask "Why? Was it because they *were*, or were foreseen to *be*, better than others, they were to become sons?" we answer, "No; in nowise; they were sons because God would have it to be so:—

" 'Not Gabriel asks the reason why;'
Nor God the reason gives.' "

Hence, beloved, when we, as parents, plead for our children, we should not ask that God would make them sons, but that He would make it manifest that they *are* sons. His people are sons by eternal choice; by purchase, even by the precious blood of Christ; and by conquest; for, when the time to favour Zion comes, every son must be effectually called, and, being effectually called, must lay down the weapons of carnal warfare, and, in spite of his natural hostility, become "willing in the day of His power," A rebel before—a loyal subject now; afar off before—brought nigh by the precious blood of Christ now.

Secondly, there is *Privilege*:

"None but children 'Abba' cry;"

and oh, how great the privilege, beloved. It is specially that of the family. This custom of calling the head of the family "Abba" still prevails in the East, but it is confined to the children. Though he be considered the head or lord of the house, no servant or slave in that house presumes to call him "Abba;" this is the province and the privilege of the children, and of the children only. And yet how simple, but, at the same time, comprehensive, is the language. In it, as an eastern name or salutation, is everything that is precious and endearing. So short, too, and so simple is it, that among the first attempts at articulation is the "ab," or "ba." How sweet that the father's name is the first to be uttered! And then how endearing the appeal! What father (worthy the name) but has felt a peculiar power—a special drawing—the awakening of new, and previously altogether unknown emotions, when first saluted by his child in the endearing name of *father*? and though, in its earlier lispsings, the attempt has only been partially successful, yet is not what the child *would say* recognized by the parent? and do not its very efforts and strivings bespeak its love, and yet more endear it? Reader, pass from the less to the greater. Who implanted all these emotions, both as regards the parent and the child? Who but our God? and what we, as parents, feel towards our children, our God feels in a ten thousand times ten thousand higher degree than we. Again, it is not the child's claiming the relationship, or calling "Abba," that really constitutes the union; it was as much a child when lying in helpless unconsciousness at the mother's breast, as when, in all its cheerful sprightliness and activity, dancing at the father's knee, and, looking up into his enraptured countenance, smilingly lisps the "Abba!"

Then, further, with regard to the relationship, there are three things which betoken it, on the father's side: 1. Thoughtfulness; 2. Tenderness; 3. Training; and, as applicable to our God, it is most blessed to reflect upon His good and gracious actings in this threefold endearing name, comprehending as it does His peculiar care over and special delight in His children. Then, on the part of the family, as evidencing relationship, there is—1. Recognition; 2. Reverence; 3. Regard for the parental character and interests. All this opens up a wide field for contemplation.

Then, thirdly, immediately connected with this *Position* and *Privilege*, is the

Portion : "Wherefore, thou art no more a servant, but a son; and, if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." Reader, think of this: an heir of God! What would an heir to a throne or a kingdom be, compared with this? What is the position of the Prince of Wales, as heir-apparent to the British crown, contrasted with an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ? The very "heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat;" but this heirship entitles to "an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

And now, reader, with regard to the incident connected with the application of this precious Scripture, see you not how beautifully are intermingled the mercies of our God, and how dependent one member of the living family is upon another, and the whole mystic body dependent upon the Head? How true, too, that "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." In respect, moreover, to the dear departed one to whom the Scripture alluded to was so precious in a dying hour, how true the words, "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

May the Lord make His word increasingly precious to the souls of His dear people, and lead many poor captious, cavilling creatures to behold the beauty, the power, the fulness, and the satisfaction of the Scriptures. D.

A MEDITATION.

HEBREWS xi. 16.

WHY should I sigh to leave thee,
Sin-smitten, weary earth?
Art thou indeed, and only,
The city of my birth?
Have I no higher being
Than that thou gavest me?
And is my only birthright
Corrupt mortality?

I *have* a nobler nature;
I gained it not from thee;
And, like a bird imprisoned,
It struggles to be free.
I have within a casket
A jewel rich and fair,
And regal beauty hideth
Beneath the rags I wear.

I have a spark of fire,
Though dim its radiance be;
It was Thy gift, Jehovah,
For it ascends to Thee.
It is a flame immortal;
For though the winds may roar,
And floods would fain submerge it,
It burneth evermore.

I feel it rising upward
When nature seeks repose,
When in the soft hesperean
The first faint star-beam glows;
It soareth when fair evening
Puts on her courtly dress,
Where countless jewels sparkle
In undimmed loveliness.

Why should I sigh to leave thee,
O sorrow-stricken earth?
I hear the death-knell mingle
With all thy songs of mirth;
And o'er thy purest azure
Wild storms their traces leave,
And morning's fragrant roses
Are wept by dewy eve.

Earth, thou hast no abiding;
Thou canst not offer rest
Unto the yearning spirit
Of endless life possess.
There is a better city,
Built by my Saviour God;
In that my spirit seeketh
A permanent abode. E. D.

THE doctrines of Jesus have alone formed holy characters in every age.

HOW ROMANISTS SHOW THAT CHRIST'S YOKE IS EASY AND LIGHT.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,—If the perusal of the enclosed does not too much disgust you, will you kindly insert it in your Magazine, that Englishmen may be reminded what full-blown Popery is. Romanism in our country rarely gets beyond the sentimental phase; in its native land it is cruel. The extract is abridged from the French political (not religious) paper, *Le Temps*, and bears date March 25, 1864—Naples.

Yours in the Gospel,

A PROTESTANT.

The evening before Good Friday we were advised to witness the religious solemnities at Ponticelli, a village at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Accordingly we went. At the entrance of the village, which is large, we were asked to leave the carriage and proceed on foot. The crowd was immense. On reaching the church door, a curious sound struck the ear; it was like the repeated strokes of a whip. One of our party pressed forward, and returned looking aghast. "Come and see," he exclaimed; "it is a flagellation. It was indeed a flagellation. Forty or fifty men, white penitents, stood with their hoods over their faces, their loose robes partially lowered, and struck the bare flesh with whips of knotted cord. The strokes fell without a moment's pause, first to the right, and then to the left, but always on the same place, so that each back presented two swelling tumours, or two bleeding wounds. The sight was disgusting. These were not the only self-torturers; in the side chapels the same penance was going on.

There were other horrors below. Descending into what was called the Holy Land, we entered a large light vault. It was full of open coffins, dug up from the ground, and which emitted a stupefying odour. The soil has apparently some peculiar properties, as the bodies were remarkably preserved. At the entrance sat a man who asked alms for the souls in purgatory. On each side of his silver dish grinned a death's head, on one of which the hair still hung.

We returned to the church. The flagellation was still going on. It had lasted without intermission for five hours. Priests were intoning with the accompaniment of the falling strokes, and the shrill voices of the choir children burst forth occasionally.

At five o'clock a procession formed, and we left to obtain a good post of observation. This is what we saw. First came a wretched-looking man in a red frock, his face and naked feet smeared with blood. On his arms hung ropes, and he bent under the weight of an enormous cross. He looked exactly like a culprit being dragged to execution. He represented the Saviour. Behind him, in two files, walked the penitents, continuing their flagellation—blood staining their white dresses, and spurting from their wounds. Between these marched a third file of penitents, some bearing heavy crosses, others large pieces of stone. The most zealous had several pieces of stone, weighing them down. At the sight of all this the women in the street began to groan loudly, to cry, and scream out, with their arms raised on high, "Lord God! holy Virgin! have pity on us! Save us! save us!"

But the crowning excitement was to come. The band of the national guard commenced a slow sad march, the solemn impression of which was irresistible; and to this sorrowful music advanced the figure of a dead Christ, in white wax, laid on the knee of a mourning St. John, and a Magdalene with streaming hair

bending at His feet. Behind walked a tall Madonna, in a black crape dress, spangled with golden tears. The multitude seemed beside themselves at the sight. They knelt down, and rose up, and knelt again—the women sobbing, shouting, gesticulating as if in agony. Some were literally wild with excitement.

We turned away horror-struck at the exhibition. How long can these things last?
(The full article signed) A. ERDAN.

CALVIN AND DEPARTED INFANTS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

REV. SIR,—As Arminians generally think, and not unfrequently say, both in public and in private, that “Calvin has said somewhere in his writings that *there are infants in hell*,” could you, sir, or any of your numerous contributors to the Magazine, say positively that such a passage is not to be found in Calvin’s writings? I have not myself seen such a passage, neither have some of my friends, who are better acquainted with Calvin’s works than I am. While I feel it is much happier to feed the Church of God than to have to stop the mouths of gainsayers, yet, if need be, I suppose it is right to do the one, and not to leave the other undone. According to my experience, wherever the doctrines of grace are *clearly taught*, the peace of the merit-monger is disturbed, and he is sure to find some way to disturb the peace of those children of God who are *weak in the faith*. Either he will propose to sit down in idleness, and flatly contradict our Lord’s command to go and preach the Gospel to every creature, or he will say, Let us do evil that good may come, making his damnation just (Rom. iii. 8); or else he will use the language above stated, which I do not believe to be true, in order to defame the character of those to whom God has been pleased to reveal some of the deep things in the counsels of old, which are *faithfulness and truth* (Isa. xxv. 1, and 1 Cor. ii. 10). My object in this note is not merely to defend a *man*, but to defend the *truth*; and by that means (if possible) to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. They who hate truth are sure to circulate lies, even accusing the brethren before God *day and night* (Rev. xii. 10). This accusation does not appear to come from the world as such, but from the great accuser himself, who in the garb of an angel of light (2 Cor. ii. 14), and preaching another Gospel, which is *not* another (Gal. i. 6, 7), deceives and brings into bondage many of the Lord’s lambs and sheep; but the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly *out of* temptation (2 Pet. ii. 9), and He *will* deliver them out of *their* hand (Dan. iii. 17). By inserting this in the Magazine, you will oblige, yours truly in Christ Jesus,

Sheffield.

J. R.

[We have never met with the expression referred to in Calvin’s writings; moreover, we have asked others better acquainted with his works than we are, if *they* ever met with it in the course of their readings, and their reply invariably has been in the negative. Hence we believe the charge to be a gross libel on Calvin’s character as a writer.—ED.]

SOMETHING TO PAY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER,—Will you grant me space to correct a mistake that, through inadvertence, appeared on the cover of your last month’s number? The publisher had no intention of altering the form or price of the second series of “Tracts for the People,” which can be obtained through any bookseller for one shilling.

Yours,

A LOVER OF TRUTH,

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE AND HIS PREACHING.

Stockwell, March 30, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In accordance with your wish, I send you an extract from my friend's letter that you heard read this morning. It is truly a cause for rejoicing that we have such a bishop and pastor of Christ's flock, who can give so discriminating a statement of the footsteps of the flock whom Jesus their Shepherd puts forth and leads in the way. It is also a cause for rejoicing that he had such a hearer, who in a few words could so forcibly describe what touched her own heart; and will, I doubt not, be refreshing to those that read it. May it please the Lord in His sovereign mercy to multiply such pastors and hearers.—I remain, your faithful friend and brother in the Lord Jesus,

J. W. GOWRING.

"I had a treat in hearing the Bishop of Carlisle on 'To them that believe He is precious.' I must tell you that for some time I had been dispirited in consequence of not being able to hear our present pastor with profit; and, although there are many who feel as I do, yet there are also several who much enjoy his ministration of the word. I thus began to think that I was losing my relish for divine things, and that the devil must have a hand in it. In this low-spirited frame of mind I entered St. Peter's Church; but oh, thanks be to God, how differently did I leave it. I listened for fifty minutes with intense attention to I think the most interesting discourse I ever heard delivered—so quietly and so persuasively. The Bishop took the simile of the new-born infant, and sustained it throughout as I think only a parent could have done it. He said that, could its cry be defined it would say, 'Wash me, feed me, clothe me, protect me;' and thus the re-born soul needed to be washed in the blood of Christ, fed by the word, clothed in the righteousness of Christ, and upheld by His power. This latter came home with particular feeling, I believe, to all who heard it. The Bishop said, 'And why, when the infant was washed, fed, and clothed, did he not fall and perish? Because the mother's arms were around it. It was not because the infant clung to the mother; it could not do so. And thus the child of God is safe, because the everlasting arms are underneath it.' I think I never knew a sermon make such an impression; each child of God I have met has spoken with delight of it."

The following is an extract from a Nottingham paper which was sent with the above:—

"THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE AT NOTTINGHAM.—There was a special service at St. Peter's Church, in this town, on Thursday; the prayers and lessons were read by the Rev. W. Howard, Rector, and an impressive sermon was preached by the Hon. and Right Reverend S. Waldegrave, D.D., Lord Bishop of Carlisle, from 1 Peter ii. 7, 'Unto you which believe He is precious.' The discourse was a lucidly scriptural exhibition of the text, delivered extemporaneously with great plainness of speech, earnestness of purpose, and affectionate persuasion. In defining the faith of those 'which believe,' he drew a marked distinction between the faith of the head, and the faith of the heart—the faith of God's elect, and the faith of devils who 'believe and tremble.' In illustrating the reasons of the Saviour's preciousness to His believing people, he showed, in simple and touching language, that He was precious on account of His cleansing blood, His mantling righteousness, His sufficient grace, and His unflinching love; and, having dwelt on each of these characteristics of the Redeemer's mercy, the Right Reverend Prelate pressed upon his hearers the unspeakable importance of realizing for themselves the fact, not that Christ should be, or will be, precious, but that He *is* precious to those 'which believe;' and concluded with a practical exhortation that could not fail to make a deep impression upon the congregation."

OBITUARY.

LIVING AND DYING EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MRS.
LANGHAM, OF LEICESTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—During your absence from home, you have heard of the decease of my dear wife, whom you have known for some years, and also been an eye-witness to her painful bodily sufferings from time to time, which were borne with remarkable patience, but are now for ever done away, the Lord in His mercy having taken her to Himself, death being swallowed up in victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. I need only say it was a sudden stroke for me from a Father's hand, but I ever desire to say with that most precious, dear dying Lamb of God, "The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" I was from home at the time, as you most likely know, but my intent in sending you this is to give you some little account of my dear wife's path through the wilderness; and, in doing so, I shall be obliged to touch upon some little of my own experience in connexion with hers, seeing the tie between man and wife is so close, being by the Lord styled only one, though it is not my intention to speak of my own—at least, only a part.

It is rather more than forty-eight years since I was united to my dear wife in happy wedlock and in sincere affection; but we were ignorant of God and ourselves as poor, lost, helpless sinners, having no hope (of a Gospel kind) and without God in the world; and I think for about two years we scarcely ever attended a place of worship. But one Sunday we went to a Methodist chapel, it being a farewell sermon; the preacher was going to leave for another place, as is customary after a stated period. In this sermon he took occasion to dwell much upon the separation that would take place at the judgment-day between husbands and wives, children and parents, unless they were good; and so worked upon us, but me in particular, that we went home frightened at the thought of hell and damnation sounding in our ears. I determined there and then to read my Bible, and turn good, as I thought I could; but, oh! my poor blinded soul, I knew not that I was poor, miserable, blind, and naked. I had no hatred to sin. Well, I kept, as I thought, very good for a few days, reading my Bible, &c., but the thundering and lightning being over sounding from the preacher, my fears seemed to be over and gone too. My natural disposition, still longing after its enjoyments, got the better of my resolutions, and so all came to nought about turning good, as we both imagined we could do if we liked. The preacher, whose sermon had so frightened us never told us the real state we were in by nature, and so we thought we could and would turn good when we were old—before we died. Oh, the Lord's long-suffering mercy! Well, some time after this—perhaps a year—in the Lord's kind providence it was my lot to be cast in the way and become acquainted with one of God's dear people, who at this time was in a dark path, but still able to see where alone his help was, and longing for deliverance. At this time it pleased the Lord to stop me in my headlong running after the sweets of sin and fleshly delights, by hedging up my way with thorns, so that I could not find my paths. Oh, God's goodness! we were both arrested at the same time—I mean my friend with myself—for at this time he was teaching me some bewitching glees and duets, for you must know he was a sweet singer, which was a great snare, and I was seeking pleasure and delights from the same source, from the same fountain drinking nature's emptiness, and

running after a shadow that always eluded my grasp, promising myself such abundant sweets, which always ended in disappointments, and frequently anguish of soul. But oh, God's sovereign love! well does dear Brewer write—

“Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!”

which speaks the language of my inmost soul now, and has done for many years. But to return. God's bar was set up in my soul, “Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.” I now became restless, uneasy, and could not tell what was the matter with me; and I became the subject of very different feelings and desires. I would here remark that, when a little boy, the dreadful depravity of the human heart was shown me by painful experience, and by a sinful act of the most awful character committed by me when I think I was not more than ten or eleven years of age. One day as I was reading in the Common Prayer Book, for I was accustomed to attend the Church of England, I came to this passage, “All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, that shall not be forgiven.” I thought, Oh dear! I most certainly have committed that sin, and shall be lost for ever. I dare not tell any one what it was that I had done, but I felt and believed it was the most heinous sin a poor sinful mortal could commit. The thing was this: going across the top of a field, I simply made a stumble in passing over a gutter; at that instant (oh, the terrible depth of man's fall!) I felt a rising up of dreadful rebellion against God for suffering me to stumble, and I cursed Him in my heart. In a moment, like Cain, my countenance fell, and my feelings and conscience condemned me; misery and anguish succeeded, but the vanity and vices of childhood and youth by degrees benumbed the feelings caused by this most awful act. But frequently, after I grew up, and was nearly verging to manhood, when on my bed in the night season, this unpardonable sin would flash across my mind; and, oh! how I used to try to find some way of escape, but never could find any, until one day, being acquainted with a great professor—a Methodist—I asked him if he knew what the unpardonable sin was. He said he had heard their preachers say that this sin could not be committed in our day. This gave me a great lift at the time; but again I now found it as our dear old poet, Mr. Hart, says, “It was not now with me whether I would be a Christian, but whether God would grant me real Gospel repentance, and a living faith in Jesus,” for I believed none could make a Christian but *He* that made the world. At this time, my friend, whom I had not long been acquainted with, lent me Vicar Berridge's “Christian World Unmasked” to read. By the reading of this book, the Lord enabled me to see the vital truths it treated upon, and carried conviction to my soul, never to be forgotten by me, though it was years after this before the Lord in His sovereign love and rich mercy brought me into His banqueting-house, where His banner over me I truly found to be love. The reading of this book cemented a friendship and a union between us which can never cease, though he is now in heaven and has been for many years. At this time the hand of the Lord upon me was manifest, and He was teaching me my sinnership, for, as dear Hart says—

“A sinner is a sacred thing,
The Holy Ghost has made him so,”

though I could not see this at the time; but I was obliged to bow my knees to

God in prayer from a felt sense of need and longing for what my poor soul craved—pardon and forgiveness through the blood of the Lamb; my poor dear wife joining me in this duty and privilege, though at this time she did not see and feel as I did.

We at this time were living at Loughborough; and now my companions became of another stamp, and, in God's good providence, we soon became acquainted with several of God's people, who were frequent visitors at our house; and it soon became apparent, from observation by those whom God had taught and given a good understanding to, that there was good ground for believing that the Lord had commenced teaching my poor dear wife, from the simple fact of her anxiety to hear from God's people, whenever she had an opportunity, what and how God had taught them, and what He had done for their souls. The apostle John says, "Love is of God;" and adds, "We know that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." A love commenced between her and some of these friends which was strong as *death* (Sol. Song viii. 6). At this time she used to accompany me, when we first were in the habit of going to Sheephead, to hear that dear man of God, our late deeply-to-be-lamented pastor, the Rev. Joseph Chamberlain; and here I must just observe, I think she sat by my side at the time when he preached from these words, in the old club-room: "For the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul. Ye shall walk after the Lord your God, and fear Him, and keep His commandments, and obey His voice, and ye shall serve Him, and cleave unto Him." It was upon the fear of God, as he treated upon its nature, its objects, and its acts, that I received the word from his lips as the word of truth, and the love of the truth, with the word preached into my poor soul's best affections, which from this time united me in heart and soul to the ministry of our late dear and much-esteemed pastor; and ever after this we both were anxious to hear him at every opportunity. In about two years after this Providence made a way for us to come to live at Leicester, and the chief cause of our coming was to have the privilege of sitting under a Gospel ministry. A longing desire was evident in her soul, and that hymn of Mr. Hart's, commencing

"Ye lambs of Christ's fold, ye weaklings in faith,
Who long to lay hold on life by His death;
Who fain would believe Him, and in your best room
Would gladly receive Him, but fear to presume,"

was Gospel milk to her, for she was not able to bear strong meat; very many of Mr. Hart's hymns she much enjoyed. As time rolled on, she was visited with the Lord's afflicting rod. She also had a dream, in which she told me, she thought she saw Satan come into the kitchen where she was, which terribly affrighted her, as she thought he was come to take her. She leaned against the side of a dresser in the room, and uttered a short prayer; and she saw in her dream the appearance of the Saviour, encircled with a most beautiful rainbow, when she awoke. About this time her mind evidently was much exercised, though she said but little, for her faith was feeble. She told me a word came with much comfort to her, which she seemed to need; it was this: "And you that are troubled rest with us." She said it seemed sweetly to abide with her, and was a stay, and a token for good. Still she used to say, "I want a further manifestation of God's love to me than I have yet had, but I believe God will manifest Himself before I depart out of this world. When suffering great pain of body, as she was one who was heavily afflicted, she at times said, "Oh

dear! if I were but fully satisfied about my eternal state, I should be quite willing to be gone." All I could say to encourage her was of very little avail; she could not take comfort from what any one said unless the Lord blessed it. How long after this time it was I do not know before she heard Mr. Chamberlain so well, one Sunday, that she intended to have gone up to him, but something prevented her; and, after the comfort was gone, she had not courage to go; and so the enemy and her own backwardness robbed her, and she again returned, after a time, with misgivings about what she had realized. The following hymns she sucked much sweetness from: the one commencing

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," &c.

Also this—

"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

"Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by Thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found."

And this too—

"Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

"Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm."

The whole of this hymn she was particularly fond of, with another commencing

"O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed."

The two following verses she much enjoyed—

"Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain:
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suff'ring for thee.

Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

It was a considerable time after this, though constantly attending the means, and hearing some precious discourses, that she went on under a cloud, and seemed to get but little of what her soul wanted, and remained seemingly without that keen appetite for spiritual provision which is so good a sign of a healthful state of soul; but God, in rich mercy, put His hand a second time to the work, and blessed this portion to her soul from the lips of her pastor: "Unto you that believe He is precious." And she felt Him precious to her soul, and she came home with a countenance no more sad. I was not at home at the time. This,

without saying anything to any one, sent her up to Mr. Chamberlain, to tell him how well she had heard him a second time. He told her it was almost a wonder she ever heard him so well again as she had done about six months before. From knowing her natural diffidence, I am quite sure it was no small thing that caused her to go up to the pastor; and I was most agreeably surprised, and truly made to rejoice with her, when I returned home from off my journey, to find that God in His rich mercy had broken her bonds. She became a member, joined the Church, and sat down partaking of the emblems of the body and blood of her crucified Redeemer on the coming Sabbath. This took place about fifteen years ago; since then she has been almost a martyr to pain and suffering of bodily affliction, which she has borne without a murmur. She had two falls, one seriously affecting one of her knees, some ten years since, which at times made her cry out with pain. Between five and six years ago she had another fall from off a chair, and hurt the hip of the other side. Since that time she has never been able to walk, or even rise out of her chair, and has had to be lifted in and out of bed daily ever since. Her natural and paternal affections towards every member of her family were such as to cause her at times intense anxiety and deep sorrow when any one of them fell into trouble, or took any step in a wrong direction, or likely to result in anything dishonourable, or contrary to the revealed will of her heavenly Father; indeed, so strong was this passion—the love of her heart to one and all of her sons and daughters—that her very life almost seemed to be bound up with them, her anxiety was so great for their welfare. This was her natural disposition, and was a source of continual deep solicitude. I used sometimes almost to regret to see this thing, apparently at least, seem to engross her affections—so much to her own loss of comfort, peace, and quietude; but the poor dear one could no more help this than she could help breathing. But a gracious God permitted her to live to see every member of her family, in God's good providence, in a position to cause her, as well as myself, most heartfelt gratitude to God for His goodness, and each to acknowledge and say, "How great is His goodness; how great is His mercy." She experienced much darkness of soul, and seemed to be shut up, and could not come forth, and was suffered to sink so low at times as to question and doubt whether her spot was a true one, or whether His mercy was not clean gone for ever, or whether God would be favourable any more; but, when destitute of comfort, her poor struggling faith hung upon the promise, and particularly some of the hymns that I have before stated, and this also was one of her favourites—

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee!"

Sometimes the words of this hymn would, through God's goodness, so touch her tender sympathy as to melt her into tears, and encourage her hope, and strengthen her faith; but her poor soul found support and succour, and many precious tokens for good, by portions of the word at different times occurring to her mind, which revived and cheered her in the midst of a thorny path, which were not taken down at the time as they ought to have been.

Within the last twelve months she has been most heavily afflicted with pain of body; so much so, that at times it was truly distressing to witness the dear suffering one under the heart-rending pains she groaned under and had to bear. When in the most terrible conflict, and under the most acute and cutting pains, the most she ever was heard to utter was, "Oh dear, what must I do?" throw-

ing her poor arms, in an intense agony, on the outside of the bed she was lying on. "Oh dear, what must I do?" was the utmost that ever escaped her lips in the way of showing how greatly and keenly she felt her pain of body during a period of so many years, as before stated. Fourteen successive nights we scarcely knew whether she could survive each one, and during a great part of this time she was dark in her poor soul. Her dear daughter said to her, when the agonizing pains were a little abated, "Mother, how do you feel? Have you any little word that you hang upon to comfort you, or endearing truth that your feeble hand of faith can grasp, that I may send my father word?" for at this time I was, perhaps, more than a hundred miles away. She exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, you need not ask me; I should soon tell you if I had anything cheering to say." The next day, as her daughter was watching by her bedside, she exclaimed, in the words of the Shunamite, "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." The dear soul repeated it with an emphasis, saying, "*And it is well*;" for she found the Lord was still the same; and though for a small moment He had forsaken her, yet, with everlasting kindness, according to His most gracious promise, will He gather His poor and needy ones to Himself; and, in her case, He had returned to her, bringing His reward with Him. From this time to her decease, she had not been left to sink so low, but, in general, her mind had been stayed with a more settled and quiet resting upon the God of her hope. The nature of her complaint, at the last, was such that she scarcely ever spoke; but, when she could not speak, those constantly with her could see her hands lifted up and down, and her poor lips moving, showing evidence that, though uttering nothing with the voice, she was engaged in soul-exercise with Him whom her soul had been brought to love. She fell asleep in Jesus, March 2, 1864.

The following verses were written in memory of her dearly-beloved daughter, the wife of Mr. R. A. Barber, whose obituary was in the *Gospel Magazine* in 1854, and which contained a few of the last words that she uttered before her death, which made my dear wife so fond of them:—

"FAITHFUL, PRECIOUS, MIGHTY TO SAVE.

"No more shall sin and sorrow pain her heart,
Nor grief nor suffering ever cause her smart;
Her ransomed spirit's fled to Him who died
To save each member of His chosen bride.

"Death's narrow stream she now hath passed o'er,
And landed safely on fair Canaan's shore;
In blissful sight beholds the Lamb that died
To save each member of His chosen bride.

"'Twas Jesu's love that won her soul in youth,
And as she older grew she loved the truth—
The truth that made her free; for Jesus died
To save each member of His chosen bride.

"Blessed soul, filled with hosannahs to the Lamb—
The faithful, precious, mighty, great I AM;
What love! Amazing thought! Jehovah died
To save each member of His chosen bride.

"Come, strike your harps of gold, ye heavenly powers
United laud this worthy Lamb of ours!
The first, the last—that precious One who died
To save each member of His chosen bride.

"Joined with this heavenly choir in rapturous song,
In sweetest, noblest strains, dear soul, sing on
To Him who loved thee—Jesus, who hath died
To save each member of His chosen bride."

Thus, my dear friend, I have endeavoured, though in a very feeble way, to give you some little account of the Lord's loving-kindness in His sovereign, rich, and free mercy, in teaching and instructing my dear wife in her journey through the wilderness of this world to the heavenly Canaan above. As God found Jacob in a desert land, so He finds all His sheep, and goes after them until He has found them, and gives them to know Himself as their own God. Oh, what love! Well may Dr. Watts say—

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

The word cautions us not to despise the day of small things, and our dear Lord Himself said, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." This must be my apology for sending you this, knowing you ever felt a kind interest in my dear wife's welfare, and have known so much of her long and severe affliction. I remain yours sincerely and affectionately, in the best of all bonds and the sweetest of all ties,

Leicester.

J. L.

PROTESTANT BEACON.

WHAT NEXT?

A WEDDING WITHOUT A BRIDEGROOM.—EXTRAORDINARY CLERICAL PROCEEDINGS.

WE presume that all of our readers have heard of the celebrated London Church—All Saints, Margaret Street—which was built as a model church by certain leading and wealthy ecclesiologists, and which every Sunday is besieged by a multitude of worshippers double the number that can by any possibility find their way within the doors. It is not so generally known, perhaps, that attached to this church is a nunnery for the reception of ladies who choose to take certain vows, and withdraw from the world. This week a new sister has been received, and the proceedings attending her reception were, we should think, unparalleled in the annals of the English Church. The ceremonial took place in the private chapel of the clergy house connected with All Saints. A few friends of the new sister were admitted as spectators, otherwise the congregation was confined to the sisters and the clergy and officials belonging to the church. The chapel, which is dimly lighted by some beautiful stained-glass windows, contained on this occasion an altar adorned with a cloth of white satin, embroidered in the most elaborate manner. The sisters entered first, and knelt down, and continued kneeling through the whole service, which lasted more than two hours. The clergy then entered, and, after lighting the candles on the altar, proceeded to celebrate the Holy Communion. A sermon was preached, in which the "sacrament" of monastic vows was highly eulogised, and seemed to be preferred above Baptism, the Eucharist, "Penance," and the "other sacraments." After the communion service the new sister, arrayed as a bride, proceeded to answer a long series of questions, from which it appeared that she was taking the vows voluntarily, and that they were to bind her for one year. At the end of that time, which, as in the Roman Church, is considered the novi-

tiate, she will, if so disposed, assume the black veil, and become bound for life. After the examination the habit of a novice was displayed, and the officiating clergy, or "father," as he was termed, blessed the various garments; and the novice withdrawing, put off her bridal dress and assumed the habit. The other sisters then kissed her in turn, saying, "Bless thee, Sister —." Then followed deep obeisances to the Lady Superior, and to "Father —," who had conducted the service. It was now considered that the novice had been married to the Church, and therefore the whole party adjourned to a wedding breakfast provided with the orthodox wedding cake, and wanting only in the rather essential constituent of a bridegroom. The bridal party seemed very merry, though we doubt whether the "father" would be so were the Bishop of London aware of these proceedings of a clergyman of the Church of England.—*Western Morning News*.

THE SHRINE OF ST. TERESA.

THE bane and the antidote are often one. There is much of the priestcraft-writing of Rome that seems admirably suited to turn inquiring young people from that superstition. In *The Lamp*, a Papist penny journal, Dec. 5, 1863, appears this precious bit of childish nonsense:—

"A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF ST. TERESA. By the Rev. Canon Dalton. Knowles, Norfolk-road, Bayswater.

"Canon Dalton's name has become associated in our minds with that of his holy patroness, St. Teresa. We are not, therefore, surprised to find his giving us a brief but interesting account of his pilgrimage to the shrine of the saint at Alba de Tormes. Here rest the sacred relics of St. Teresa, and here is her heart, so pierced with the ardour of her love. Canon Dalton had obtained permission from the Bishop of the diocese to enter the enclosure, and thus describes his visit:—

"We knelt down and prayed in silence for some time. Then the Mother-Prioress, approaching the shrine, touched it with her hand, saying, 'Mother, art thou listening? Here is an English canon who has come to venerate thy holy body.' " After visiting the holy relics, the Canon proceeded to the cell where the saint expired:—"It is small, being about seven feet in length and five in breadth. The roof is very low . . . During the time we remained in the cell (about half an hour) the 'celestial odour,' which comes from her heart and arm, was perceived by all present. Before we departed, the nuns prayed fervently for his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, the English bishops, clergy, and religious, and likewise for the conversion of England.

"But the whole account of the pilgrimage is full of interest, and will well repay perusal."

This needs no comment. An Englishman goes to a tomb at which a woman knocks and calls out to dead bones, therein decaying, as if there were also some living spiritual being. One would suppose the soul of the dead "saint" would be, long ere this, in a happier place. And like enough, for the soul answers not, but there was a celestial odour coming from the "heart and arm." How do people know a celestial odour? only by having been up in heaven, and having returned to earth; but as neither Canon Dalton nor the Mother-Prioress claim to have been there, no reasonable person would believe their testimony. Yet it is such childish stories that are circulated as solemn religious facts in this nineteenth century, in this intellectual age, here in England; and *believed* too by faithful and consistent Catholics, and if so, must be believed by the new made English Judge, if he be what he says he is—a Catholic.

J. H. E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. GUIZOT ON THE BIBLE.—At the meeting of the French Protestant Bible Society, held recently in Paris, M. Guizot said :—The more the Bible was denounced the more was the circle of its defenders enlarged; it was fortified by these trials, and every struggle gained it a fresh conquest. This fact was not confined to modern times. For nineteen centuries the Bible had been exposed to many attacks, had passed through many a crisis, but invariably with the same results. In the fifteenth century, when the second birth of antiquity filled the world with surprise and admiration, the Bible was neglected, abandoned, and almost sunk in oblivion. But when Christian faith and Christian spirit were once more awakened in the souls of men, what was the book used as the most powerful weapon? The Bible. A second time did the Bible conquer Greece and Rome. It was in the name of the Bible, and to restore to it its complete empire over the soul, that the Reformation of the sixteenth century was brought about; and the spirit of Biblical faith had a wider field than the spirit of liberty. Two centuries later, at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth, the Bible was again exposed to rude assaults; and so bitter was the scorn tried to be heaped upon it that it seemed to have for ever lost its influence. What happened? Why Bible societies were founded; Bible missions spread over the earth; treasures of devotedness and of money were lavished in the good cause; and the Bible re-appeared more powerful than it ever had been before the terrible warfare waged against it.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."—A number of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions, and amongst others it was asked how the command "to pray without ceasing" could be complied with? Various suppositions were started, and at length one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it to be read at the next monthly meeting; which being heard by a plain, sensible servant girl, she exclaimed, "What! a whole month wanted to tell the meaning of that text? It is one of the easiest in the Bible." "Well, well," said an old minister, "Mary, what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it. Can you pray all the time?" "Oh, yes, sir." "What, when you have so many things to do?" "Why, sir, the more I have to do, the more I can pray." "Indeed! Well, Mary, do let us know how it is, for most people think otherwise." "Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray 'Lord, open the eyes of my understanding;' and while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and when I wash me, I ask for the washing of regeneration; and as I begin to work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day. When I begin to kindle up the fire, I pray that God's work may revive in my soul; and as I sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all impurities; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and the sincere milk of the Word; and as I am busy with the children, I look up to God as my Father, and pray for the spirit of adoption, that I may be His child, and so on all day. Everything I do furnishes me with the thought of prayer." "Enough, enough," cried the old divine; "these things are revealed to babes, and are often hid from the wise and prudent. Go on, Mary," said he; "pray without ceasing. And as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that He has said, 'The meek will He guide in judgment.'" The essay, as a matter of course, was not considered necessary after the occurrence of this little event.

REVIEWS.

Tracts for the People. By the Author of "Nothing to Pay," "Tracts for the Poor," &c. Second Series. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

THE character of these tracts is so well known by the readers of this Magazine, that they scarcely need a word from us by way of commendation. Suffice it to say, that there is a vigour of tone, and a pith and a point, about the author's style, that is sufficient of itself to *set the reader thinking*. This is a peculiar characteristic of these tracts. They can hardly be laid aside without making some impression, favourable or otherwise; and this is just the thing to be arrived at in tracts: not to *lull*, but to *arouse*; not to make men *self-satisfied*, but to lead them, under God, to a *searching of heart*. Carp many may, and condemn, but we believe the instances are not a few in which those who at first *resisted* the truth as set forth by these tracts, have afterwards been brought to *receive* it in all its fulness. Self, by this means, has sunk, and Christ alone been exalted.

The Pastor's Voice; or, Twenty-five Sermons by the late Rev. GEORGE JEANS, M.A., Vicar of Alford, Lincolnshire. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

WE exceedingly like the tone of these sermons, and do not wonder at the desire expressed by his congregation that they should be published as a remembrancer of their late pastor. We think, however, the volume would have been rendered additionally valuable, had at least some few particulars of the departed preacher been given, that thus an interest in his labours might have been extended beyond the comparatively limited circle of his own parishioners and acquaintance. Perhaps this thought may be entertained by the editor in a second edition.

The Shipwrecked Mariner. London: George Morrish, 24, Warwick Lane.

THIS quarterly Magazine maintains its well-earned character for the special interest of our maritime community. Well may it arouse practical effort on their behalf.

Our Own Fireside. A Magazine of Home Literature. Edited by the Rev.

CHARLES BULLOCK. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

THE number for April has reached us so very late in the month that we have only glanced at it. If future numbers are forwarded earlier, they shall have the attention the Magazine deserves.

The British Mother's Family Magazine. Edited by Mrs. BAKEWELL. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row.

THERE are matters of the gravest importance, not merely to mothers, but to fathers and friends of all classes, in this work. Such headings as the following will at once afford an insight into the character of the work: Sisters and Sisters-in-law; "We see them no more;" The Fancies of a Maiden Lady; The Influence of the Holy Scriptures; The Nursery; The Death of Little Alice; Children and Children's Parties. We promise ourselves much interest in the perusal of the "British Mother's Family Magazine."

It is better to have a well-furnished mind than to have a well-furnished house.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 90, }
NEW SERIES. }

JUNE, 1864.

{ No. 1,182,
OLD SERIES. }

APPEAL AND ANTICIPATION.

"And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee."—PSALM xxxix. 7.

In our May number, beloved readers, we called your attention to the *past*; in our present paper, we would consider the *future*. The completion of another editorial year led to our recent reflections; the entrance upon a fresh year, which, if permitted to see its close, will complete a quarter of a century, as far as our connexion with this work is concerned, suggests to us the words at the head of this page.

Permit us, however, before we enter upon the consideration of the Psalmist's language, to say, that no words can convey what has of late pressed upon one's heart in regard to the present life. It has just appeared to us, as though we stood upon the brink of the grave—time receding—not one moment to be recalled—the momentary opportunity of doing some little for Him who has done so much for us, for ever passed away—and nothing worthy the name accomplished. Wasted hours—lost opportunities—have come flitting before the mind, producing the deepest lamentation and regret.

These thoughts and reflections are, perhaps, deepened in tone and seriousness by the recollection of the multitude of readers and correspondents who have passed away during our connexion with this work. How few of the correspondents of 1840 remain. Where are "Recluse," "W. A. M.," Joseph Irons, David Denham, Arthur Triggs, Ruth Bryan, "J. G.," of Essex, "W. G.," of Walworth, the Vicar of Harewood, Joshua Laycock, his Curate, and numberless others who, since our day, have been connected with this Magazine as correspondents? Where are they? we ask; and where, too, the numberless readers of whose departure we hear from time to time,—where, but gone the way of all the earth? And then, as we write, our study overlooks a large and most populous city. Church towers and steeples, at frequent intervals, rise high above the thickly-studded houses by which they are surrounded. Where are they who long laboured in those various spheres? Gone to their account. The last voice—one but recently silenced—was heard in or near the church whose tower rises high in the distance, for nearly fifty-five years. He had passed upwards of fourscore years in this vale of tears; but still, though he tarried so long, yet at length his time also came; and it may be said of him, as of myriads more, "Your fathers, where are they? and the

prophets, do they live for ever?" Again, we see large factories and huge works of various description; and we ask again, Where are their former occupants? where the men who embarked in the different enterprizes which gave these buildings birth? The answer is, that they also have passed off the stage of time; they have played their part, and disappeared, to be seen no more for ever, as far as this poor fleeting world is concerned.

Intermingled with the habitations is to be seen also shipping, whose masts rise high above the house-tops. One asks again, Where are they who formerly navigated the wide-spread waters by means of these? where, but in vast eternity?

And, as again one looks upon the different railways which thread their way by various routes to this far-famed city, one asks, Where are multitudes who journeyed by these lines—whither have they gone?—where their destination?—what the terminus at which they have alighted, but eternity?

Looking around thus, dear reader, to what conclusion must one come but to that of Solomon, "Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" "For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun? For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity."

But even these reflections, beloved, humiliating and painful as in one sense they have been, serve only to endear a precious Christ, and the fulness and freeness of His salvation.

What a mercy it is that there is nothing of the creature wanted, either in a way of service or of suffering, in order to complete salvation. Redemption, and all involved in it, is, blessed be God, a *finished* work. Nothing can be taken from it, nor can anything be added to it.

"It is finished!"
Still resounds from Calvary."

And all that the Church of the living God before Christ's incarnation experienced, and all that have lived since His day on earth, has enjoyed, or does enjoy, is wholly and entirely of Christ. Hence it is so blessed when, on the one hand, the Holy Ghost gives one to see the absolute vanity of earth and earthly things, together with the utter bankruptcy of poor fallen nature; and, on the other hand, gives the redeemed sinner to behold the comeliness of Christ, the fulness of His salvation, the freeness of His grace, and the exact suitability and adaptation of His word and promises to all our varied conditions and circumstances.

Oh, how blessed is this knowledge—how invaluable this experience! Reader, is it yours? Can you say,

"Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with Thee?"

If so, you will be prepared to adopt the language of our text, and say, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee."

It is clear, from the preceding verses of this short but emphatic psalm, that David had been at school, and that there he had been called to learn some critical and difficult lessons. His very language implies the betrayal by his own heart into trial, and perplexity, and vexation. He was more disposed, under present circumstances, to find fault with himself than with others. Although, as he elsewhere says, "They wrest my words," and "lay to my charge things that I knew not," yet now he would seek to be on his guard; he says, "I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will

keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me ;” margin, “ I will keep a bridle or muzzle for my mouth.”

Reader, what need is there for us to adopt prayerfully the same resolve as the Psalmist, especially when we consider what the apostle James says upon the tongue. “ Behold,” he says, “ we put bits in the horses’ mouths, that they may obey us ; and we turn about their whole body.” Oh, how well may Solomon declare, “ Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.”

Now we doubt not that the Psalmist had so smarted from the effects of giving expression to what he *felt*—sometimes under the influence of thoughtlessness, and at other times from vexation—that he was thus brought to resolve to “ take heed to his ways, that he sinned not with his tongue.” He sought to be silent ; he prayed that he might be a mute observer ; his desire was to watch and wait. Hence he exclaims, “ I was dumb with silence ; I held my peace, even from good.” I was so afraid of again speaking unadvisedly with my lips, and of plunging myself into fresh difficulties and perplexities, that I was silent even when I saw that about me and around me which was good and praise-worthy, until at length “ my sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot within me ; while I was musing [on all I saw and heard], the fire burned [I could hold no longer]. Then spake I with my tongue.” Not to man, but to God. Ah, this was wise of the Psalmist. He could do no wrong here. The less, in a sense, he spoke to man, the better ; the more to his God, the wiser and the more satisfactory. And yet it was a difficult thing for him to be silent, placed as he was in the forefront of the battle. David was no mere private individual. He became a public character from the moment he was anointed by Samuel till he ended his days as king of Israel. In many respects, the man who can walk noiselessly and unheeded through the pathway of the wilderness is to be envied. He is spared much bitterness, and occasionally intense heart-sorrow ; and yet he is, at the same time, a stranger to those supports, sustainings, and sympathies which are realized as the Holy Ghost is pleased to lead the more public and outspoken man into personal fellowship with the Man of Sorrows, in regard to the anguish which He endured by reproach, and malevolence, and the most groundless of insinuations. He was even “ the song of the drunkard.” How few of His followers can say this. How was His holy soul grieved and oppressed by the cruel things laid to His charge ; yet how free was He, at the same time, from the veriest semblance of evil. Christ, and Christ alone, could say, “ The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.” Not one of His disciples either could or can say so. They may be blameless as far as certain charges are concerned ; but there is, at the same time, such a thorough inwrought conviction of sin, defilement, and utter shortcomings, as serve perpetually to humble in the very dust before God the one thus taught and instructed. But oh, how these very reproaches and aspersions serve to endear a precious Christ, in that they lead, instrumentally, to a fellowship with Him in His sufferings. “ Did my Lord,” says the reviled one, “ encounter such things, holy, harmless, undefiled as He was, and shall I, who am altogether a sinner, repine ? How could I know anything of fellowship [or partnership] with Him, if I met with no reproach and no false accusations ? What leads to sympathy with Him, and what draws out His sympathy towards me ? What enhances the privilege of resorting to Him, and reposing on Him, but that, in addition to the fact of His knowing all hearts, and being privy to every secret thought, wish, and desire, He also hath travelled the selfsame path by which I travel, and hath encountered—only in a ten thousandfold deeper sense—the afflictions I am called to endure ?”

Again, if not the subject of reproach or persecution, the Lord's servants may well argue, How, then, can we be entitled to the blessing which the Lord hath pronounced, when He says, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Reader, may these considerations tend, under God, to reconcile you to the path of suffering, let the nature of that suffering, or the source of it, be what it may. May you be enabled also to remember, that

"The path of sorrow,
And that path alone,
Leads to the world
Where suffering is unknown."

Recollect, too, that one moment in heaven will make amends for a lifetime (however protracted) of suffering and sorrow here.

And may the Lord's more public servants (if we should be addressing any such) realize in a special manner the comfort and consolation which He does in such a gracious way vouchsafe to them who labour for Him. This can only be known by experience, and how sweet that experience. They work for the best of Masters, and in the most satisfactory of all services. They are paid too. The Lord is never unmindful of His own word, "The labourer is worthy of his hire." The Lord acts upon it largely and liberally. His servants realize the fulfilment of His own divine promise, "The liberal soul [margin, soul of blessing] shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

But, whilst the Psalmist testifies to the fact, that, after for a time musing, he at length spoke, he declares to what he gave utterance; and his language implies weariness and dissatisfaction with the world—as though he were so sickened of it as to be impatient to be gone. "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am," or (margin) "what time I have here." "Behold, Thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before Thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah. Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

Was there ever a more self-evident truth? After all the toil and the travail and the turmoil of scraping together the paltry gold of this poor perishing world, what follows the anxious days and the sleepless nights of the accumulator? Is he contented? Has he enough? Is he disposed to stay his hand, and to strive no more? No, alas! so far from being more at ease, he is less so. He finds to his cost that the more he has, the more he wants. And, in consequence, he toils on and on till affliction and death seize upon him unawares; and thus in very deed is verified the words of the Psalmist, "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

It is said that a certain queen exclaimed on her dying bed, "Millions of money for moments of time;" but the offer was in vain; and so the wealthy and the worldly find it when they come to die. No money nor position can prolong their stay, even for one short hour. "Thou takest away their breath; they die, and return to their dust."

The Psalmist, then, having calmly and soberly come to these conclusions, adds, by way of summing up, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is

in Thee." It is as though he would say, "I have sought in every way, and by every means, for pleasure, satisfaction, contentment; but all is in vain. I find nought but a blank—a void—a miserable emptiness and dissatisfaction in all and about all. 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity!' Here we have no abiding; here no stay nor rest. Attain to what one may, possess what one will, it fails to fill the gap—to satisfy the soul. There is still a looking for—a longing after—a craving a something as yet not possessed. What does it mean? What am I to understand? 'What wait I for?' Ah, I understand—I see the meaning now—I know not what is intended of my God, by all this disappointment and dissatisfaction. 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever!' The question *was* with me—

"'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,
'Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?'"

But now I have the answer :

"'Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
'I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"'These inward trials I employ,
From pride and sin to set thee free;
I blast thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thy all in me.'"

'Now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee?' Now, after all this teaching and training; now, after all this light upon my chequered path, and lessons by the way; what wait I for? what do I want? for what am I looking? what will satisfy? what will give peace, comfort, joy? Ah, Lord, none but Thyself, and nothing short of Thyself. Thy gifts even will not suffice; Thy word, precious as it is, will only satisfy as it leads to Thyself, and reveals Thyself. 'My hope is in Thee.' It is Thine own very self—Thine own divine person—Thine own immediate presence and the sunshine of Thy lovely countenance, without veil or cloud, that I seek for and ardently desire. This, and nothing short of this, will fill the vacuum in my heart. This, and this alone, give me to feel and say, 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'"

Finally, reader, permit us to ask, are *you* brought to this? Can *you* say, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee?" Has all else failed? Can you find "no rest for the sole of your foot," any more than Noah's dove? And are the heart and eye to "Jesus only?" Oh, what a mercy this! How favoured, how divinely privileged, are you! What precious means must those have been which, under God, have brought about so blessed an issue! Losses and crosses—vexations and trials, may have been those means, but how specially and graciously of God, seeing in what they have resulted: breaking the fatal spell by which you were bound to the creature and the world, and bringing you into sweetest and closest contact with the Lord, leading you Christward, and upward, and heavenward. Thus are you "blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." In heaven before you reach it; "Dwelling on high, and your defence the munitions of rocks," and causing you to feel how true the words of the immortal Watts—

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

Oh, what a mercy to be able truthfully and unfeignedly to say, Christ is all I want. Not wealth, nor name, nor fame, but Jesus only. Not the paltry things of this poor perishing world, which cannot afford me one moment's consolation or satisfaction in affliction, or sickness, or death; but Jesus, in His blood; Jesus, in His righteousness; Jesus, in His word; Jesus, in His promises; Jesus, in His power; Jesus, in His providence; Jesus, in His smiles; Jesus, in His sympathy; Jesus in Himself—His own divine person as the God-man in His own glorious incomprehensibility. "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee." And that hope Thou hast pledged Thyself shall not fail me, or ever be put to confusion; for Thou hast said, "The expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever,"—blessed be Thy name.

Reader, be it yours and ours increasingly to sing—

"Jesus, we rest in Thee,
In Thee ourselves we hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where can we rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
The weary soul alone can rest.

"Thou Holy One of God!
The Father rests in Thee;
Then in the savour of that blood
Our rest we well may see.
The curse is gone; through Thee we're
blest:
God rests in Thee, in Thee we rest."

Totterdown, Bristol, May, 1864.

THE EDITOR.

BIRTHDAY SALUTATIONS.

March 8, 1864.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—This is your birthday, and most truly do I desire for you a special blessing from our heavenly Father—a son's portion according to the riches of His inexhaustible treasury in Christ Jesus. How much of the wilderness is passed! Through the good hand of the Lord, there have been wells and springs of water, and bread enough and to spare. Is it not so, beloved? Joseph is still the name of the Church. "The archers have sorely grieved, shot at, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob." May He strengthen your heart, increase your faith, and abundantly bless the labour of your hands; and, if it be His will, shed such light in your dwelling, that each one of your loved ones may rejoice with you in the quickening power of His gracious Spirit. How sweet to know the Lord reigneth; and, though the wicked may plot, and the unjust quibble, He will not forsake His oppressed people.

Ever yours, affectionately in Him,

H. E. A. C.

London, March 8, 1864.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—Another year has rolled round, and you are the living to adore and praise the abounding love of our God, who has brought you thus far on your pilgrimage, and still says to you, "I will never

leave thee, nor forsake thee; I am thy shield, thy exceeding great reward." May He abundantly water your soul on the anniversary of your natal day; may He usher it in with fresh tokens of His favour and grace, giving you an earnest of every needed blessing, so that you may in the anticipation sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." You must, I am sure, adopt this language for all the past, and not less say,

"I will praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

Yes, though there are trials by the way, yet is there not a something secret sweetens all, assuring you that "your light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?" Yes, indeed, dear brother, what will be all the trials by the way when we get home? Nothing; there they will all be forgotten, except to praise and adore our God for His sustaining and comforting through them, and having made them the means of near access to Himself. Ah, indeed, each of our trials comes with its message, and draws us closer to Him whom it is our delight to hold sweet communion with; and therefore, though they may at times be sharp, they are good. And how blessed to know that our Elder Brother shares in each; "For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted," and to the uttermost. No limit to His tender sympathy and mighty power; and it is blessed when He enables us to come with all our griefs and cares, and lay them open to Him. My earnest prayer for you is that He will more abundantly bless you this year; give you more power in speaking His word, as well as writing upon it. May He endue you with such wisdom that you may put to silence the gainsayers, and feel that you can indeed thresh the mountains of opposition that are raised to His precious word, so that you may be the means of lifting up many a drooping heart, cheering many a troubled soul, and bringing many yet far off into glorious liberty. Blessed time when we shall all be together—no partings above; but one interest, one song; and, above all, with and like our Jesus. In hope of this not-far-distant time, believe me, my dear brother,

Yours, in covenant love and union,

M. S. L.

THE LATE DR. HAWKER.

In a letter of the late beloved Dr. Hawker, written under date Sept. 13, 1824—with a sight of which we have been favoured—he says: "If my dear children wish to know how it fares with their affectionate father, I would say thus: All is well! 'To me to live is CHRIST, and to die will be my gain.' I this day enter, speaking after the manner of the prophets, 'In the sixth month, and the first day of the month, came the word of the LORD unto me,' &c. Threescore years and eleven and five months of another year, the arithmetic of my life counts; and, 'having obtained help of God I continue unto this day.' Yesterday, had you seen me and heard me, both morning and night, you would have beheld and noticed the same animation of strength as forty years since." The beloved Dr. Hawker lived two years and a half after this, being buried on the day on which (had he lived) he would have completed his seventy-fourth year.

THERE is no advocate with the Father for ungodly men.—*Rev. W. Borrowes.*

WAYSIDE NOTES.

BELoved, let us sit down together at this season, and ponder and pray over some of the loved movements of our dear Lord during the forty days He appeared upon earth after His resurrection. They are very precious, and full of hallowed teaching. May the Holy Spirit unfold their hidden meaning, that we may have joy and peace in believing. And, first, let us think of

MARY AT THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE.

[Read MARK xvi. 1—8.]

"Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen; He is not here: behold the place where they laid Him."—MARK xvi. 6.

The Sabbath-day passed, at early dawn a little company of anxious women pressed on their way to Jesus' tomb. They were Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome; and they carried with them sweet spices that they might anoint His body. The evangelist John tells us that when they started upon their errand, "it was yet dark;" so that, beloved, we have brought before us seekers after Jesus in the dark. How this reminds us of the language of the Church as described in the Canticles: "By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth; I sought Him, but I found Him not." No, He is not to be found in the empty grave; faith is to lay hold of a risen Saviour. Beloved, methinks you and I know what it is to seek Jesus in the dark; and we can point to memorable seasons when we have "found Him," and our weeping has been turned into joy. Well, as these anxious women were pressing on to the tomb, all at once they thought, "But who shall roll away the stone?" The arms of several strong men had forced that "great stone" into its appointed groove; how could the hands of feeble women remove it from its place? Such is the argument of the misgiving heart. We often, beloved, I fear, are saying, "Who shall roll away the stone?" when, if faith only presses on a little further, our fears and forebodings are proved to be futile, for the stone is already rolled away. So these seeking ones found when they came to the door of the sepulchre; "The stone was rolled away, for it was great:" and Matthew tells us, "The angel of the Lord," who had descended from heaven and rolled back the stone, "sat upon it." The power of God can overcome every difficulty. Oh, to trust in His strength to overcome all for us! And now the angel of the Lord saith to the terror-stricken women, "Be not affrighted; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth." *"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"* (Luke xxiv. 5.) *"The living;"* oh, how much is contained in that one word—"the living." Herein is the fulfilment of prophecy, and the oft-repeated declaration of our Lord Himself. Herein is the Headship of the living Church; the first-fruits of the glorious harvest. Do not let unbelief look into the empty grave, but bid faith peer through the vault of heaven, and hope rivet its hold upon a risen Lord. "He goeth before you," saith the angel. Yes, to present Himself before the Father as salvation's Fulfiller. "He goeth before you," to clear a way to the throne of grace for every elect vessel of mercy. "He goeth before you," to open heaven's pearly gates to all believers. Look up—*He is the living.* Ah, and "go your way, tell His disciples AND PETER, that He goeth before you." Oh, what sovereign grace and mercy is veiled in the angel's emphatic "and Peter." Peter, who had denied his Lord, and proved himself often so faulty and foolish—tell him, and say He is a risen Lord to the very weakest and vilest sinner. He saves to

the uttermost, and even an erring Peter shall not be cast off. Reader, canst thou not trace in Peter's character thine own? I know one who can. Take it then to thy comfort, that the angel was particular to include poor Peter, as yet one in whom a risen Lord was interested; yea, more, whom a risen Lord represented. "And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they anything to any man; for they were afraid."

And now we will pass on to reflect upon our Lord's showing Himself

"FIRST TO MARY."

[Read JOHN XX. 11—18.]

"Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils."—MARK XVI. 9.

How remarkable that the Lord should first appear to one "out of whom He had cast seven devils." How contrary to human pride and calculation. Ah, the great of this world are no guests of Jesus. When He walked this earth of ours, He was wont to sup "with publicans and sinners;" and after His resurrection, He chooses to reveal Himself to a Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils.* And the Lord's followers, too, beloved, are often despised, because they seek companionship with the lowly, and feel a greater relish for the society of pardoned sinners, than proud worldlings. They want to see the face of Jesus, and are gladdened if they can find anything Jesus-like in the walk or talk of a fellow-pilgrim. And notice, beloved, the special revelation of Jesus to Mary was at a season of deep sorrow. She had been "standing without the sepulchre weeping," and her lamentation was, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." And now the very One she wants, and pants and longs for, breaks in upon her. Oh, beloved, is it a time of tears with you? look out—look up—Jesus is nigh: "joy cometh in the morning."

"And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away. Jesus saith unto her, MARY. She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master!" "Jesus saith unto her, *Mary.*" The utterance of her name was sufficient with Jesus. When He calleth His people by name, it is a call of love, mercy, grace, and revelation. And in an instant, at the mention of her name, a flood of light poured into her heart, joy sprung up within at the discovery, and, seeing it all, she responds, "Rabboni, which is to say, Master." It is "the voice of my Beloved! behold, He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My Beloved is like a roe, or a young hart; behold, He standeth behind our wall, He looketh forth at the window, shewing Himself through the lattice." "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." Poor Mary Magdalene must have felt this, as, at the revelation of her dear Lord, she attempted to embrace His feet; but Jesus uttered those memorable words, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to MY BRETHREN—(not thy—*my* brethren)—and say unto

* If the mother of Jesus was to be honoured as held by the deluded Roman Catholics, why did not our Lord appear to her? But, no, Mary Magdalene is purposely placed first.

them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God." Herein, beloved, is covenant union and love—"My brethren." Herein is covenant grace and glory—"My God and your God." What a message for Mary to spread before her fellow-sinners! Thus, beloved—

"Mary to her Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved was gone.
"Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,

Came His drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking, Why she grieved?
"Though at first she knew Him not,
When He called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found He was the same."

And now we have brought before us another hallowed scene, namely,

JESUS JOINING COMPANY WITH THE TWO DISCIPLES ON THEIR WAY TO EMMAUS.

[Read LUKE xxiv. 13—33.]

Leaving Jerusalem, two disciples of Jesus wended their way to the village of Emmaus. Their conversation was about (as they thought) their lost Lord; when a stranger, joining them, inquired, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?" Their reply showed that they little thought that He who spake was Jesus Himself: "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" And our dear Redeemer, evidently desirous of drawing out their whole hearts concerning Him, said "What things?"

Beloved, there is sovereignty in Jesus' silence. Does He appear sometimes silent to thee? It is to draw thee out, that thou mayest confess all; and, when thou hast poured out all the contents of the earthen vessel, then He begins to pour in. So never take God's silences as denials. And now, after telling the stranger of all the things which had happened, Jesus said unto them, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?" As if He would say, Do you not understand that it was for this very purpose He came from the bosom of the Father? Did it not behove Him to suffer and to rise again the third day? that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations? "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." And now, the two wondering disciples having reached Emmaus, may well say to the mysterious Stranger, "Abide with us." Ah, this is the prayer of every redeemed soul who has tasted that the Lord is gracious. Thy presence, dear Jesus, is so sweet, Thy person so lovely, Thy words so reviving, do not go. Be not as a wayfaring man, who only abideth for a season; but come in, dear Lord—

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die."

And then do notice, beloved, it was at the breaking of bread that Jesus revealed Himself to them. Here is Jesus' seal set to the command He gave before His crucifixion, "Do this in remembrance of me;" and He now seems to add, if not in word, in deed, "And, at the breaking of bread, I will reveal myself to you." Beloved, those are joyous seasons when, partaking of the elements which set forth the doing and dying of the Lord Jesus, we "discern the Lord's body."

Here I would pause to remark how frequently we find among our villagers the neglect of this holy ordinance, maintained under the plea, "Oh, I am so unworthy; and the Scripture declares, whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord." But this is mistaking the passage, for, if we look for worthiness in the creature, it will be a vain search. It is because we are so unworthy we need the worthiness of Christ; because we are such sinners, we need such a Saviour. But the unworthiness here spoken of rests in the expression added, "not discerning the Lord's body."

But to return to the narrative. How precious to notice that when Jesus "took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them, then their eyes were opened, and they knew Him." "And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" Yes, when Jesus talks and walks with us, hearts will burn with holy rapture; such will be memorable moments in life's chequered career.

"When Christ, my Lord and Friend,
Is pleased to show His power;
All at once my troubles end,
And I've a golden hour."

May the Lord grant us many such golden hours, as we journey on amidst life's cares and troubles.

And now, beloved, think of

JESUS BREAKING IN UPON THE DISCIPLES WHEN THEY WERE ASSEMBLED IN THE UPPER ROOM.

[Read JOHN xx. 19—29.]

They had gathered themselves together in that upper room, "for fear of the Jews;" and when the door was shut, Jesus stood in their midst, and saith unto them, "Peace be unto you." Oh, beloved, how sweet it is, when the mind is agitated from surrounding care, and the billows of tribulation roll one after another into one's soul, to hear the sweet voice of Jesus above the crested wave, saying, "Peace be unto you." What a calm, when He is recognized. Surely the disciples must have felt their fears vanish when the well-known voice breathed peace in their midst. "Peace be unto you," said Jesus; adding, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Here was a foreshadowing of the day of Pentecost, close at hand, when the Holy Ghost should be received by them in abounding fulness, to cheer them, show them, and prepare them for the important mission of preaching the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ to poor perishing sinners. But Thomas, one of the twelve, was not with them when Jesus came; so that they sought him out to tell him that they had seen the Lord. But Thomas replied, "Except I see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe." Eight days after this they again repair to that upper room, and this time Thomas is with them; when Jesus appears in the midst as before, uttering the same sovereign salutation, "Peace be unto you." Then saith He to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger." Oh, beloved, could words be more gracious? Had He said, Rebel, depart from me; thine unbelieving heart condemns thee; surely Thomas would richly have deserved the rebuke: but no; full of mercy, love, and grace, He saith to the

erring one, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." Ah, well might Thomas now exclaim, seeing it was indeed his dear Saviour, "My Lord and my God." But unbelief must have its censure and warning; hence our Redeemer adds the important words, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." We have not seen, and yet we can say we believe. Oh, that our faith may be strengthened in a risen Saviour.

And now we would lead you to another important theme, viz. :—

PETER RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION TO FEED CHRIST'S SHEEP.

[Read JOHN xxi.]

"He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because He said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto Him, Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep."—JOHN xxi. 17.

Upon the shore of the Sea of Tiberias was grouped a little company of our Lord's disciples—there were Peter, Thomas, Nathanael, the sons of Zebedee, and two others of the disciples. Ah! these were the same who had but a few weeks before supped with Jesus, and who had now to mourn an absent Lord. And now, while standing thus together, Peter proposed that they should go fishing: the others responded, "We also go with thee;" and soon the little company pushed out their boat amidst the foam-tipped waves, and, casting forth their nets, hope for success; but no, after toiling all night they caught nothing. At early dawn a figure is seen on the beach—"Jesus stood on the shore: but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. Then saith Jesus unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered Him, No. And He said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes;" and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken. Surely, beloved, we have here prefigured that signal event about to happen—namely, the day of Pentecost; when, Jesus having made Peter a fisher of men, he should now cast the Gospel net upon the right side of the ship, and the result of his first sermon should be, that three thousand souls should be added to the Church. Proceeding with this view, beloved, let us look at our dear Lord's commission to Peter, as contained in the words above. The net, full of fishes, had been drawn on the beach; "And as soon as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread. Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine." Think, beloved, of that group of fishermen, and Jesus in the midst giving them food to eat: and, oh, what a significant pledge is here, that Jesus would ever provide for the temporal wants of His flock; their bread shall be given, and their water sure; and He will sustain them even unto the end. So also was it a pledge that He would be their source of spiritual sustenance, their hidden strength in every time of need. Well, the meal over, Jesus repeats three times the touching inquiry, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because He said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto Him, Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep."

Beloved, only think of the character to whom our dear Lord gave this important commission. It was that Peter, who in earlier life had thought himself so strong that he could walk on the waves of the sea like his Master,

and whose impetuosity brought him to the cry, "Lord, save, or I perish." It was that Peter, who, when our Lord "began to shew unto His disciples, how that He must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day," foolishly began to rebuke our Lord, causing Him to utter that solemn declaration, "Get thee behind me, Satan : thou art an offence unto me : for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." And it was that Peter who, at the transfiguration of Christ, so thoughtlessly exclaimed, "Master, it is good for us to be here ; and let us make three tabernacles ; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. For he wist not what to say." But, more than all this, it was that Peter who denied his Lord ; repeating his denial with an oath, exclaiming, "I do not know the man." Ah ! well might our dear precious, forgiving Lord inquire, "Simon, son of Jonas, *lovest thou me ?*" And, beloved, surely there is something very significant in our Lord's addressing His erring disciple as "Simon" (his natural name), and not as "Peter" (his spiritual name). Just as we, when our dear child has committed some offence, are apt to address him, not in the household name so familiar to all, but in his own name given at nature's birthday. There was loving rebuke in this way of addressing him, as if to call to remembrance the failings and faithlessness of the once over-confident disciple. And Peter felt this, for he was grieved : memory must have called up before him his bitter fall ; so completely fulfilling our Lord's prophecy, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice."

Ah ! thrice did Peter deny his Lord, and thrice did our Lord inquire of him, "Lovest thou me ?" And in the Apostle's reply to that inquiry, there was an expressed consciousness of the deity of Christ, arising from the precious "Receive ye the Holy Ghost ;" for Peter now could appeal to our Lord with, "Lord, Thou knowest all things : " as if he would say, All hearts are open before Thee. Thou art the very God of very God, whose all-seeing eye can penetrate the depths of the heart. Well Thou knowest, however frail and faulty I have been, this one thing Thou canst bear witness to, "Thou knowest that I love Thee." It is no longer the "*I know*" of self-sufficiency, but the "*Thou knowest*" of experimental confidence in a risen Christ. Beloved, can we not appeal to the Lord thus, and say, However, dear Lord, I have acted foolishly ; wandering from Thee times without number ; erring in judgment, and manifesting creature confidence and pride of heart ; yet, with all my failings, I can appeal to Thee, and say, this one thing Thou dost know—Thou knowest that I love Thee—and oh, to love Thee more ! Oh, for that measure of grace which shall keep my love alive, and lively for Thee ; that I may henceforth be not a changeable Simon, but a confiding Peter.

And, dear reader, it would be no uninteresting source of study to contemplate the difference in Peter's conduct after this memorable commission was given him, "Feed my sheep." We have him on the day of Pentecost, preaching, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, that remarkable sermon, so full of Jesus ; the result of which was the adding to the Church three thousand souls, and the fulfilment of our dear Redeemer's own words, "I will make you a fisher of men." No longer did Peter cast the net on the wrong side of the ship : no ; we find him casting it into the purposes, and plans, and promises of a covenant God in Christ ; we find him patient under trial, and, finally, dying a martyr's death.

And now, beloved, we must cease our meditation at this season. We have only skimmed the surface of this hallowed subject. May the Lord the Spirit lead you more deeply into it : every step dear Jesus took—every action—every

look—every word He uttered, are all full of God-like meaning. May you and I realize more and more of their import.

Lastly: "It came to pass while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." Full of love, our adorable Saviour left this earth "blessing them." The last words that sounded in the ears of His disciples was the *Master's blessing*. Oh, ascended Lord, give me faith's vision to penetrate yon azure vault, and behold Thee in the presence of the Father, as my Surety, my Substitute, my Redeemer, my High Priest, the God of my salvation: and may I remember, too, that this same Jesus, who was taken up into heaven, shall in like manner come again. Oh, may I and all the dear children of God live in holy expectation of that happy time, when we shall see Thee as Thou art, no more to go from Thy presence for ever.

Bury St. Edmund's.

G. C.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

SIN is the source of woe:
It laid fair Sodom low;
By one avenging blow
Its people fell.

They thought not of God's power,
Nor of the fearful hour
When an o'erwhelming shower
Would seal their doom.

No public sign was given
Of wrath revealed from heaven,
Nor were their spirits riven
With fear of death.

Some might indeed have learned,
But they the counsel spurned,
And then too late discerned
The message true.

Constrained to leave the place,
Yet not allured by grace,
One turned to it her face,
And God was wroth.

Yet showed He still His care
A refuge to prepare
For one who sought to share
His gracious love.

His messengers of ire,
To bring avenging fire,
Restrained their influence dire
Till Lot was safe.

Sweet was the starlight bright,
Clear was the moonbeam's light,
On the last fatal night
Of Sodom's pride.

The morning twilight beamed,
Then fiery meteors gleamed,
Earth like a furnace seemed,
And flames burst forth.

Then came the lightning's flash,
And then the thunder's crash;
God was about to dash
His foes to death.

Repeated lightnings glare
'Midst sulphur's sullen flare:
Vengeance alone was there;
Mercy had fled.

Oh, what tremendous sound
Burst on the ear around!
Destruction king was crowned
Of Sodom's towers.

The fiery flaming street,
Thronged with ten thousand feet,
Could show no safe retreat;
None could escape.

Then rose through Jordan's vale
The falling city's wail,
And shone on Hebron's dale
The lurid light.

A day of awful fear
More dreadful still is near;
Ere it in storm appear,
A shelter seek.

If refuge you desire
From God's avenging ire,
Kindling eternal fire,
To Jesus flee.

T. B. Y.

SORROW AND JOY.

"I AM persuaded that generally they *mourn most* who have most assurance." This was the language of Dr. OWEN, and we believe it to be *true*. We believe that none mourn so much as those who, *in one sense*, have no real cause for mourning. As they stand in Christ—being sinless as He is sinless, pure even as He is pure, loved even as He is loved, and free from all condemnation even as He—they have abundant reason to rejoice when they see [*and when do they not?*] "another law in their members, warring against the law of their mind, and bringing them into captivity to the law of sin which is in their members." They, in consequence, exclaim, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But do they stop here? Is the question answered, or not? "I thank God (says the Apostle) through Jesus Christ our Lord." And then he sums it up: "So, then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin."

Instructed in the mystery, as some are, they fail at times to recognize the two distinct natures in every Spirit-quicken soul, and likewise to distinguish between bondage and liberty. To the flesh belongs bonds and imprisonment; to the Spirit, holy freedom and Gospel liberty; and these, in a sense, are compatible one with the other. They, in a certain sense, we repeat, *co-exist*. Here we have it, in the Apostle's own language: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So then death worketh in us, but life in you."

Now this expression, "death worketh in us," goes beyond mere external or providential circumstances; it has to do with that inward darkness, deadness, despondency, and despair, in so far as *the flesh* is concerned; it is that "sentence [or answer] of death" in himself of which he speaks in a previous chapter. Again, the Apostle testifies of the two distinct operations—or, if we may so say, two sets or descriptions of feeling: "But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses. In stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report: as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

The apostle Peter strikes the same key-note when he says, "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

And have not our readers known somewhat of this by blessed experience? Yea, even when down in some of those dark, dismal depths, from which it seemed for a season as though it were impossible they would ever be extricated, has not a little ray of light of a sudden broken in, and that in immediate con-

nexion with a felt impossibility of escape? It may be a groan has burst from the burdened breast, or possibly a word has passed the lips in the hearing of another, which has led on the part of that other to a remark that would seem to impugn divine veracity, or to charge God foolishly. What has been the immediate effect upon that previously all-but despairing one? An instantaneous rousing from a previous felt hostility to the Lord's dealings, to a bold, fearless, unflinching defence of His ever-glorious name and cause? D.

GLEANINGS BY THE WAY.

OUR conversation turned upon the vanity of life, and, however protracted by comparison, the certainty of death soon terminating the labours of the longest liver. The folly, too, of setting the heart upon the accumulation of wealth was spoken of, and the greatness of the sin of men wishing it to be said how rich they had died. Alluding to the end of one who had died immensely rich, my companion said, he had expressed himself as so pleased that he had lived to receive his half-year's dividends, just then due. He alluded also to the sin of ministers seeking to make such ample provision for their families; and spoke of one who had left his widow £7,000; but she, dying shortly after him, with all his care and precaution, his property fell into the hands of a spendthrift nephew. I could but directly quote the contrast in the case of the blessed and never-to-be-forgotten Rev. WILLIAM NUNN, late of Manchester. Upon his being requested by sundry members of his congregation to allow them to insure his life, he objected, upon the ground that "he was not going to play a game of chance with God Almighty." In the very midst of his most useful ministerial career, he was seized with an illness which, in a few days, called him home. And so did God honour the faith of His servant, that, in the space of three months, nearly £3,000 were subscribed for his widow and fatherless children.

Speaking of another clergyman, to whom the Lord had, by the death of a relative, entrusted immense wealth, he said, that he had resolved it should never be said of him that he had died rich. Acting upon this principle, that gentleman is living in comparative obscurity, and devoting his substance to the cause of God.

Oh, how well would it be if men generally, but believers especially, gave more becoming heed to the Apostle's words, "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

Mark, reader, the emphasis which the Apostle lays upon the "*will be rich*;" at any cost—at whatever sacrifice—be the labour what it may; and observe, too, his advice, "But thou, O man of God, *flee* these things;" not merely abstain from or resist them, but hasten—rush away—from them as a something that would greatly imperil or endanger.

SELF-LOVE, reckless of any of our neighbours' interests, abounds among us.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, OF PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

"Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency! and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places."—DEUT. xxxiii. 29.

BLESSED portion! if the Holy Ghost would only open and apply it, and lead us into the contemplation of who the happy people are, and in what their happiness consists. "Happy art thou, O Israel!" What are we to conclude from this? Why, that all the rest are miserable. Would you look for a happy people? Then you must look for God's Zion. Some will tell you that we have nothing to do with God's Zion; then we have nothing to do with the blessing, for God's blessing is upon His people Israel, or Zion, which is but another name for the Church of God. These, run away with all the blessing; and, because blessed, thence happy. Their happiness lies in the blessing. "Happy art thou, O Israel." But, say you, how do you and I belong to Israel? Things of old, you know, were only typical: we have the substance now. There is Christ personal, and Christ mystical; and Christ mystical is the Church of God, of which ancient Israel was but a type; else what do you make of that passage in Matt. xxi., where it says "The kingdom shall be taken from you (Jews), and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof?" Now is this any particular nation, such as the English, French, or Russian nation? Certainly not; but God's Church called out of "all nations," and eyed as but one nation, like Israel of old. Now for proof. Look at 1 Pet. ii.; there you have the Church called a "holy nation, a peculiar people, a royal priesthood," or a purchased people, as the margin reads—a redeemed people, a kingdom of priests; and you know in Rev. i. they are called "kings and priests unto God." But look at this again, a "holy nation." This is the character of the saints of God. "Then," say you, "this does not belong to me, for I am an unholy wretch; I am full of everything the opposite to holiness." That is your estimate of yourself; and well it is so, for if it were otherwise we should have no hope of your being called by grace at all. But God's estimate of you is quite another thing: He views you *in Christ*, and sees you as one of a holy nation. Poor broken-hearted sinners who see and feel their unholiness, these are the purchased people, the kings and priests of God; these are God's Zion, God's Israel; a happy people, though despised by others, and distrusted by themselves; but God's people notwithstanding.

"Israel! a name divinely blest,
Secure may rise, secure may rest!"

Now this is your privilege, if you belong to Israel. But let us examine a little into the name of Israel. It is compounded of three words—*Ish* a man, *ra* seeing, *el* God; a man that sees God. This is the character and privilege of all God's Israel, to see Jesus—"looking unto Jesus." This name is something like Peniel, the name Jacob gave the place where God met him. "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." Now both these names apply to God's people; they are all *Ish-ra-els*—they all see God in the face of Jesus: there they see God and live.

But you see there was something of God, as incorporated into this name of Israel, which denoted eternal union, and set forth God in the person of Christ at

one with the Church, and in the Church. I will not call thee Jacob, said God ; but Israel, my new name. Not Jacob, a supplanter ; I have forgotten all that. Your lying, your deceit, I pass all that by ; that is your name by nature : but I will give you a name in grace ; I will give you a name with some of my own infused into it—my family name : Israel, a people near unto God. All bear the name of their family ; and you know it is not lawful for a man to change his name except by Act of Parliament. Well, now, here is the law of heaven—God's law—that all His people shall change their name. "I will call upon them my new name." That name comes from God, and has God in the name. Now there is something remarkable in this, that God says He gave Jacob this name because he prevailed over God, though it appears to us that God prevailed over him. He touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh, and the sinew ahrank, so that Jacob went halting all his days. Now look at God's grace in this. He showed Jacob his weakness ; and this sight is the prevailing thing with God. Oh, it is God's mercy to you if He has shown you your weakness, if He has made you go halting, and taught you thereby your need of Him. There is a twofold touch—a touch from the law, and a touch from the Gospel. The law made you fear hell and damnation ; the law shows there is neither help or hope in you ; but the Gospel comes to save, to heal, to bless. See, then, who are God's Jacobs—the limping, the halting ; those whom God has touched, and who feel there is no good thing in them ; but it is "the lame take the prey," and the prey is Jesus. I know there are plenty of strong professors who never halted on the thigh ; but they were never touched by God, and dying so must perish. Not so the true Israel ; they are touched by God, therefore they halt. They feel their weakness, their insufficiency, their hell-deservedness, the body of sin and death. Oh, may the Lord touch you, if you never have been touched, and cut you down, for this is His way of doing things : condemnation first, salvation next ; Mount Sinai before Mount Calvary. But some are for getting at these blessings in another way ; they are all for love and mildness, and mercy and comfort. But, my friends, the wounding precedes healing ; the lost state goes before the finding ; and damnation in the feelings goes before salvation in the enjoyment. "Sin revived, and I died," said Paul. Here was a cutting down ! and this is the prelude to the song, "Now is there no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." Some of you, perhaps, are going about to please God ; but God can never be pleased with you : He is only pleased with His Christ, and with you as in His Christ. Have you really left the concern of your soul in His hands ? It is a great matter to get here ; "to have no confidence in the flesh ;" to feel your best works are only splendid sins, filthy rags, a mass of evil. Now, has He shown you this ? Perhaps you are ashamed of your bad works, but not of what you call, your good works. But both are alike to God ; you cannot plead one more than the other. God brings His people to see all their hope and help in Jesus ; and His thoughts, thoughts of peace towards them. Have you found you have an interest in Him, and a place in His thoughts ?—not by intellectual conclusions, or taking the thing for granted. But, if you feel you have not, don't fly the light ; go upon your knees and pray Him to teach you the truth, and lead you to the enjoyment of Israel's portion. In Psalm cvi. 4, we have the example of the Psalmist in a similar state. Now, if you want the inward evidence, his prayer will suit you ; it will express your feelings, I am sure ; and, when you are visited with salvation, you will receive pardon and peace ; and till you get this, which is God's receipt in your bosom, you must needs doubt your state before Him. We see then further of this Israel, "They are saved by the Lord ;" not one of the flock is wanting.

The devil holds the unredeemed, but the Lord's redeemed are saved. God's ransomed ones must come to Zion; not the least lamb in the flock shall be left behind. I hope some of you are realizing the blessedness of this. But look at another point—God the shield of Israel—God in Christ. Christ stands between the wrath of God and the sinner. Do you ever think of the wrath of God against sin? Did you ever feel it? Did the Holy Ghost bring Christ to mind then as a shield? as one interposing between God and you? This is heart-teaching; this is practical knowledge in divine things. "Happy art thou, O Israel: saved by the Lord, who is the shield of thine help." But we have something more here—"The sword of thine excellency." Does this belong to you? We turn next to Psalm xlvii. 4. What is that excellency but Jesus? And Jesus is the portion God chooses for His Jacobs; and, if He has chosen Jesus for you, I am sure you may leave the choice of all the rest to Him. In Amos vi. 8, we have God abhorring the "excellency of Jacob." What is this? The ordinances, the forms, the outward dispensation. See, then, what the excellency of Jacob came to. The Lord destroyed their excellency, and sent them down to Babylon. They rested upon their excellency, just as you once did. You thought you had an excellent religion; you could not believe God abhorred it. Some of you are depending upon your religion still—forms and outward things. You have never changed your religion yet; you have never found out the kingdom of God is not meat and drink—outward things. We have no need to go to Rome to look for Popery; it is natural to us all; and God's work is to make us give it up—to cause all the glory of externals to fade away before the blessed realities of internals. God's religion comes by revelation, and is brought to the soul by the Holy Ghost. The soul does not come to it, but it comes to the soul. We never seek God; it is God seeks us; and this makes true seekers. Now the excellency of ordinances consists in this, the appointment of God to show sinners His Christ. That is the real excellency, and when this is forgotten God abhors it all (Isa. lxvi. 8). In Heb. i. 4, we have the word used with reference to Christ—"a more excellent name." Christ is above all angels, for He is the image of God; so that you cannot tell one from the other. He is the glory of God, and the glory of the Church; and His name is excellent to the sinner who feels His grace. Another excellency of Jacob you find in Heb. xi. 4. Jesus is there called "an excellent sacrifice." Cain offered up the produce of a sin-cursed earth; but Abel offered up an animal that typified Jesus, the Lamb of God. I hope you know the worth of this excellent sacrifice by blessed experience. Oh, how precious to feel the Lamb of God taking away sin; to realize that the sin we feel and fear shall never come against us! Another proof of this excellency you will find in 1 Cor. iv. called "the excellent power." My dear friends, what know you of the excellency of God's power? It works effectually in the hearts of all that believe. We must realize the excellency of the name, the excellency of the ordinances, the excellency of the sacrifice, the excellency of the power; because He has chosen the excellency of Jacob, the glory-end for us. And the work of the Spirit gives us to realize these things by heart teaching, by divine discovery, by revelation; and all these are got at through Christ. As Joseph said, "Ye shall not see my face except your youngest brother be with you." And so God says to His people now; you must bring you elder Brother, Jesus, with you—a Brother born for adversity; who knew what adversity was Himself; who endured a hell in His bosom, that you should have the peace of God in your soul. This is the sword of God's excellency—a sword with two edges, because it cuts both ways, and nothing can resist it. Oh, if He only put forth His power, you would soon

feel the word. It would cut, it would wound; and very good for you. Some are too easy by half. Some of you have never felt what you are. Some of you never felt that sword. How soon it would cut up your so-called piety, your formal religion, your half-and-half evangelism, your worldly conformity, your quiet, easy letter faith! Why, all this would be scattered to the winds of heaven. This sword would cut you up, and leave you neither hope nor help in your own religion. But God would not leave you there. Oh no; His purpose is to show His Israel what He is, and to make them happy in Him: to save them by His power; to bring them to pardon and peace, and give them to say, "The life I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

The Lord bless His word.

THE PILGRIM IN THE LAND OF BEULAH.

BELOVED sister! deem not, though I lie so calm and still,
Because my suffering heart is knit to bear my Father's will;
Oh, no! it lies entranced in bliss—before me day and night
The heavenly city's glories beam unutterably bright.

Its breezes fan my cheek—their wings, or angels, bring me balm,
And over all my spirit breathes its holy Sabbath calm;
All thro' the wakeful night its songs are sounding in my ears,
The songs of Christ's redeemed, whose feet once touched our vale of tears.

Between this glory and my soul, there is but Jordan's flow—
What some have called the swelling flood—to me it seems not so;
I see it as a woodland brook, a little silver thread,
And if my Saviour called me now, one step would cross its bed.

Thou knowest, my sister, how I loved to feel the earthly sun—
It ever wakened thoughts of Him, the uncreated One;
And now that blessed Sun Himself draws nearer and more near,
And, with a flood of radiance poured, fills the whole hemisphere.

Amidst that light my spirit floats, as in the solar ray
An insect, or "the speckled motes in mimic insect-play;"
This wondrous love! this grace of Thine! whence is it, Lord, to me?
An insect lost in sight, a speck lost in immensity!

Father and mother, brethren dear, a tenfold band of love
We were, but all save thou and I have reached their home above;
And each to each was dearer still, when all beside were gone:
We two must part, dear sister, now, and I pass on alone.

Thine hour will come; oh, fear not thou, should joys be faint and few,
Nor be dismayed, tho' clouds should hide thy Father's house from view;
The last mile may be drear and dark, but then *it is the last*,
And home will seem the happier, love, for tribulation past.

Press onward still a little while, and trust thy heavenly Friend,
His love hath never failed thee yet, nor will it to the end—
That love of Christ whose height and depth eternity must tell,
Stronger than death, and more than life—beloved, now farewell.

C.

SACRED MAXIMS.

He who gives His people to partake of the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, has partaken largely of both.

It is a very fearful thing when men live habitually in neglect of prayer; and the more fearful, in proportion as they feel not the danger of their situation.

The prayer of the Christian is not the mere duty of lip-service, but the utterance of his heart, arising from a conviction of sin, of want, of danger.

The afflictions of God's people are of His own appointment; though oft-times this is a hard truth to be believed.

As soon may we expect amity between sheep and wolves, as any useful association between the Church and the world. It behoves the Church to be most honourable in all necessary transactions with the world, and by their light to condemn its darkness.

Christ is compared to a door, denoting entire security and separation from the world. That door which includes the Church, excludes the world.

Experimental knowledge is that alone which is connected with salvation.

When God corrects His children, He corrects them *as* children, and will not lay upon them more than they are able to bear.

They who are out of the fold are in the desert, exposed to all the storms of this wilderness world. An entrance into the outward precincts of the fold is no evidence that we are sheep, unless we enter by Christ, the door.

It is of the providence of God that the poor are cast around us, and not a mere casualty.

We are prone to let slip all profitable instruction, and to retain only that which is worthless.

There is not an individual in hell who while on earth believed with his heart unto salvation.

Fancies in religion are the most perilous of all fancies; there should be nothing but truth and substance in religion.

Though Job, under the anguish of his soul, the weight of his temptations, and the multitude of his losses and bodily afflictions, cursed his day, yet he never cursed his God.

Nothing short of the power of God can reveal to sinners their deliverance from wrath.

The instrumental cause of faith is the preached word; not necessarily so, but because it is the will of God, who is the Sovereign Worker.

The only necessary and efficient cause of faith is the Holy Spirit.

Though all subordinate causes be present, still, if the efficient cause be not continually in operation, all will be nugatory, trifling, and vain.

A manifest and distinguishing token of trust in God is a separation from sin and vanity in every modification and form, whatever may be the consequences. A Christian man has nothing to do with consequences when he has a plain duty before him.

The mercies of the covenant Church are our mercies.

The trust of a convicted sinner upon his God differs from that sweeping way in which sinners in their sins fancy they trust in the mercy of God, as if the attribute of mercy were the only one.

Those who are brought to trust in the Lord, have tried all refuges before, and found them fail.

God requires purity, and we are pollution in the abstract.

Ceasing from any expectation from men, and also from fearing any evil consequences that may result from their malice, evinces trust in God.

If every sin were purged from the conscience but one, that one would be quite sufficient to plunge the soul into eternal ruin.

It is an evil sign when matter of wonder is lacking in the disciples of Jesus for an ungodly world.

It is a good sign when troubles lead to supplication instead of murmuring.

The grace of God revealed in the Gospel is directly opposed to all idea of merit in man.

There is no promise in the Bible given in connexion with the law; this only demands perfect, unsinning obedience.

The corruption of human nature is so deep and entire, that all the blessings of God—providential, temporal, and spiritual—are abused or perverted by natural men.

When the fruits of grace are not insisted upon as the certain effects of the grace of God, and are not brought forth abundantly to His glory, then is the grace of God frustrated.

The highest sublimity and the deepest humility were united in the character of the Lord Jesus when He was "made flesh and dwelt among us."

Divine truth is always unpleasant to carnal men, so far as they perceive its connexion with their own cases and consciences: the reason is obvious—it condemns all their pursuits.

There is nothing on which men exercise so little common sense and investigation as the subject of religion. Men acute and learned on perhaps all other topics, here are complete children.

The grand cause of offence against the Gospel is its holiness, however men may rail against it.

Men cannot hold fast and serve both God and the world; with one or the other they must needs be offended.

If man be entirely fallen, then every favour shown him must be an act of divine sovereignty.

Until men be utterly offended with themselves, and fall into the dust of self-abasement, they will be offended at Christ.

The way to the crown is not unfrequently strewed with crosses; but it is paved with promises, and walled with salvation.

Whatever carnal men may think of gaining by a profession of religion, they never think of losing anything by it.

There is nothing in human nature to make a man endure tribulations when he can extricate himself from them. Divine grace can alone enable him to say, "We glory in tribulation."

Christ is not exalted, but degraded, if we look to anything in ourselves whereby we may be justified in His sight.

Whosoever has no mind to make intercession to God on his own behalf, has no token that Jesus is interceding for him above.

Fear, when it drives us to God, is an evidence of faith.—*Rev. W. Borrowes.*

THE MILLENNIUM.—I am one of those old-fashioned people who believe the doctrine of the millennium, and that there will be two distinct resurrections of the dead, first of the just, secondly of the unjust, which last resurrection of the reprobate will not commence till a thousand years after the resurrection of the elect. In this glorious interval of a thousand years Christ will reign in person over the kingdom of the just.—*Augustus Toplady.*

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

THERE are three schools in religion : one denies the interference of God in human affairs, ascribing all to chance or necessity ; another divides the sovereignty of the universe between God and man, making God dependent on man for half His success, and man dependent on God for half his prosperity ; and a third bows to absolute divine sovereignty, puts its mouth in the dust, and declares, in the language of Nebuchadnezzar, that "the dominion of the Most High is an everlasting dominion ; His kingdom from generation to generation : in His sight all the inhabitants of the earth being reputed as nothing, while He doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, none being able to stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou ?" (Dan. iv. 34, 35.)

I began in the first school, seeing nothing in God, and God in nothing ; passed through the second, and was taught that a God there is, who has something to do with the affairs of men, and that men have something to do with Him,

For years I have been transferred to the third school, where I occupy a solitary seat on the upper form, there being very seldom any one present save myself and the Master, who teaches me to utter, with divine accentuation, what He so well said with divine emphasis, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes : even so, Father, for so it seems good in Thy sight" (Matt. xi. 25).

Oh, what a wonder that it should have seemed good in His sight to call me out of the darkness of nature into the marvellous light of His eternal kingdom ! Well do I remember leaving London in 1830, an apt disciple in the utilitarian school of Jeremy Bentham, as ignorant of Christ as the brutes that perish ; yes, "without Christ," "having no hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. ii. 12), a practical atheist. In the following spring, I took up an open letter that lay on the drawing-room table in my father's house. It was a letter to my youngest sister from her young friend. It began with Jesus, it ended with Jesus ; it was all about Jesus, and nothing but Jesus. As I read with astonishment, a new power came upon me. I passed from death unto life—from the power of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son. I had received "an unction from the Holy One, and knew all things" (1 John ii. 20) ; knew that the whole world lay in the wicked one (1 John v. 19) ; and that, with the exception of the sister to whom the letter was addressed, all my kindred, as unbelievers in Christ, had the wrath of God abiding upon them (John iii. 36).

It is not my purpose now to describe the various exercises of soul through which the Lord was pleased to pass His servant before He enabled him to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" in Jesus, His finished work and eternal love ; nor yet how in after years, to the praise of His glorious grace, He enabled, as He does now, a worm of the earth to walk up and down in the power of the Holy Ghost, a stranger and a pilgrim in a doomed world.

The present *brochure* is limited to a few incidents in the year 1861 ; but, should it find acceptance, it may be followed by more copious communications from an infinite debtor to the God of all grace, who would gladly see others made partakers of the divine joy that saturates his own soul.

In the spring of 1861 I first heard of the meeting in Euston Room, Euston Road, London ; and for several months, while in town, attended it every Lord's-day morning. From sixty to eighty persons were gathered together to break bread

in the way customary among Christians denominated "brethren." The major part were "the poor of this world," called by grace under the preaching of William Carter; but intermixed were a few Christians of the upper class. For instance, Lady R—— (now in glory), Miss A——, Miss L—— (daughter of Sir H. L.), J. P——, Esq., J. E——, Esq., J. H——, Esq., were frequent attendants. Lord ——, Lord ——, and the Marchioness of —— came occasionally. The room, until taken for God's service, had been one of Satan's dens, who used it as a penny theatre. It is truly an "upper room," reached by a flight of stone steps. As common in similar assemblies among "brethren," any brother is at liberty to read, pray, or expound, as led by the Lord; but the principal minister was William Carter, evidently raised up and gifted, not only as an evangelist to quicken sinners, but as a pastor to build up believers in Christ.

The singing was the most glorious and soul-stirring I ever heard. It was the exulting shout of thanksgiving and worship, bursting from the hearts of "brands just plucked from the burning;" moulded into melody, and blended into harmony by the power of the Spirit of God, who dwelt in their souls, and kindled songs to their Redeemer's praise.

The following is one of their favourite hymns, composed, I believe, by Mr. R——, who, next to Mr. Carter, appeared to have the lead, and whose prayer, praise, and thanksgiving in the Spirit were very refreshing:—

LOVELY JESUS.

PART I.

Glory unto Jesus be,
Thou from wrath didst set us free;
All our guilt on Thee was laid,
Thou the ransom fully paid.

Lovely Jesus, lovely Jesus,
Thou art precious unto me;
Lovely Jesus! oh, my Saviour,
Thou art precious unto me.

All Thy blessed work is done;
God well pleased in Thee, His Son,
For He raised Thee from the dead,
Set Thee over all as Head.

Lovely Jesus, &c.

All should sing Thy work and worth,
All above and all on earth;
We shall sing around the throne,
Thou art worthy, Thou alone.

Lovely Jesus, &c.

PART II.

Oh, Thou lovely, lovely Jesus,
Countless beauties dwell in Thee,
Every charm my soul well pleases,
Sweet Thy love—so pure and free.

Lovely Jesus, lovely Jesus,
Thou art precious unto me;
Lovely Jesus! oh, my Saviour,
Thou art precious unto me.

Oh, Thou lovely, lovely Jesus,
Thou, the Son, hast made me free:
Thy rich robe the Father pleases;
With it Thou hast covered me.

Lovely Jesus, &c.

Oh, Thou lovely, lovely Jesus,
Sweet it is to sing of Thee;
Thy delight Jehovah pleases:
Thou my endless song shall be.

Lovely Jesus, &c.

While such pœans of praise were ascending to the Lord of glory, my soul used to ejaculate, "This is indeed adoration—this is indeed Christianity—this is indeed reality." Something as genuine and striking had been heard years before at Grove Chapel, Camberwell, where Joseph Irons ministered; but *that*, though choral and full, was the chastened song of ancient saints; while *this* was the triumphant shout of Israel just escaped from the hosts of Pharaoh and the dangers of the Red Sea.

In the afternoon, meetings for prayer and for the instruction of converts were held; and in the evening the Gospel of the grace of God was preached to the unconverted by William Carter, or by some one else when he was absent—the

plan being for converts to stay away, and make room for persons who knew not God, with whom, by the divine providence, the room was nightly crowded, and conversions nightly made. After the breaking of bread, some of the elder Christians remained to instruct the converts; some went out to preach in the streets and parks; and others repaired to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, or the sick.

On one occasion, a poor man sitting on a back bench in the room (with a Bible on his knees) was pointed out to me as a saved thief. I went and tried to draw him into conversation; but he was shy, though he said he believed God had pardoned his sins, pointing to John iii. 14—18: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." He had been a regular attendant for some time, but was not yet received into communion. On the following Sunday we missed him, and on inquiry found he had broken a bloodvessel in the lungs, and lay in a dangerous state in the hospital in Portugal Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. I volunteered to go to him, which caused a dear brother who stood by to exclaim with divine fervour, "The Lord bless you!" an exclamation the savour of which returns in the Spirit, bringing a rich blessing on my soul while I write. On reaching the hospital, I saw poor Donovan, for that was his name, in bed, breathing in the most distressed manner, and hardly able to articulate. Nevertheless, to the question, "Has God saved your soul?" he replied audibly, with emphasis, "Thank God, He has." As the doctors did not allow him to speak, I soon left, promising to call again the next day the hospital was open for visitors. When the day arrived, as I entered the ward I saw his bed surrounded by a large screen. On peeping through, or over it, there lay the poor fellow in his winding-sheet, the soul having escaped only a few hours before. I believe I was the last Christian that saw him. The sister who first drew my attention to him called the same day, but her visit was later than mine; she, like myself, only saw the dead. From her I afterwards learned that Donovan was a returned convict, and that he was arrested in his way to hell by a tract put into his hand in Drury Lane by Miss Bramwell, by whose persuasion he was first led to attend a meeting in Parker Street, and then to go to the Euston Room. The remembrance of this little affair fills my soul with unspeakable joy in God; yea, and the angels rejoice (Luke xv. 10); and, more than all, God has joy. "The father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry" (Luke xv. 22—24).

On another occasion I accompanied the same sister to a poor invalid she had visited for some time, and whose soul, under her tuition, had been brought to realize peace in the Saviour. He lodged, with his wife and four children, in the front room on the second floor of a small house in a court in Milford Lane, Strand—a court so small, that, with its half-dozen tenements, it might almost stand in the corner of a drawing-room in one of the mansions of Belgravia. Three old rush-bottomed chairs, a round deal table, and a bed, made up the furniture of the apartment. In the bed lay the dying man, propped up with his

pillow—some article of dress being tucked under to increase the elevation. His countenance, a miniature of beauty of the masculine-feminine order, was ashy pale, and his finely-chiselled features wore that thin, attenuated aspect often the precursor of death. As we entered, his languid eye saluted the sister with a look of affection such as I never before saw in any human being. It was the look of a saved soul. If such be the gaze of divine love a dying sinner gives to a servant of Christ here below, what will be the depth of adoring devotion in the look bestowed on the Lord Jesus Himself in heaven! The eye of the invalid next travelled to me, but the gaze darkened as it fell on a stranger—only, however, to rekindle with some of its former affection when I was presented to him as one who loved the Lord. At this distance of time it is not possible to recall with accuracy what he said at this interview, or at many subsequent ones had with him—sometimes in company with his benefactress, but more often alone. Suffice it to say that, engulfed in poverty, racked with cough, and wasted to a skeleton, his soul was wonderfully sustained by the power of the Holy Ghost in an attitude of peace and joy in believing. Before sickness prostrated him, he worked as a man-milliner, and kept his family comfortably for their station. How the illness began I forget, but he told me that, about its commencement, his landlord gave him notice to quit his lodgings; on mentioning which to a missionary, the missionary replied, "Friend, you need not tell me that: notice to quit is written on your face." These words sank into his mind, and were used by the Lord to bring him to consider his ways.

In the autumn I went to Malvern Wells to visit a brother in the Lord who had built there a chapel, or room, as the brethren call it. While staying with him, I became acquainted with two sisters in the Lord of the name of H——. One day, when telling them of the sick man in London, I named the sister who ministered to him; whereupon they broke forth with great joy, and declared she was their dear friend. Our mutual delight at finding we all knew this dear sister is easier imagined than described. The Lord sometimes gives sweet surprises to His children as He introduces them one to another in the wilderness, and this surprise was sweet indeed. Not long after, through the instrumentality of these three blessed women, William Carter came down from London and preached the Gospel in the room at the Wells, in that on the Link at Great Malvern, and also repeatedly in the open air to about a thousand hearers. Conversions were made; in particular, S——, a master chimney-sweep, was brought to the Lord by Carter's first address on the Link. The circumstances under which the Lord was pleased to arrest this man were grand and impressive in the extreme. There stood the preacher of the everlasting Gospel in a commanding position, his powerful voice having a supernatural tone and strength imparted, thundering forth the text six or seven times to the scattered crowd, some sitting or lying at a distance, others standing in an anxious circle close to the messenger of the Lord. The season was autumn—the time, evening, before sunset, when

"Slow fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

The giant Malverns, rearing their heads in the glowing air, already hid the sun, and were fast lengthening their shadows on the plain beneath. A thousand of Adam's fallen race, brought together by "the Invisible," who "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will" (Eph. i. 11), were within sound of that Word which is "a savour of life unto life in them that believe, and of death

unto death in them that perish." Ah, it was a solemn scene. Omniscience foreknew the result. Man, ignorant as the wild ass's colt, could not fathom the eternal counsels. Faith, however, believed the word would not return void; nor did it. The text was John iii. 16, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The fifth or sixth time the preacher uttered his text, "who-soever" was fastened with divine power on the soul of S——. After a struggle of some days, he was, through grace, enabled to believe on the Lord; and, at the end of a month, he and many other converts told a large assembly at Malvern Wells what the Lord had done for their souls.

Carter having departed, another preacher of the name of Powell, who had been instrumental in many conversions in London, was brought by the same zealous agency to Malvern, and preached to many gatherings, with what effect the day shall declare. At the same time, the sister so often alluded to came to the Wells, and from her I heard that poor H—— was so much worse in body, that she hardly expected to see him again. Her stay in town had been protracted as long as possible, in accordance with the earnest wish of himself and wife, for the purpose of ministering to them. During her sojourn at Malvern a tea-meeting was arranged, with a view to assemble the converts to bear their testimony to the Lord's grace. It was the first scene of the kind I had witnessed, and surely it was a very remarkable one. About twenty narrated how and when the Lord arrested them; the sweep above referred to was of the number,

W. M.

(To be continued.)

COLENSO.

At the annual meeting of the United Methodist Free Church Missions, held on the 2nd ult., in London, the Rev. Dr. COOKE said, "Bishop Colenso had told them that he intended soon to favour our home population with a cheap edition of his wonderful book, which book even a Sunday-school boy could refute. Let him tell the Bishop in all candour, that every shilling which he might pocket from the circulation of that book, which controverted, and sought to undermine God's truth, *was spotted with the blood of souls.*"

We fully agree with this remark of Dr. COOKE; and we perfectly agree with him, too, when he further says, "Of all the odious caricatures which the eye could see, or the mind contemplate, there was no caricature so odious as that of infidelity in the guise of religion—infidelity with the mitre on the head, infidelity with the crozier in the hand, infidelity attired in lawn sleeves, with gown, band, and cassock, infidelity luxuriating in our glebe lands, fattening on the national resources, and at the same time helping Tom Paine, and Voltaire, and the devil, in the horrid work of deceiving and destroying the souls of men. And this was called the 'new light!'"

"— Such a light as putrefaction breeds,
In flyblown flesh wherein the maggot feeds;
Shines in the dark, but, ushered into day,
The stench remains, the lustre dies away."

Seldom, if ever, since the hapless Bishop Colenso's apostacy, has his name been brought to the mind, without Numbers xvi. 29, immediately recurring also. If there be one man upon earth more than another for whom we tremble, it is that of the so-called Bishop of Natal!

JEHUDI'S PENKNIFE BROKEN.

It is admitted that Peter, the apostle of the Jews, was inspired when he wrote that memorable text, "The prophecy" (an expression peculiar to the Jews as applied to Scripture—הַנְּבִיאִים) "came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" and that Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, was under divine teaching when he affirmed that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," &c. Are we to understand that any exception is given to the *all* of the latter, or is it Scripture as a *whole*, or a *part*, of which the holy men of God spake in old time? If inspired prophets put their seal to the testimony of uninspired men, in what do they differ from the false prophets, whom God condemns? Peter asserts that "the Spirit of Christ was in the prophets" (1 Pet. i. 11). The apostle John calls them "holy" (Rev. xxii. 6). This is a most essential point in a day of rebuke and blasphemy like the present, when the inspiration of the historical records of the Pentateuch is doubted; and, if there was honesty enough to confess it, other parts of Scripture ignored altogether. Would the Lord Jesus, Himself "the Truth," have cited on so many occasions, from an unreliable testimony, passages of holy writ relative to Himself and His glorious Messiahship, Godhead, and Sonship? The honour put by Jehovah Jesus upon the Old Testament in His frequent references to them, prove that they are what Daniel termed them, "the Scriptures of truth;" and, if *this* event is not to be relied on, and *that* statement is doubtful, then they are the Scriptures of falsehood, and "no lie is of the truth;" and Solomon tells us that "a faithful witness will not lie." If we choose one portion, and reject another, who is to be the arbitrator of what is right or wrong? "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God;" and what are these but the "revealed" things contained in the word? (1 Cor. ii. 14.)

To begin with the creation. The making of all things is ascribed by St. John and Paul to Christ (John i.; Col. i. 16; Heb. i. 10). David says, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers." Be it remembered that David tells us, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me" (2 Sam. xxiii. 2). In his memorable psalm (cxxxvi.), where God's enduring mercy is recorded at the end of each verse, there are *five* different acts of creation recorded (ver. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9). Job makes mention of the creation, and says, "He hath compassed the waters with bounds; by His Spirit He hath garnished the heavens" (Job xxvi. 10, 13); and God Himself, in His grand argument with Job, speaks of His own great work of creation (Job xxviii. 4). In that book the understanding given to men is ascribed to the *inspiration of the Almighty* (Job xxxii. 8).

Isaiah, who testified of Christ, concerning the creation thus writes, "I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretchest forth the heavens above" (Isa. xli. 24). Jeremiah, who before his birth was sanctified and ordained a prophet, says, "He hath made the earth by His power" (Jer. x. 12).

Of the creation of man, the Son of Man confirms the history given us in Genesis: "God at the beginning made them male and female" (Matt. xix. 4); and various facts of the Old Testament are corroborated in the New.

Of the fall. "Thy first father hath sinned" (Isa. xlii. 27). "As the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty" (2 Cor. ii. 3). "Shall I hide my sin as Adam?" (Job xxxi. 33).

The murder of Abel is mentioned by Christ (Matt. xxiii. 35), and the apostles (1 John iii. 19; Jude 11; Heb. xi. 4).

The translation of Enoch by Paul (Heb. xi.), and incidentally by Jude (verse 14).

The deluge (Matt. xxiv. 39; Pet. ii. 3—6; Heb. xi. 7; Job xxii. 16; Isa. liv. 9).

The call of Abraham (Neh. ix. 7; Isa. xli. 2; Acts vii. 9, &c.)

Melchizedek (Psalm cx. 4; Heb. vii. 17).

Lot in Sodom (2 Pet. ii. 7).

The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah (2 Pet. ii. 6; Luke xvii. 29; Isa. xiii. 19; Jer. xx. 16).

The offering up of Isaac (Heb. xi. 17; James ii. 21).

The purchase of the burying-place of the sons of Heth (Acts vii. 5).

The birth of Jacob and Esau (Hos. xii. 3; Mal. i. 2, 3; Rom. ix. 18).

Their blessing (Heb. xi. 20).

The sojourning of Jacob in Syria (Hos. xii. 12).

Wrestling with the angel (Hos. xii. 4).

Abraham's burying-place (Acts vii. 16).

Rachel's burying-place (Jer. xxxi. 15; Matt. ii. 18).

The history of Joseph (Acts vii. 9; Psalm cv. 9, &c.)

Jacob going down into Egypt (Acts vii. 15; Psalm cv. 23; Isa. lli. 4).

Blessing the sons of Joseph (Heb. xi. 21).

The death of Joseph (Heb. xi. 22).

Thus in the Book of Genesis there are twenty-eight historical facts recorded, besides the genealogies, which are as so many links in the chain of Scripture; and each fact is corroborated by the testimony of the New—apostles and prophets setting thus their seal to each. There are six promises of Christ in this book; and doubtless it was to these more especially the risen Saviour referred when, *beginning at Moses* (who begins with the beginning) and all the prophets, He expounded unto them the things concerning Himself. The Jews never admitted a doubt as to the fact that Moses was the author of Genesis—that was left for Gentile infidelity.

That Exodus was written by Moses, Jesus Himself states when He calls it "the Book of Moses" (Mark xii. 26). This ought to put the caviller to silence. Stephen adverts to the 8th verse of the 1st chapter, and Paul to the 2nd verse of the 2nd chapter. In the 3rd chapter we have the testimony of Christ to the truth of the burning bush (Matt. xxii. 32); and in the 4th we have David's word that Moses and Aaron were sent by God (Psalm cv. 26). Paul quotes the 9th verse of the 6th chapter in his 2 Cor. vi. 16; also in his Epistle to the Romans (Rom. ix. 17); and it is worthy of note that the Apostle here puts "the Scripture" for God's own words—"the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh," in reference to Exod. ix. 16, God's solemn declaration, "In very deed for this cause have I raised thee up," &c. All the plagues of Egypt are related by David in his 105th Psalm; the passover by its great antitype. In Heb. xi. we have not only the way of salvation opened up, but the great leading facts of the Old Testament borne witness unto. *The manna* Christ speaks of in John vi. 49; Neh. ix. 20; and David, Psalm lxxviii. 24. *To the rock* which supplied the people with water, allusion is made in 1 Cor. x. 9; Psalm lxxviii. 18. The terrors of Sinai (Heb. xii. 20). The Decalogue (Matt. v. 27; Rom. xiii. 9). Moses sprinkling the people with blood (Heb. ix. 4); and in the same chapter we have ten distinct references to sixteen chapters in Exodus, from the 25th to the 40th. The calf which Aaron made (Acts viii. 40), Moses' intercession for Israel (Psalm cvi. 23), and the concluding verse of Exodus relating to the cloud by day and the fire

by night, we find noticed by the Psalmist (Psalm lxxviii. 14), and the prophet Isaiah (Isa. iv. 5).

Concerning the Book of Leviticus, Dr. Gill, the Hebrew scholar, and one of our best commentators, writes thus: "That it was written by Moses is not only generally believed by the Jews, but is affirmed in the New Testament. See Matt. viii. 4, John viii. 5, compared with Lev. xiv. 2, and xx. 10; from whence, as well as from other citations out of it in other places, the authority of it may be concluded." It is called by Luke *the Law of the Lord* (Luke ii. 24); and, in citing the second verse of the twelfth chapter of Leviticus, Christ refers to the sacrifice of salt; and He also makes reference to chap. xx. 9, "*God commanded*, saying, He that curseth father or mother," &c. (Matt. xv. 4). Paul, in Heb. xiii. 11, quotes chap. xvi. 27; and David, in Psalm cxxxiii. 2, the oil upon the head of Aaron (chap. viii. 12). Peter, in his first epistle (1 Pet. i. 16), in a quotation from chap. xi. 44 of this book, says, *it is written*. Christ, in Luke xvii., directs the leper to go to the priest, and turns as it were to the law of Moses, where the command was given (chap. xiii. 2). Paul refers to Lev. xxvi. 12, in 2 Cor. vi. 16.

The Book of Numbers is likewise called by St. Luke "*the law of the Lord*" (chap. ii. 23), and by St. John *the Scripture*. Compare John xix. 36, with Numb. ix. 12. To the sceptic again we say, "*All Scripture* is given by inspiration of God." The death of *Dathan and Abiram* is quoted by the Psalmist (Psalm cvi. 17); also by St. Jude (ver. 11). The *sin of Balaam* is noticed by the prophet Micah (chap. vi. 5), and the apostles Peter and Jude (2 Pet. ii. 15, Jude 11); and the Israelites' idolatry at Baal-peor by David and the prophet Hosea (Psalm cvi. 28; Hos. ix. 10).

That the Book of Deuteronomy was written by Moses we have his own testimony (Deut. i. 1, xxxi. 4, 9). Its divine authority is at once substantiated by Christ quoting three verses from it in his repulse to Satan. See Matt. iv. 4; Deut. viii. 3; Matt. iv. 7, vi. 16; and Matt. iv. 10, vi. 13. An old writer observes, "That it is of divine authority need not be questioned, when the several quotations out of it are observed as made by the apostles of Christ in Acts iii. 22, Rom. xii. 19, Heb. x. 30, Gal. iii. 10, out of chapter xviii. 15, xxxii. 35, 36, and xxvii. 26; and by our Lord Himself, Matt. xviii. 16, from chap. xix. 15: and the voice from heaven directing the apostles to hearken to Him, refers to a prophecy of Him in chap. xviii. 15."

In the closing book of Scripture there is an anathema pronounced upon every one who shall "take from the things which were written therein." And what were those things? Why, among them there are many events referred to in connexion with the historical facts of the Old Testament, at which the arrow of "these unlearned and ignorant men" are now aimed. Who prophesied of the lion of the tribe of Judah but Jacob? In the 9th of Rev. we have mention of the twelve tribes, with the exception of Dan; and with some one of these every incident of Scripture is associated, like links in a chain. Then there is *the manna*, *the golden censer*, *the much incense*, *the fire of the altar*; each of these have a retrospective affinity to the Books of Exodus and Leviticus. *The river Euphrates*, *the tree of life*, *Mount Zion*, *Babylon*, *Egypt*, all take us back to the scenes of early and later Jewish history; and what is the song of Moses but an allusion to the great event of Israel's deliverance from Egypt, joined in honour here with the song of the Lamb?

If, then, the penknife of Jehudi is to cut out the great record which is the subject of Moses' song, and the caviller who holds it, still ventures to assert it is not inspired, then does he affirm that "the revelation of Jesus Christ which God

gave unto him" is *false* as a whole. Let the closing verse but two of that heaven-taught book ring its solemn warning into the ear of unbelief: "If any man shall *take away* from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall *take away* his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." H.

IDEAS NOT FOOD FOR THE GODLY.*

"The poor have the Gospel preached to them."—MATT. xi. 5.

"And the common people heard Him gladly."—MARK xii. 37.

So high an authority, and such testimony of the Lord Jesus, is of itself sufficient and final. The first preachers of the cross were found treading in the steps of the great Apostle and High Priest, and both the matter and manner of their discourses approved by God; the Holy Ghost blessing them to the hearts of thousands of saints and sinners. Take the 5th chapter of Matthew, and the 10th and 11th chapters of John, as an outline of the Gospel, and descriptive of the sermons of our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall see plainness of speech, simplicity of style, and the most distinctive, pointed, unequivocally-stated, glorious doctrines of free grace, the groundwork, superstructure, and consummation of all matters relating to the salvation of a poor sinner. There is no pleasing the fancy, there is no tickling the ear, there is no gorgeous drapery, there is no studied planting of the flowers of rhetoric, no novel pictures highly coloured, no smoothing or rounding, no softening hard things to make them more palatable. Bread is the cry of His hungry ones, and He will not give them a stone; Salvation is the need of His lost ones: they are poor in spirit, and He will not tantalize them with a picture. "I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." Nothing less than living words of peace and life will satisfy them. Intellectual productions are now the chief demand of the legions of hearers and readers from the pen of writers and mouth of preachers. It is stealing its way through all sects, nor is it backward in showing itself among the professed circumcised in ear and heart. 'I have nothing to say against intellectuality or oratory; indeed, naturally I love it, and have been silly enough to crave after it, and delighted when I have had a treat of the kind. But I must confess, never yet did I find it food to the soul, never lasting in its effects, never supporting to the mind; it never led me to behold the beauty of the Saviour, never brought me to His dear feet. Creature things can only satisfy the creature; lead the mind in a creature or natural contemplative way; exalt in the room of Jesus that which should be abased, and thus depart from Paul's order of things: "I came not with excellency of speech or of man's wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God; and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom," &c. (1 Cor. ii. 1—4).

I have found in myself, and observed in the conversation of many who feed on or delight in such things, the drift of their remarks, after hearing a so-called Gospel sermon delivered in an intellectual style, is the eulogizing the skill, tact, and talent of the preacher; and, if he possesses any of that art to influence the natural parts of his hearers, there will be a kindling of feeling, interest, and regard in them to him, and their lips will express what is felt within—"What a nice man, what a kindly feeling man, how loving," &c. !—part of which goes down

* Gospel Magazine, January 1864, p. 9.

for power, part for a good time in hearing, and thus they *enjoy themselves*. All I want to show by thus writing is, there is a great difference between hearing from the preacher in the pulpit, and hearing from the mouth of the Lord through the preacher; between enjoying ourselves simply, and communing with the King at His table, and finding His word sweet to the taste, power to the inner man; between the natural passions being moved, which in some points are similar to grace, and the demonstration and power of the Holy Ghost. Grace is grace, truth is truth, power of God is power in all ages, in all and to all who believe; and where a believing soul is found, faith shall be tried: no succour, no support, can sustain or maintain but what God the Holy Ghost gives. It will refuse, yea, with disdain reject all that would attempt so to do, where the authority of Jehovah is not. "My sheep know my voice, and they follow me, and a stranger they will not follow." "The words I speak unto them are life and peace." Yes, they carry their own credentials, accomplish the holy intent, indicate sovereign sway, and make valiant the servant, the child that was faint and fearful to do exploits in waiting, standing still, wrestling, fighting, and conquering. "Go in this thy might" (Judg. vi. 14). "Fear ye not, stand still" (Exod. xiv. 13). "Let him alone, it may be God hath bidden him" (2 Sam. xvi. 11). I know the truth of what I have written, and found by hard working in the soul heaven's all-maintaining power, confirming testimony, and conquering grace.

In the year 1835 it pleased the Lord to give me a most clear and blessed deliverance from bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God, by His own word and silent teaching. I knew it to be His voice by its precious effects, and, thanks to His dear name, I know the voice now, when I hear it. The word—yes; not an idea, not a picture, not a flower; no pathos the human heart or tongue can imitate: it was a *fact* already done in heaven by arrangement from eternity—already done by Jesus on the tree: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Yes, the seraphim then flew with the live coal in his hand which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar, and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." This I have considered, from that time to the present, to be a kind of guide, rule, model, key-note, and test of all the after love-words, deeds, and looks of the heavenly Friend. In the year 1845, I found another word in Revelation ii. 8—10, and to this very day have proved it, while that has been proving me sorely, especially "No man can shut it." Yes, but the mercy is, He that is holy, He that is true, He that hath the key of David, He that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth, is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The word of the Lord given forth to His people is their food, their strength, their authority, and comfort. "One word;" yes, that is enough to smoothe the path, nerve the hand, shoe the feet, gird the loins, hush the storm, and make the troubled child calm, peaceful, thankful, and rest contented in the Father's doings. "One word," so said the Editor in the new year's piece for 1845, *Gospel Magazine*; and so we prove the word shall not return unto him void.

Yours truly,

A. B.

Wisbeach.

THE plague of the Christian's heart is not cured by the first visit of the good Physician.

THE JEWISH WITNESS FOR JESUS.

HAVING been favoured by God with pious parents, their great care was to impress my mind from childhood with a profound reverence for God and for the Holy Scriptures. I was taught to repeat the morning and evening prayers with great solemnity, and on the feast days my attention was particularly drawn to the impressive confession of our Liturgy, "It is because of our sins we are driven away from our land," &c. On the day of atonement, I used to see my devout parents weep, when they repeated the pathetic confession that follows the confession of the sacrifices, which were appointed by God to be offered up for the sins of omission and commission.

As I advanced in years, my religious impressions became stronger; fear and trembling often took hold upon me; and what was then my refuge? what the balm for my wounded spirit? Repeating more prayers, and asking God to accept the calves of my lips. This satisfied me at the time; but the satisfaction arose from ignorance of the character of God as a holy and just Being, and of my own state as a guilty sinner, whose prayers, as proceeding from unclean lips, could not be accepted as a sweet savour by the holy Lord God of Sabaoth.

I continued in this state of mind until I was about sixteen years of age. During this period of my life I often spent three sleepless nights in the week studying the Talmud and other Hebrew works. I also committed to memory several chapters of the prophets every week, in order that I might become sufficiently familiar with the Hebrew language to correspond in it. At this period I became acquainted with a Polish Jew, who had studied several years at the University of Berlin, and consequently was well acquainted with Gentile literature. He strongly advised me to give up the study of the Talmud, and devote myself to the study of German and secular literature. After a hard struggle of mind, I resolved to follow his advice, and accordingly went to —. Here there was not only a change in the character of my studies, but an entire change in my habits and mode of life. I conformed to the manners of my fellow-students, and I also "lived like a Christian," as the Jews in those parts are wont to say of such of their brethren as have no fear of God before their eyes. I formed acquaintance with many young Gentiles; and this I could do with impunity, as neither they nor I, troubled ourselves about each other's religion—neither of us, in reality, having any, although they called themselves Christians, and I was a Jew. The only thing that reminded me what people I belonged to was the look of contempt I received now and then from Christians, and the little children in the streets calling after me, "Jew! Jew!" then, indeed, I realized that I belonged to the people who are a proverb and a byword among the Gentiles.

I well remember the first time I ever heard of one of my brethren becoming a convert to Christianity. He was a young Jew, who was apprenticed to a tradesman in the town where I studied. My idea of Jewish converts to Christianity was, that they renounced their national privileges and obligations; that they separated themselves from the covenant God made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and publicly joined themselves to the ungodly Gentiles, who live without God and without hope in the world.

Although at this time I had laid aside many of the outward observances of the Jewish religion, I had still a strong attachment to the fundamental doctrines of the Jewish faith, because I believed them to be of divine origin. The idea of a Jew becoming a Christian, therefore, seemed to me a dreadful apostacy, and I

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regarded the youth above mentioned with mingled pity and contempt, as one who had forsaken God, and given up all hope of eternal life.

In process of time the Lord laid His afflicting hand on me. The death of my beloved mother, whose tenderness to me I fondly think of with the deepest gratitude, was a heavy stroke to me. I was visited with sickness, and my conscience became disturbed. What I then endured can only be expressed in the language of the 6th Psalm. I solemnly vowed to become very religious. I resolved to fast one day in the week, to repeat many prayers, and show kindness and charity to the poor. But this could not pacify my guilty conscience, as the study of German literature had weakened my confidence in religious observances, had driven me from my own religion, and given me nothing in its place. One day I was in acute distress of mind, feeling, as David expresses it, that I had sunk in "deep mire where there is no standing;" that all my own efforts to free myself were of no avail: my struggles only made me sink deeper and deeper. For the first time in my life I prayed extempore. I cried out, "O God! I have no one to help me, and I dare not approach Thee, for I am guilty. Help, oh help me, for the sake of my father Abraham, who was willing to offer up his son Isaac; have mercy upon me, and impute his righteousness unto me." But there was no answer from God—no peace to my wounded spirit. I felt as if God had forsaken me—as if the Lord had cast me off for ever, and would be favourable to me no more. I fully understood the words of the Psalmist, "Mine iniquities have taken hold on me" (Psalm xl. 12); and I felt that all my devotional exercises were what Isaiah was instructed to declare the sacrifices and offerings of the Jews in his days to be, "vain oblations; an abomination in the sight of God." God in His tender mercy had again disturbed and disquieted my conscience so much, that I fully realized the words of the Psalmist, "I am troubled" (Psalm xxxviii. 6—8). I had no peace or rest, but wherever I went, or however I was employed, I carried about with me a sense of misery that was intolerable. I could say with Job, "The arrows of the Almighty sticketh into me" (Job vi. 4).

One morning I went to purchase an article in a shop, little knowing that God had there stored up for me the "pearl of great price," which He was about to give me "without money and without price." The article I purchased was wrapped up in a leaf of the New Testament, which contained a portion of the sermon on the mount. The shopkeeper was probably an infidel, who thought the Bible was merely waste paper; but God overruled the evil for good. As I was walking home, my eyes glanced on the words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." This arrested my attention, and I read the whole passage with deep interest (Matt. v. 3—10). I felt very desirous to see the book of which this was a portion. I had no idea what book it was, never having seen a New Testament; but I was much struck with the sentiments contained in the passage. A few days after, God directed my footsteps to the house of an acquaintance, on whose table lay a copy of the New Testament. Impelled by curiosity, I took it up, and, in turning over the leaves, beheld the very passage that had interested me so much. I immediately borrowed it, and began to read it with great avidity. At first I felt quite bewildered, and was so shocked by the constant recurrence of the name of Jesus, that I repeatedly cast the book away. At length I determined to read it through. When I came to the 23rd Matthew, I was astonished at the full disclosure of the nature of Pharisaism contained in it; and Christ's lamentation over Jerusalem, in the concluding part, affected me to tears. In reading the account of the crucifixion, the meekness and love of Jesus of Nazareth astonished me; and the cruel

hatred manifested against Him by the priests and rulers in Israel excited within me a feeling of compassion for Him, and of indignation against His murderers. But I did not as yet see any connexion between the sufferings of Jesus and my sins. The interview between Jesus and Nicodemus, as narrated in the 3rd of John, riveted my attention. I could by this time in a great measure sympathize with Nicodemus in his opening address to Jesus (John iii. 2); and I was as much astonished as Nicodemus himself at the saying of Jesus (ver. 3). If He had told me to fast, to give alms, to go morning and evening to the synagogue, to repeat the prayers twice or three times a day, and then that I should see the kingdom of God, I could have understood; but when told of a new birth I was ready to exclaim, with Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" Christ's explanation of the reason of His sacrifice, by a reference to the serpent lifted up in the wilderness, struck me very forcibly (John v. 14, 15).

(To be continued.)

STREET-WORDS.

SOME people are prone to indulge in the very objectionable practice of talking loud in the streets. Passers-by can scarcely fail to hear an occasional word or sentence. Still, even these may oftentimes be turned to account. For example, a few evenings since, as I was passing through a crowded thoroughfare, I heard one woman say to another, "I'm not satisfied." Of course I knew nothing of the connexion of her words, or to what she made allusion; but it set me musing. "What a mercy," thought I, "my poor woman, if you can say this in a Gospel sense, for the first thing that the Holy Ghost does for a poor sinner is to make him dissatisfied with himself—dissatisfied with the world—dissatisfied with his condition and prospects, and, by little and little, the self-same Spirit leads him on to know feelingly what satisfaction in Christ is, and to understand experimentally the meaning of that Scripture, "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord;" and, again, such shall be able to say with the Psalmist, "As for me, I shall behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake up in Thy likeness."

These musings were broken in upon by hearing one young man say to another, at the moment I was passing, "I give you credit for that." Thought I, "In all probability, that's more than you will do in regard to Him in whom you live, and move, and have your being." You, and men universally, have every conceivable reason for giving God credit for what He says and does; but, alas! how few even of His own dear children can trust Him. Even *they* (to their shame be it spoken) can more easily trust their poor, frail, fickle fellow-creatures, than Him who is unchangeable, and who says that "although heaven and earth shall pass away, His word shall not pass away." Oh, to say nothing of mankind in general, who both by nature and practice are ignorant of and at enmity with the God upon whom they are momentarily dependent, how basely and ungratefully do we distrust Him. We fail to "give God credit," where, if our fellow-man had promised one ten-thousandth part of what the Lord has both promised and performed, we should be sure to "give *him* credit" for the sincerity of his intentions, and doubt not the fulfilment of his promises.

IF we would rise high, we must bend low.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE AND THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—Last week I sent you a paper containing an intimation that the grace-taught Bishop of Carlisle was about to visit our worthy Dean, and preach in the Cathedral. I enclose a few notes of the sermons: I wish I could have given more. The morning notes were entirely from memory. You are at liberty to make use of them if you think proper. “What hath God wrought?” Witnesses from the “mighty” and the “noble,” raised up to declare the truth of God in our noble Cathedral! Blessed be His name, it shall not return unto Him void. Some purpose of sovereign love must be accomplished, and “what God doeth shall be for ever.”

My former dear pastor, Mr. Hyatt, a “living epistle of Christ,” has entered into rest. I enclosed a short sketch of his character last week. The abundant grace of God made him what he was. The sketch was the expression of my heart-convictions during an intimate acquaintance of four-and-twenty years.

Our gracious God has raised up other friends for me. The good Dean has called to see such a poor, unworthy person as me. Several times he has done me this great honour; and has also generously presented me with his four precious volumes, “Christ is All.” Mr. J—— is also my most valued and intimate friend. I received a letter from him yesterday morning, most unexpectedly; he will take priests’ orders on Sunday. I enclose an extract from his letter. I am sure you will rejoice with me in what God has done for him. May He graciously keep him near Himself.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your unworthy friend and correspondent,

Gloucester, May 19.

R. H.

“On Whit-Sunday, the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle preached in our Cathedral, in aid of the funds of the Church Missionary Society. In the morning, his lordship selected for his subject, ‘The Prophet’s Vision of the Holy Waters’ (Ezek. xlvii. 1–10). We can only indicate briefly a few of the leading thoughts of the discourse. The right rev. preacher observed that his text was a striking Gospel parable, which he would endeavour to unfold and set forth in plainness and simplicity. The subject suggested three thoughts for their earnest and devout consideration. 1st. The unpromising fishing ground. 2nd. The success which attended the fishers. 3rd. The cause of that success.—First, The unpromising fishing ground. In the 10th verse we read, ‘The fishers shall stand upon it from En-gedi even unto En-eghlaim.’ By a reference to the geographical position of these places, we find they were on the borders of the Dead Sea, whose poisonous waters were so destructive to animal life that no fish could exist therein, and even the birds of the air could not fly over them and continue in being. Here stood the cities of the plain—Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim—where the divine displeasure against sin was manifested in such fearful form. And what a true representation was this ‘unpromising fishing ground’ of the state of man during succeeding ages, down to the present time. No doubt need be entertained on this point, for the apostle St. Peter had left it on record, that ‘the Gospel was preached also to them that are dead’ (1 Pet. iv. 6); not the dead in purgatory, as the Church of Rome teaches, but the dead in sin, who are living according to the course of this world. And St. Paul, in the 2nd chapter of his epistle to the Ephesian Church, had declared, ‘You hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.’ This spiritual death was the universal characteristic of mankind since the fall of Adam. Not only did spiritual death brood over the heathen world, but over a large portion of the

world professedly Christian. Often might it be found that man, in the highest forms of civilization,—man, in the loftiest flights of intellect,—man, under the guise of correct outward morality, was *spiritually dead*—having not the life of God within him. 2ndly. The success which attended the fishers. ‘There shall be a very great multitude of fish . . . as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many.’ How wondrously was this fulfilled in the preaching of the apostle St. Peter on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand souls were caught in the Gospel net. And again, in the 4th chapter of the Acts, we find that five thousand believed, and were saved, under the preaching of the same apostle. In the 6th chapter, and in the 7th verse, it is recorded, ‘the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly; and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith.’ And so it had continued, through all ages, in the true Church of Christ, unto the present day. The Gospel was still ‘the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.’ 3rdly. The cause of that success. In the 9th verse of the text the answer was found. ‘Because these waters shall come thither, and everything shall live whither the river cometh.’ These waters were typical of the cleansing and purifying influences of the Holy Ghost. As our Divine Lord had taught in his interview with Nicodemus, ‘Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.’ No other power could subdue the obdurate heart of man, for God Himself had declared: ‘Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.’ Again, His operations and life-giving influences were compared to the wind by the Son of God: ‘The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.’ Every soul that had been healed by these purifying and life-giving waters, would testify to others of their efficacy, and sovereign healing power. He would call to their remembrance the royal Psalmist’s glad and thankful ascription of praise—the 103rd Psalm: ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!’ And what were the benefits placed by him at the head of that glorious catalogue? ‘Who forgiveth *all* thine iniquities, who healeth *all* thy diseases.’ In conclusion, his lordship made a touching and practical appeal to those who had experienced the healing virtue of these waters, and had been raised from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness. He would put an inquiry, Was there a young man present in that ‘beautiful house’ that morning, whose heart glowed with zeal and desire to be engaged in the missionary work? The Church Missionary Association—a noble and fitting organization—would gladly accept him; for they sought such agents only, who could testify, from personal experience, of the virtue of these healing waters to the perishing heathen. It was obligatory upon Christians—either in person or by deputy—to fulfil the injunction of their divine Saviour, shortly before His ascension to glory, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.’

“The Very Rev. the Dean then commenced reading the Offertory sentences from the communion table, during which the lay clerks went round with boxes to receive the contributions of the congregation.

“In the afternoon, the Lord Bishop took for his text Exod. xvii. 5, 6, ‘And the Lord said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go. Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel.’ The Bishop said this rock, from which the Israelites were supplied with water, was a figure and type of Christ. They could not err in so regarding it; for the inspired Apostle observed, in the 10th chapter of the 1st Corinthians, ‘For they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ.’ This rock was a type of Christ, just as when our blessed Master, breaking the bread, and blessing it, made it an emblem from which we may learn many things concerning Him. Let them consider the rock in three different stages of its history—first, before it was smitten; second, in its smiting; and, third, after the stroke had fallen upon it. A rock suggested the ideas of might, majesty, and antiquity; and he pointed out how, in reference to each of these qualities, the

Rock was a fitting emblem of the Lord Jesus Christ, and quoted a portion of the Rev. A. M. Toplady's beautiful and well-known hymn,

"'Rock of Ages! cleft for me.'

The rock in its smiting was a type of the sufferings of Christ, ordained and appointed by the Father. He entreated them not to deal with this subject as a matter of speculation, but to look into it by the light of God's holy word, and endeavour to understand clearly the nature of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus for our sake—sufferings which were strictly and entirely penal and sacrificial. When the rock was smitten, there was a fresh and abundant flood therefrom, and Israel drank and was saved. So would the sinner be saved by the waters which flowed from the smitten Rock—Christ, if he 'truly repented, and unfeignedly believed His holy Gospel.' There was not a soul that came to the Lord Jesus Christ, and bowed down, and wished to drink, who went empty away. He implored them to go up to this stream and drink, for there was abundance for all. Let them remember, if Israel had not drunk of the water, Israel must have died; and if sinners did not drink of the waters of Christ, they would be lost. But it was not only important that they should drink of this stream, but it was the will of God that every one who drank should proclaim its existence. How many nations were there ready to die, in ignorance and thirst of the grace of God! We knew the heathen must perish if they had not this water. It was clearly our duty, either to go ourselves among the heathen, or to provide substitutes; most of us could not go ourselves, but we might assist in providing substitutes. He earnestly urged them to give with a liberal hand towards the funds of the Church Missionary Society, which constituted so efficient an organization for the diffusion of God's truth in lands covered by spiritual darkness."

KINDRED SPIRITS.

[SAD as one may be in contemplating the riven state of the professed Church of Christ, how one rejoices in such testimonies as that in the letter of the young clergyman referred to by our correspondent, "R. H." It has been our privilege, too, long to know and feel the deepest union of heart to him.—ED.]

EXTRACT.

"Great Malvern, May 16.

"Be assured, however, that I shall never forget what a sincere friend I have had in you during the first year of my ministry in Gloucester. The past year, with very much to humble, weighed heavily upon me on Sunday evening last. But the 'Smitten Rock' ever is sending forth a cleansing stream. There the conscience finds a healing balm. It was so to me. I will therefore forget the things behind, and I know you will not cease to pray that, from the deepening experience of a heart that has tasted that the Lord is gracious, the testimony of the lips to the freeness and sovereignty of that grace may never be kept back. What I have written is not worth your reading; for my head, through constant reading, is reminding me very severely that it is well this week has commenced. Help me through it with your prayers. We return on Wednesday evening to Gloucester, and on Thursday we begin our examination at the Palace."

THE comforts of this world are as candles, that will end in a snuff; the felicity that flows from an eternal God is like the sun, that shines more and more to a perfect day.

A FEW WORDS FOR CHRIST'S LAMBS.

IN 1 Sam. xvii. 13, it is recorded, "And David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem." In the 28th verse it is said that there were but few sheep, and that they were "in the wilderness." Thus it is clear that the sheep belonged to David's father, that he had appointed him to take care of them, and that their number was but few. What a picture is given here of the Church of Christ in this wilderness world! Now, as David's father owned the sheep, they being his property, so God the Father owns His sheep. Hence Jesus said, "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me" (John xvii. 6). In Matthew xxv. 34, Jesus declares that the sheep are blessed of the Father. And what are they blessed with? The answer is, "With all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ" (Eph. i. 3). Read also Rom. viii., noting particularly the 29th and 30th verses, and oh, what a string of golden blessings are contained in these precious truths to God's sheep.

David, Jesse's son, was appointed by his father to take care of the sheep. The Lord Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, was appointed by His Father to take care of His sheep. Observe what He says, "Those Thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost." No; and, blessed be His dear name, "none of them can be lost" (John xvii. 12; x. 28).

Observe, also, where the Good Shepherd finds His sheep. "Scattered upon all the face of the earth" (Ezek. xxxiv. 6). Each one of them can say, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep." Was not this our condition when the Good Shepherd met with us?

There was an enemy near the sheep that David kept; and is there not an enemy near every one of Christ's sheep? Have not you got one; and don't you feel he is near you by night and by day, "walking about seeking whom he may devour?"

The lion took a lamb out of the flock, put it into its mouth—a very dangerous place—and was doubtless intending to take it to his dark den. The lion could not manage a strong sheep so well as a weak lamb. Oh, how Satan tries to hurt Christ's weak lambs! Sometimes you may see the big and strong sheep pushing aside the little weak lambs; and is it not very sad to see any of Christ's sheep pushing aside or injuring any of Christ's lambs? Now, although the lion had the lamb in his mouth, did that change it into a kid? No; and although all the Lord's sheep, by nature, are for a time under the dominion of sin and Satan, yet that does not alter their relationship to God. They are still His sheep. How clearly this precious truth is taught in John x. 16: "And other sheep *I have*, which are not of this fold." Here, you observe, Christ said He had them, although some of them were not born. In what sense did He possess them? By reason of His Father's gift of them to Him. He had their names written in the book of life—had them in His eye—had them in His heart—and had them graven upon His hand. Therefore it is, that while His sheep are in their natural and wandering state, they are "preserved in Christ" (Jude, 1). Look at that sheep near that filthy ditch. It sees grass on the bank; it tries to get at it to eat it, and, in doing so, falls into it. The shepherd sees it fall, he hears it bleating, and hastens to lift it out. Now look how dirty it is; what a time it is before it looks clean again! But you will remember that it was a sheep when it fell into the ditch, and it was a sheep when it was taken out by the shepherd. Its fall did not change it into a goat. So with the people of God. They fell in the first Adam into the ditch of sin, and the "miry clay".

(Psalm xl. 2); and there they remain, until taken out by the Good Shepherd. But they are still sheep, although in the ruins of the Adam fall.

The lion was not suffered to destroy the lamb. Christ will never allow Satan to destroy one of His dear lambs. The lamb was not able to get out of the lion's mouth of itself; and it may be that David heard it crying out for help, and so went to deliver it. None are able to get out of Satan's power. It is the Son of God that makes His people free from his bondage. Where was the lamb when David delivered it? In the lion's mouth. Where were you when the Good Shepherd delivered you? What different answers you could give to this question. Where was David when the Lord delivered him? Read what He says, "He brought me up out of the miry clay." Think also of the place where the man was who had his dwelling among the tombs, and the thief on the cross, when Jesus delivered them. Do not these instances show that the Good Shepherd does not wait for the sheep to come to Him, but that He first comes to them? He looks towards them before they looked towards Him. His face is towards them when and while their backs are towards Him.

Such was David's love for the lamb, that he ventured his life to save it. For the love which the Good Shepherd had for His sheep, He laid down His life for them.

David not only delivered the lamb, but he slew the lion also. The Good Shepherd has conquered sin, death, and Satan, and will bruise him under your feet shortly.

David might not have seen the lion take the lamb; but Jesus sees all the advances of Satan after His lambs. Perhaps the cries of the lamb, as hinted before, led David to attempt to rescue it out of the lion's mouth. It is a good sign when sinners begin to cry out for deliverance from the power of sin and Satan, as it shows they are alive.

The lion could not hurt the lamb while only looking at it. It was when it was in his mouth that its life was in danger. Satan's eye cannot hurt you; it is when he gets poor sinners into his power that he does them harm. See how he tried to hurt Job and Peter: but these two children of God had the same spirit in them that Micah had, when he said, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise." If you throw an india-rubber ball upon the ground, it will rebound again; but not so with a ball of lead. Now, the child of God has a rising principle in him, which is divine grace; and, although sin and Satan may throw him down for a time, yet, by virtue of his possessing this principle, he will rise again. The children of the devil have only a sinking principle in them, viz., sin, which weighs very heavy, and, when they fall, they rise no more. It is said of Pharaoh and his host, that they sank as lead in the mighty waters (Ex. xv. 10).

It may be that the lion left his mark upon the lamb, and might have been seen as long as it lived; and has not Satan left his mark upon us all? Look at yonder lion walking upon that soft clay; how his paws sink into it, and what deep marks he leaves behind. Now look at him walking upon a rock; he makes no impression upon that. Satan has left his mark upon every man; but, when he tried to set his mark upon the God-Man Christ Jesus, he failed. We are like the clay, Christ like the rock.

David did not love the lamb any the less because it had been in the lion's mouth; so with Jesus and His lambs. David delivered it because he loved it; so with Christ.

David's efforts to deliver the lamb were crowned with success; and shall the Good Shepherd be less successful in delivering His lambs? Oh, no! no!!

Dursley.

F. F.

DISCORDANT NOTES.

THE book of Leviticus was the Jews' Gospel, and the faithful in that old dispensation read in type and shadow, by the Spirit's teaching, the same truths that God's people now, by the same light, look back upon as transacted and revealed in the Gospel. The spiritual student finds that the Old and New Testament form one harmonious discovery of the mind of God concerning Christ and His Church. The Gospel of Christ was not a new scheme, but the development of a plan as old as eternity, purposed by Jehovah in covenant grace, revealed in type to the Jewish Church, proclaimed by prophets, and accomplished in redemption. Christ, by resurrection, proved Himself to be "the mercy promised" to man in the garden of Eden, when, ruined by his fall, he stood as a guilt-stricken criminal before God. Robbed by Satan of all that qualified him for companionship with God, he required a salvation suited to his lost condition; and in the first promise we see the bud of the tree of life which was unfolded in type, and blossomed in the Gospel of Christ Jesus.

The Spirit-taught Jew, read in tabernacle and temple services the work of the Christ of God. In the multiplied legal ceremonies, and perpetual defilement from shortcomings and misdoings, they saw what the Church sees now—their sin, and that "by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified." In the provision made for sin by various sacrifices we read the same truth they saw, that God never had but one way of salvation—*blood*; and there never was but one way of apprehension—*faith*. These two fundamental truths are as clearly seen in the Gospel according to Leviticus as in the Gospel according to John; and the 11th of Hebrews is God's testimony to this unalterable truth. The Jewish nation was the shell that contained the kernel of God's elect Church, which in all ages absorb the blessing (Lev. ix. 23; Eph. i. 2). The only new feature in the Gospel to the grace-taught Jew was the extension of mercy to the Gentiles. This mystery, the Apostle tells us, "in other ages was not made known to the sons of men;" and this glorious truth, upon which hangs our personal blessing, was a matter of revelation to the apostles (Acts x.; Eph. iii. 1, 2). The commentary of the Holy Ghost in the Epistle to the Hebrews sets Christ before us as the sum and substance of all the types. He is the Tabernacle (ix. 11), the Priest (vii. 17), the Altar (xiii. 10), the Victim (ix. 26), the Offerer (ix. 14), the sacrifice (ix. 12). The Church of God is represented by the persons benefited (Heb. x. 21, 23), which, during that dispensation of shadows, was confined to the Jew. In the burnt-offering, which was taken from the flock, the herd, or the fowl, the spiritual Israelite found an incarnate Christ—as the door of access (Lev. i. 3), the way to God, Christ the unblemished male, "God's burnt sacrifice, a sweet savour unto the Lord." The Church's part in this type is comprehended in the expression, "He shall put His hand upon the head of the burnt-offering." Transfer of sin, and the doctrine of substitution, were by this simple act made known, and the Spirit-taught Jew realized Gospel peace by looking through the shadow to the substance. In the meat-offering he saw, under the figure of carefully-prepared food, divine satisfaction with the work of Christ. All that was left unconsumed was for Aaron and his sons—the *parties benefited* setting forth again the Church of God.

In the sin-offering the Jew saw Christ as the sinner's Surety—the Goat offered for sin (Lev. ix. 15), or, as it might be with correctness rendered, *sinnified*—thus typing out the Gospel truth, "Christ made sin" (2 Cor. v. 21). Here we see the speciality of atonement by *sin borne*, and the results achieved

sin put away, which cuts off all the wild hopes that cling to a world-wide atonement and universal salvation. No such doctrine is taught in the types. The Jew's part in this sacrifice was very significant (Lev. iv.): he was to lay his hand on the head of the victim. Here, again, we see confession of sin, and the transfer of guilt; and the result is recorded in Gospel language, "And it shall be forgiven him" (Eph. i. 7).

In the trespass-offering we have Christ the end of the law for righteousness; full restitution made to divine justice by His perfect obedience from His birth (Luke ii. 22, 23) to His death (John xix. 30); the law's demands satisfied (Lev. v. 16), and a complete righteousness wrought out for Jew and Gentile—that is, "unto all and upon all them that believe." In this righteousness Noah was seen, and Abraham lived: "He believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness."

In the peace-offering we see the results of salvation. Christ Jesus, for the joy set before Him, endured the cross, made peace by His own blood, and in the riches of His love and power is seated at the right hand of God to bless His people (Lev. ix. 23), to make known to them, by His Spirit, the efficacy of His work, and their acceptance in Him, which fills the soul with praise and thanksgiving, peace and joy in believing.

Thus in these five primary types the believing Jew read the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and realized through the shadow, by faith, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. xi. 1). A small volume, entitled "Notes on the Book of Leviticus," presents the reader with some very interesting thoughts on these types. They are more than jottings; the writer has a "pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument," hence the turn we give the title, and we only regret that discordant notes should mar the melody of the little volume. Two fundamental truths are brought before the reader—the fulness and perfection of Christ's salvation, and the realization and enjoyment of it by the Church of God. From every type, up to the 14th chapter of Leviticus, issues the same strain. We quote the following:—

"God has been perfectly satisfied as to all the believer's sins in the cross of Christ. On that cross a full atonement was presented for every jot and tittle of sin in the believer's nature, and on his conscience. Hence God does not need any further propitiation. . . . If this judgment and death of Christ upon the cross were realities, then the life and righteousness of the believer are realities. If imputed sin was a reality to Christ, imputed righteousness is a reality to the believer. The one is as real as the other."

This is a satisfactory acknowledgment from one of the leaders of a body a section of which has recently denied altogether the doctrine of imputed righteousness. At p. 105 we read again:—

"What, then, is the doctrine set forth in the laying on of hands? It is this: 'Christ made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' He took our position, with all its consequences, in order that we might get His position, with all its consequences. He was treated as sin upon the cross that we might be treated as righteousness in the presence of Holiness. He was cast out of God's presence because He had sin in Him by imputation, that we might be received into God's house, and into His bosom, because we have a perfect righteousness by imputation. He was treated according to *our* deserts, that we might be treated according to *His*."

Close upon this extract we have the following heart-searching appeal on the important topic of personal realization:—

"And now, ere turning from this fundamental point, I would desire to make an earnest and solemn appeal to my reader's heart and conscience. Let me ask you, dear friend, have you been led to repose on this holy and happy foundation? Do you know that the question of your sin has been disposed of for ever? Have you laid your hand by faith on the head of the sin-offering? Have you seen the blood of Jesus rolling away all your guilt, and carrying it into the mighty waters of God's forgetfulness? Has divine justice anything against you? Are you free from the unutterable horrors of a guilty conscience? Do not, I pray you, rest satisfied until you can give a joyous answer to these inquiries. Be assured of it, it is the happy privilege of the feeblest babe in Christ to rejoice in a full and everlasting remission of sin, on the ground of a finished atonement; and hence for any to teach otherwise is to lower the sacrifice of Christ to the level of calves and goats. If we cannot know our sins are forgiven, then where are the glad tidings of the Gospel?"

Now what is the writer's drift in all this? If language has a meaning, it is to tell us that there must be realization, or an experimental acquaintance with the truths of the Gospel, and that not in any indistinct way, but to its very climax a full and satisfactory assurance.

In the present day, Gospel experience and Gospel enjoyment are at a low ebb in the Churches; therefore to set out the blessedness of pardon, liberty, and full assurance, are by some regarded as dangerous themes that must be well fenced by the precepts to avoid injury to the morals of the Church of God. We do not quarrel with those who set forth Gospel liberty as the true ground of Gospel obedience, and publish to saints the happiness a God of all grace can give them while travelling in the wilderness to their home above; but we desire that the way whereby souls are led into these blessings should be truthfully defined; and here discordant notes jar upon the ear, and we detect the sound which has of late become so popular in the so-called Churches. "How do I know that His blood was shed for me? By the Scriptures—blessed, solid, eternal ground of knowledge. Christ suffered for sins—I have gotten sins. Christ died, the just for the unjust; wherefore the death of Christ appropriates itself to me as fully, as immediately, and as divinely as though I were the only sinner upon earth. It is not a question of my appropriation, realization, or experience. Many souls harass themselves about this. One has heard such language as this, "Oh I believe Christ died for sinners, but I cannot realize my sins are forgiven. I cannot apply—I do not experience the benefit of Christ's death." All this is self, and not Christ; it is feeling, and not Scripture."

But it is neither the facts of Scripture nor the letter of the word that have any appropriative power. Multitudes read the Bible, and it leaves them where it found them. It is Spirit-power in the application of the word to the soul that makes it work effectually in the hearts of them that believe, either for humbling or exaltation; and marks the difference between God's living children who receive the word in demonstration of the Spirit, and the unregenerate who read it in the letter only. Christ says now to His people as of old, "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." And this voice the ear of faith hears. "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me." Very different this to the so-called faith of the day, which as a mental act credits the letter of Scripture, and believes the facts as a matter of history. But the writer of these notes is in advance of his party. His head and heart are at serious issue; so when his heart speaks he tells the truth. This letter evidence which he advocates is not enough for C. H. M., we can plainly see. His religious views bear the impress of realization. Led by a system, he pleads for only one witness in court, the letter of the word; but when he speaks from inward teaching, that is not sufficient. Realization, apprehension—or, to use a term that must not be

got rid of because abused—experimental acquaintance—is necessary to his peace and comfort; and here the living family meet upon equal terms. That profound thinker, Locke, says, "Give me a man's meaning, and I will give him his words." We do this in the case of C. H. M. most heartily. Let the following extract speak for itself:—

"Oh, reader, how is it in reference to your precious soul? Have you seen by the eye of faith the blood of the paschal lamb shed to screen you? Have you seen the precious sheaf of first-fruits reaped and gathered into the heavenly garner, as the earnest of your being gathered in due time? These are solemn questions—do not put them away."

We aver, to realize these blessings is to have the testimony of God's word in the letter, and the work of God's Spirit in the heart—the twofold witness in the Church. Further on, C. H. M. qualifies his remarks by showing the danger of putting realization into the place of Christ. With this we fully concur. But there is no need to sacrifice one truth to support another. Because some of God's people make their feelings the standard of their acceptance, is feeling to be thrown overboard? Because some of God's people are in bondage—or, if in liberty, subject to occasional doubts and fears—are the quickened family to be cut off because they cannot cry, Abba, Father? Because some are looking for peace within, and cannot find it, are we to present the letter of Scripture to their eyes and say, Read this and you will be cured? Where is the sovereignty and work of the Spirit in all this religious-looking theology? But here lies the foundation error of the whole party; they speak largely of the abiding Spirit in the Church, but they overlook the all-important fact, His sovereign and individual operations in each believer.

This brings us to the fact of degrees in knowledge and experience, which many, in their zeal to force people into a full assurance, forget. The household of faith, composed of babes, young men, and fathers, give us a wide range for varieties in Christian feeling. A crying infant is a common fact; a talking baby is a mechanical wonder. That many are pushed into a false assurance by a letter faith we have not the slightest doubt; that some of God's people are brought into liberty sooner than others we do not deny; but, as a system, to assert that life and liberty are identical, and that every quickened soul enjoys the full assurance of faith, or is no believer at all, is to deny the sovereignty of the Spirit, and the right of God to act according to the council of His own will. Divine sovereignty is the foundation of the varieties in believers, and the use God makes of human testimony is to call, and build up His Church, and so preserve to the end of time the three Gospel divisions, with all their contingent varieties—babes, young men, and fathers.

Another discordant note, and we bring our lengthy comments to a close:—

"Thank God, the believer is not in the flesh, but in the Spirit. True, he has gotten the old nature, but it is his happy privilege to reckon it as a dead thing, and to walk in the abiding power of the new creation, wherein all things are of God. This is Christian liberty, to walk up and down in that fair creation where no trace of evil can ever be found. Hallowed liberty, to walk in holiness and purity before God and man: liberty to tread these lofty walks of personal sanctity, whereon the beams of the divine countenance ever pour themselves in living lustre. Reader, this is Christian liberty."

But we stoutly deny it. This is a description of a state of feeling that a child of God desires before he is brought into Gospel liberty, and vainly imagines he shall some day enjoy, but never finds here on earth. Gospel

liberty is the blessing realized by the power of the Holy Ghost through faith's view of the doing and dying, resurrection and ascension of Christ Jesus; and, as the Spirit of God leads us out of self to take "lofty walks" in the height, breadth, length, and depth of the love of God in Christ, so will be our peace and Gospel obedience. The flesh, or old Adam nature, is dead relatively, as the believer stands in union with Christ; but not actually or experimentally. This made Paul say, "I *exercise* myself to have a conscience void of offence to God and man." It was a matter of conflict; and in the 7th of Romans we have the description of the workings of the two natures, which to God's living family tells the story of their individual experience. None but Pharisees could take delight in "the lofty walks of personal sanctity." The holiness of an archangel would not satisfy a child of God. "I shall be satisfied when I awake up in Thy likeness," is the Spirit-taught breathing of a living and liberated soul. Faith's reckoning that by virtue of union with Christ the old nature is viewed as dead before God, is a glorious and Christ-exalting truth; and the soul's experience of the vitality of the old Adam nature in the felt power of sin is also Christ-exalting. This makes a Christ-needing and a Christ-seeking sinner; this keeps the Lord's people poor and needy; this keeps them dependent upon a useful Christ; and this draws out their hearts under the power of the Spirit into thankfulness and gratitude for a salvation without works, which puts the crown on the Redeemer's brow.

In this little volume we trace the errors of a party, rather than the spiritual persuasion of the writer; and, as it gives forth some pleasant strains, we regret the harmony should be disturbed by discordant notes.

MR. GADSBY AND HIS TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

[THE annexed letter will be read with interest. We are glad to find that MR. GADSBY has returned home in safety, and shall rejoice should it please God so far to restore his health as to enable him to resume his lectures. He has already done good service to the cause of God, in elucidating and confirming the Scriptures, as a personal eye-and-ear-witness in his repeated travels and research through Bible lands. We shall be additionally grateful, if so be the Lord should so far raise him up and restore him again, as to enable him, in these God-and-truth-despising days to bear afresh his testimony to the genuineness of the written word, as seen in the places and among the people of the East.—ED.]

"Malvern, May 19, 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR, — I saw your kind notice in the *Gospel Magazine*. If the Lord's will to raise me up again, I shall be most happy to assist you; but I do not expect ever to be able to resume my lectures. For two months I have been suffering from the effects of dysentery, &c., and am not even now able to ride or walk without great pain.

"It is a mercy to be able to say with Job, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

"I thought of you when I was in Egypt, before I was taken unwell, having prepared two lectures, which I thought would suit you well, viz., 'The Biblical and Oriental Warrior;' and 'Slavery, Captivity, and Redemption, Biblically, Orientally, and Personally Considered.' It struck me as a somewhat singular coincidence when I read your remarks. Excuse more. I have to recline.

Sincerely yours,

J. GADSBY.

REVIEWS.

Our Own Fireside. Edited by the Rev. W. BULLOCK. London: W. Macintosh. IN the midst of his onerous and responsible duties both as a parochial clergyman and editor of this important work, Mr. BULLOCK has recently been called to submit to a severe bereavement. From one of his touching papers, we learn that Mrs. Bullock is no longer a sojourner in this vale of tears. We sincerely condole with him in his sad loss, and hope that his literary engagements may help to divert his mind from too deeply dwelling upon the mysterious dispensation through which he is called to pass. May he have grace to say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

God's ever-watchful Care of His People. A Sermon preached at East Langton. By a Feeble Labourer in the Vineyard of the Lord of Hosts. London: W. H. Collingridge.

THE preacher withholds his name, but our old friend THORPE SMITH need not have done so; for he gives no uncertain sound; he puts the crown on the right head, and gives the glory to whom alone it is due. The preacher speaks from the depth of his heart, and that heart a chastened, well-disciplined one. God has blessed—*does* bless—and *will* bless him; and, at the appointed time, he shall hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Meanwhile be it his to "sow beside all waters;" to "go forward," for the Lord in very deed has gone out before him, and opened up his way. He has received his credentials from the court of heaven, and dare not turn back.

Some Account of the Lord's Dealings with Thomas Worsley, in his last Illness. London: W. H. Collingridge.

A VERY encouraging, heart-cheering account of the Lord's gracious goodness, divine faithfulness, and all-sufficiency to one of His servants bordering upon his threescore years and ten. Among many striking expressions which fell from his lips whilst on his sick-bed, was this, "I am not always on the *mount*, but always on the *Rock*." Reader, this is an important distinction—"Not always on the *mount*"—not always *happy*; but always *SAFE*:

"Once in Christ, in Christ for ever."

Blessed be His name, He "rests in His love," "hates to put away," and is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. London: The Book Society, Paternoster Row.

MULTIPLIED as the editions of Bunyan's Pilgrim have been, we rejoice in these days to see the telling productions of the Bedford Tinker's pen reissued, as they are, by thousands and tens of thousands. They are a glorious protest against the infidelity of the age. The book before us is admirably adapted for the aged and infirm, the type being large and clear. We cordially recommend it.

The Works of Thomas Goodwin, D.D. Edinburgh: J. Nicholl.

THIS is the eighth volume of this celebrated divine, and forms the seventeenth of the entire series published by Mr. Nicholl. We can only again say, we wish him God-speed in the great and good work he has undertaken.

Twelve Sermons. By the Rev. JOHN HOBBS, Minister of Staining Lane Chapel.

It is some twelve years and upwards since we heard Mr. HOBBS; but these sermons give evidence of his wearing well. It is the same sound testimony for God and truth. Through divine mercy he has been upheld; and though, like our dear brother GOWRING, he lacks sight naturally, neither the one nor the other has been permitted, either by tongue or feet, to stray out of the good old beaten path to the kingdom. These sermons will be read with much interest, and *must* be blessed.

Scriptural Enigmas from the Old and New Testament. Leamington: Brierby and Co.

As a rule, we are not partial to this kind of production, inasmuch as it too often leads to irreverence, and a trifling with the word of God. The author, however, of the little work had, we are quite sure, a very different design in the attempt here made to elucidate and give additional interest in the Scriptures.

The Finished Work. By WILLIAM MAYHEW. London: Ford and Son, Upper Street, Islington.

THIS is the third of the series of tracts which we recommended in a recent number. This, as well as the preceding, carries weight in its arguments, and faithfulness and affection in its appeals.

PROTESTANT BEACON.

THE INSTRUMENT OF PUNISHMENT CALLED "THE VIRGIN."

THE *Kiss of the Virgin* (or *Jungfern-Kuss*) retains in Germany to the present day the same vague but terrible significance which in France attaches to the phrase *Passer par les oubliettes*, though the traveller will find it difficult to obtain any definite explication of the import of the former among the German people. According to Mr. Pearsall, who many years ago took infinite pains to learn what it really meant, a general impression prevailed that there existed at one time in certain prisons and towers of Germany an appalling engine which not only destroyed life, but even annihilated the body of its victim, and that from being constructed in the form of a young girl it was called the Virgin. Some represented it to have been an image of the Virgin Mary, which the condemned was told to kiss, and which, on being touched by him, set in motion some internal machinery that caused the figure to fall upon and crush him. Others, again, had heard that it was a machine resembling a woman, that possessed the power of expanding its arms, and, when the prisoner was within its grasp, clasped him to a breast from which daggers protruded. And many described it as no more than an emblem of Justice placed above a trap-door, which, being left unsupported, sank beneath the culprit's weight, and precipitated him into an abyss beneath. In Nuremberg, where he visited all the dungeons of the old Town Hall, Mr. Pearsall learnt from the Keeper of the Archives, Dr. Meyer, that a machine of punishment, known as the Virgin, had of old really stood in one of those vaults, and, though the figure had long disappeared, he himself remembered to have seen a portion of the machinery appertaining to it. From Dr. Meyer's account, the

mysterious figure was stationed on the brink of a pitfall, and when the doomed individual who had suffered from its embraces was released from them, he fell downwards through the trap on to a cradle of swords, so constructed that the blades were set in motion by the falling body, which they hacked to pieces, and then passed through a trough of running water, no one knew where. Mr. Pearsall was lucky enough to hear in casual conversation that a specimen of this deadly apparatus was preserved in a collection of curiosities possessed by Baron Deidrich in the Castle of Feistritz, on the borders of Steirmark, and he took occasion to visit the Baron for the purpose of inspecting it. The Baron accounted for his possession of the Jungfern, or Virgin, by stating that he purchased it, with several other old articles belonging to the Arsenal of Nuremberg, during the French Revolution. It reached him in a very rusty and dilapidated condition, but was accompanied by the pedestal on which it still stands. The figure, as Mr. Pearsall saw it, was about seven feet in height, and made entirely of iron. Its construction was simple enough. A skeleton formed of bars and hoops was coated over with sheet iron, painted to represent a Nuremberg citizen's wife of the sixteenth century. The front of the figure opened like folding doors, the two halves of the front part being connected by hinges with the back part. On the inside of the right breast are thirteen quadrangular poinards; on the left breast there are eight of these weapons, and two more project from the inside of the head. These last were intended, it is supposed, to pierce the eyes of the victim, who from this circumstance is conjectured to have entered the machine backwards, and in this position to have been stabbed by the protruded stilettoes. It is not known exactly now in what way the engine operated, the mechanism being no longer attached; but there can be little doubt that it was much in the same way as a similar figure called *Mater Dolorosa*—said to have been found at the Inquisition at Madrid—performed its ghastly office. This latter instrument in its ordinary appearance was that of a female with her arms crossed on her bosom; but by mechanical appliances the arms were expanded, and then the inside of them were seen to be studded with small dirks. The person to be executed was placed opposite to her, breast to breast: then her arms, being clasped round his back, by means of some powerful screwing implement, were made to grasp him tightly. Whilst she held him thus, a trap-door opened beneath his feet, and he was held suspended over a yawning gulf. In this situation he was importuned to confess his guilt, until the increasing pressure of the machine had squeezed the life from his body, which was then released, and fell through the aperture into an oubliette.—*Illustrated London News*.

AN ACROSTIC.

J ust such a pastor as the Lord will own,
 O bedient to His heavenly will alone;
 S ee with what ardent zeal his bosom glows,
 E ager his Saviour's fulness to disclose:
 P ointing to Him, "the Lamb of God," he cries,
 H ear, who hath ears to hear, His groans and sighs.

 I n birth he travails for whom Jesus dies;
 R eviving accents, mourning sinners hear:
 O n Him place all your hope, cast all your care;
 N ow tread the path of life, the narrow road;
 S ecure in Christ, it leads the soul to God.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDRAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

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DIVINE KEEPING.

"He will keep the feet of His saints."—1 SAM. ii. 9.

SOME time since two aged friends met who had not seen each other for many years, and, after the usual salutations, one asked the other as to his welfare during the lengthened interval of their separation; the answer was given in one significant word, "KEPT." When we heard of this little incident, we thought, "What volumes does that one word contain."

It suggests to us, dear reader, as indeed do the words of our text, three things: the Keeper, the Keeping, and the Kept. The Lord enable us to contemplate His truth, under this threefold aspect.

I. The Keeper; and who is this but the Lord Himself? And sweet indeed it is to trace all up to the Lord Himself, yea, blessed to behold all things centreing in His own Divine Person. In proof of His being the gracious Keeper of His Church and people, we have abundant Scriptures. Take, for example, Psalm xxxvii. 23, 24, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and He delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand." Here was the secret, beloved, and here the mercy, in connexion with the fall; and where is the child of God that does not fall, at least in heart and affection? Who that knows himself but must plead guilty to being, to say the least, a "backslider in heart?" and how great the mercy if kept from being a backslider in word and in deed, "The Lord upholdeth him with His hand." "Because the Lord is at my right hand," said the Psalmist, "therefore I shall not be moved."

We have, moreover, in the 121st Psalm some precious testimonies to the self-same fact, that the Lord Himself is the Keeper and Sustainer of His people. "Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." Reader, how precious is this consideration, and for this reason; it not only embraces the *present*, and pre-supposes the *past*, but it comprehends the *future*. It clearly testifies that whatever the Lord has been, and is, such He will continue to be, "even for evermore."

Reader, do you feel the preciousness of this mercy? Do you enter into its

distinguishing and unspeakably-blessed character? How soothing is it—how fear-assuaging—that He who sees through the future, in all its varied and complicated details—yea, that He who comprehends all the vastness and momentousness of eternity itself—is my Keeper, my unfailing Friend, my everlasting portion, my all in all. What a thought! How does it absorb every other! Into what tiny insignificance does everything dwindle, as far as time and its troubles are concerned, when by the Spirit we are led into an apprehension of this great and glorious fact, and that, too, as we behold everything as subservient unto Him—

“That all must come, and last, and end,
As shall please our Heavenly Friend.”

The Lord graciously lead us more and more into a contemplation of this mercy.

We have likewise another precious Scripture that testifies to the same mercy of the Lord Himself being the Keeper of His people. In Isaiah xxvii. and 2nd and 3rd verses, we read, “In that day sing ye unto her, A vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.”

Reader, how blessed is the repetition of the GREAT I in this passage. In what safe hands are we, if in the hands, and under the gracious guardianship of Jehovah. How hapless, moreover, would be our position were it not a momentary keeping—not an occasional, but a ceaseless and uninterrupted keeping; no intermission as well as no cessation. Nothing short of this would suffice for our security. Were there even a solitary blank or void moment with respect to this keeping, Satan (our ever-vigilant foe) and our own deceitful hearts would take advantage of such moment to entangle and destroy. Blessed be God, then, for momentary upholding; blessed be God, that He Himself “neither slumbereth nor sleepeth,” and that, according to His promise, He does Himself keep His Church and people “night and day.”

II. The keeping itself. Now, whilst the character of the Keeper is a precious contemplation, and the certainty of the keeping so satisfactory, because of *who* it is that keeps, and *what* He has pledged Himself unto in regard to the keeping, the means and methods through and by which the Lord keeps, are also sweet to reflect upon. In the time of danger, and when specially subject to ensnarement, we see but very partially, if at all, the means and instrumentalities by which the Lord keeps and preserves. It is *afterwards* that we see these preservatives more clearly, and even then the discovery is but very contracted and partial. It is only in the light of eternity, that the whole will be fully developed. In this, as well as in other respects, we are called to walk by faith. Were we fully aware of our preservatives, we should be correspondingly more alive to our dangers and besetments, and this very sensibility might operate in a manner that should fill us with grave apprehension and alarm. Hence the Lord, in His pitifulness and compassion, keeps us in comparative ignorance of both the one and the other.

Meanwhile we may take for granted, that we not only stand in need of keeping, but that we are kept, and kept, too, by it may be the very means about which we are most disposed to dispute and cavil with, being at a loss to discover how such means can minister to our good and to God's glory. As instrumental, the peculiar way in which the Lord's keeps is by *restraint*, and this restraint is exercised in connexion with *trial*.

Take, for example, a lively, animated disposition, and there are many of this

class in the family of God. The special danger with such is a drinking deeply into the pursuits and pleasures of the world. A social, cheerful temperament seeks society and companionship. The Lord sees the danger, and, as a preventive, lays, it may be, affliction upon the loins. From very weakness and incapacity, the world is of necessity excluded; society is shunned; and, though there may be a sensible pressure upon the spirit, yet even while thus under the cross, that cross is at least occasionally felt to be good—laid on by a Father's hand, in wisdom, goodness, love. If, therefore, at times even now, in our present state, seen to be appointed and regulated in mercy, how much more will it be known to be the case in the light of eternity. How many, long ere they have reached the eternal hills, have had to bless God for a poor, weak, afflicted body, recognizing in regard to the same a Father's wisdom, love, and care.

Again, there is in some of the people of God, as creatures, and according to their natural dispositions, a "love of money," which the Scriptures declare to be "the root of all evil, which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." The Apostle adds, in his advice to his son Timothy, "But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." Now, we would ask, what are the means which the Lord is pleased to employ for this aid, and, at the same time, to keep His children from the dreadful ensnarement of which the Apostle has testified? We answer that this keeping is also, by *restraint*. He will not allow them to have what, according to their natural inclination, they would have. This keeping is clearly implied in the prayer of Agur: "Two things have I required of Thee; deny me them not before I die: remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." It was the idea of his being so far removed from a condition of dependence, that led Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, to exclaim, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." The restraining power and gracious keeping of the Lord is seen in that if His people had what they naturally lusted after, their hearts would be estranged from Him, and they would painfully testify to the truth of His word, that "the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choked the word, and they became unfruitful."

Then there is the Lord's gracious keeping of His dear children from outwardly sinning against Him. How is this effected, oftentimes, but by giving them to feel and mourn over the desperate wickedness and depravity of their own hearts? They feel the counterpart within of what they witness in a corrupt world without. They feel sin to be a plague—a torment—a destroyer of their peace and tranquillity; and, whilst its struggles for the mastery work in them misery, and wretchedness, and woe, they say within themselves, "If the mere inclination to sin produce all this, what would the *indulgence* produce?" Hence the Lord overrules the conflict—causes it to act as a restraint, and to awaken the cry, "Keep back Thy servant from presumptuous sins: let not sin have dominion over me."

The same warfare acts, under God, as a preservative against pharisaic pride and presumption. That man has little to say about others who has an insight, by grace divine, into his own heart. His language is, with regard to the evil sayings and doings of his fellow-men, "So did not I because of the fear of the Lord." On the contrary, those who are so wont to sit in judgment upon their fellow-men, and to magnify their errors and short-comings, prove how much

they lack a knowledge, experimentally, of the prophet's words, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it?"

Again, the Lord keeps His people in times of peril and danger, seen and unseen, by the special exercise of His Providence. "Surely," says David, in the 91st Psalm, "He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. . . . Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." The apostle Peter declares, too, that they are "kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." Then he would, as it were, sum up in one comprehensive word all that we have said about the nature or method of Divine keeping and preservation: "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Oh, the numberless hair-breadth escapes; the wonderful interpositions; the marvellous deliverances! How sweet to sing—

"Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit."

And then, too, the wondrous keeping, and the equally astounding succour, in times of sore temptation: temptation so congenial to a poor fallen and depraved nature. "The feet almost (but not altogether) gone; the steps well nigh (but not quite) slipped." The old nature conniving with the tempter, and ready to embrace the temptation in all its intensity; but the Lord withal, and that in the gracious exercise of His tender interest, love, and mercy, "Keeping the feet," though the *heart* had wandered. Oh, what a theme this, not for time merely, but for eternal day! Then indeed it will be, in the highest, fullest, and most glorious sense,

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song."

Reader, do you not even now realize somewhat of the preciousness and the power of this keeping? Can you not look back and survey the pathway by which you have travelled with wonder and amazement, as you recall (or rather as the Holy Ghost brings up to your remembrance) the timely and the gracious way in which the Lord has interposed—upheld—protected—preserved—delivered up to the present moment? Not only what a God He is, but what a God has He *proved* Himself to be; confirming, ratifying, and illustrating His own word concerning Himself and His gracious acts. How wise has He shown Himself to be; how condescending, faithful, compassionate, mighty!

III., and lastly. The kept. All are kept, but not in and with that special care and keeping of which we have testified. The Apostle speaks of the "unjust" as "reserved unto the day of judgment to be punished." He testifies

of them as "wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest; to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever;" and the apostle Jude declares that for such is "reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

This is an abstract keeping—not a keeping *from* evil, but a keeping *for* evil.

The kept, however, and the keeping in our text totally differ from that to which we have just adverted. "He keepeth," says Hannah, in her song of thanksgiving and praise, "the feet of *His saints*." Yes, these are the specially kept—the divinely preserved. "His saints." His chosen—His redeemed—His called ones. These He separates—these He quickens—these He keeps—these He saves in Himself with an everlasting salvation. They are His saints, not by merit, not by worthiness, not by works (although in due time manifested as such by their fruits), but they are His purely by Divine sovereignty, and of rich, and free, and matchless grace. His, because He would have them:—

"Nor Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives."

"His" in eternity past, according to that glorious declaration of their most glorious Christ, "And in Thy book all my members were written, while as yet there was none of them." "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me." "His," whom, in the time-state of their being, "He calls with an holy calling; not according to their work, but according to His own purposes and grace which were given them in Christ Jesus before the world began." "His" in eternity to come, in accordance with the divine declaration of their Divine Lord: "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me: for Thou lovest me before the foundation of the world."

Reader, are you among this thrice-happy people—these "His saints"—the saints of the Most High God? Well, then, may you rejoice in the mercy, that "He keepeth the feet of His saints;" that however, through the force of sin and corruption—the treachery of the world—and the malice of Satan, you may be tempted to wander; that, though often you may feel as though you could not hold on nor hold out, so great appears to be the power, both internally and externally, against you; yet, greater is He that is for you than all they that are against you. His character is at stake; His covenant is at stake; yea, as Mediator, as Head and Husband of His body the Church, Himself is at stake. Hence, if you have the witness within, and the precious scriptural evidence that you are a chosen vessel of mercy—an adopted son or daughter of the Lord God Almighty, you may gratefully and triumphantly sing:—

"His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

Totterdown, Bristol, June, 1864.

THE EDITOR.

THE departure of men and angels from God began in pride. Our approaches and return to Him must begin in humility. The more mortified the heart, the more quickened the service. Nothing can please an infinite purity, but that which is pure.—*Charnock*.

LIGHT.

WHAT is light? Who can tell? "Canst thou by searching find out God?" God is light. We find that in the beginning, at the creation of the world, darkness covered all things, when the mighty Word of God spake thus, "Let there be light: and there was light." We may here notice the difference between the material world, which God formed out of chaos; and light, which God spoke into being. It is said, "God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good;" but He did not make light, which was already in existence, forming part of the essence of deity. Hence, when the eternal Word spake, it was to communicate a portion of Himself to His wonderful works of nature, which till then had been enshrouded in darkness. Light is beautifully expressed by Milton as the

"Bright effluence of bright essence uncreate."

So, spiritually, the mind of man is by nature dark, till the Spirit of God shines into the darkness, causing it to disappear before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. Hence it is apparent that the Three Persons in the Godhead, being one in essence, are light. The first is called the "Father of lights" (James i. 17). The Divine Son says of Himself, "I am the light of the world" (John viii. 12). The Holy Spirit also, at the day of Pentecost, descended on the Church, in the form of tongues of fire, indicating thereby the light and heat of His divine nature. The whole word of God is luminous of this glorious light, sometimes indeed but dimly seen, by reason of the imperfection of our mental vision, yet which is in itself clear and transparent.

How highly the saints of old valued this divine light is easy to be seen from passages in the Psalms and elsewhere. Take, for example, the man after God's own heart when he prays in Psalm xliii. 3, "O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me to Thy holy hill." We can well believe how keenly David must have felt the pressing need of these blessings; and how unable he was to discern his path, or to proceed in the right way, without the light and guidance which he sought. The ardent longings of his whole soul seem breathed forth in this little prayer, "O send out Thy light and Thy truth." Here we have the Three Persons in Jehovah in one view brought before the mind. The Psalmist is addressing God the Father with the earnest petition of a child at a distance, to be drawn to the loving embraces of a tender parent; and he presses his suit with holy fervour, that the Spirit of God may be sent as his light, and the Son of God as the truth, which were to bring him into closer communion with his heavenly Father. Nor does David close his prayer here; he goes on to entreat, "Let them (light and truth) lead me;" and not only lead me, but "let them bring me to Thy holy hill." In the first instance, God the Father draws the soul to Christ, who Himself declares, "No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." When so drawn, the soul is led, as it were, by the hand, into the presence of God, by the Spirit and the Son. There is yet a further request—a desire for a still nearer approach to the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; for he says, "Let them bring me to Thy holy hill." Here the Spirit, as the light, shows the way; and Jesus is that new and living way whereby we come unto God, as well as the truth and the life by which the heirs of glory are led and brought to God's holy hill—to His tabernacle.

There are two other passages, which do not indicate the personality of light

as identified with God, but rather as an effect flowing from the great First Cause. "Light is sown for the righteous" (Psalm xcvi. 11). "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness" (Psalm cxii. 4). In the former of these clauses, light is expressed under the figure of seed hidden in the ground, and requiring darkness before it begins to grow; but, as soon as the seed becomes a living plant, it strikes its root downwards, and forces a passage through the earth upwards—the stem springing up, and putting forth leaves and blossoms in the light of day. How accurately does this beautiful image correspond with what takes place in the heart when brought under the gracious quickening influences of the Holy Spirit! In both instances, the character is the same, seeing it is for the righteous the light is sown, and unto the upright light arises in the darkness. How full of comfort is the thought that where light is sown, it must spring up; not a single seed can perish. Even good seed is sometimes unproductive, but this precious seed of light, which God Himself sows for His righteous ones, must infallibly bring forth its harvest of joy and gladness. To be assured of this, we have God's own sure word of promise recorded in Isaiah lv. 10, 11 (which see). Let not, then, the heart of the righteous be sad, or that of the upright be discouraged, because the springing up of the light sown is delayed till the set time for its appearance.

Long watching and patient waiting are oftentimes needful before the saints in light can possess their inheritance; here below, we receive only the earnest, with occasionally bright glimpses of the coming harvest. In the meanwhile there is a loving word of exhortation sent to those who patiently wait the Lord's time. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God" (Isa. l. 10). Those who fear the Lord, and obey the voice of His Servant, are the sheep of Christ, who know the voice of the Good Shepherd: Jehovah's righteous Servant. They, and only they, come under the character of the Lord's righteous and upright ones, for whom light is sown. What must they do when walking in darkness, with no light shed on their thorny pathway through the desert? Let them trust in the name of the Lord, and they shall not be confounded; let them stay upon their God in the dark, till He is pleased to turn their captivity, when they shall shout and sing, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." If not before, yet "at evening time it shall be light" (Zech. xiv. 7). But in numerous instances God's people are not called on to wait till evening time, as we may see in another place in which a gracious promise is made: "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward" (Isa. lviii. 8). Although here below we do not reap the full harvest of joy in the glorious light which is our eternal portion, yet enough is granted to show us the way to the heavenly Canaan; and some brief glances of a better country are in mercy sent to kindle in our hearts an ardent desire after the fruition of blessedness at God's right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore. Now, although walking as children of the light, even in darkness, we have often, like the disciples on the mount of transfiguration, to enter into a cloud, having a dark shadow cast over our path; but, when we reach the end of our journey, and enter the new Jerusalem, there will be no night there, because the Lord will be our everlasting light, and our God our glory.

The Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, regarded as the true light, also presents another beautiful point of view from which we may perceive His glory, in distinction from those lesser lights which are derived from Him. And here it may

be well to observe in what compassion to our manifold weaknesses is the light of life communicated to us through the Divine Person of the Mediator. We could not bear the glory of the light immediately from either the Father or the Spirit; for we must not forget that our God, out of Christ, is a consuming fire. It is too bright and too dazzling, and would prove our destruction rather than our salvation, except as its rays are tempered and softened by the medium of their communication. All the divine light which flows down to us from Jehovah is made to meet in Christ as the centre of light, and it comes through the channel of His pure humanity; so that we may rejoice in that light without fear. The apostle Paul gives a beautiful illustration of this in these words: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6). So that herein it is most true that in His light we shall see light.

And here science comes in aid of our conceptions. When a lighthouse is erected on a distant rock, to warn the mariner of the perils of the sea and the hidden dangers which lie near, in order that a long line of light may be cast over the wild waste of waters, a powerful reflector is placed behind the light, so as to collect the scattered rays into a focus, and then to send them back in an intense and glowing mass of flame over the sea to the far-distant vessels, many leagues from port, which may be sailing within its range of vision. By means of the reflector, the rays of light are not equally diffused over the surrounding atmosphere, and thus wasted on the sky or land, but they are gathered into one burning and brilliant body of light, which by its intenseness affords a welcome guide to the haven of safety. All the people of God are sailing on the ocean of time towards the port of eternity. Hidden dangers are near; thick clouds of darkness obscure their sky. What then? Must they lie down in despair, because they are unable to perceive the track or discern the light? Not so. The words of the living God fall thrillingly upon the ear, "Look up, for your redemption draweth nigh. Look unto me, and be ye saved." Looking unto Jesus implies looking away from all besides—the stormy winds, the raging billows, the darkened sky. The eye of faith is directed to the face of Jesus Christ as the light, and the eye of Christ, so to speak, looks down on the upturned eye of faith; and thus, when the two eyes meet, then is God's promise most emphatically fulfilled: "I will guide thee with mine eye" (Psalm xxxii). If in a natural sense the words of the preacher be true, how much more so are they when taken spiritually: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun" (Eccles. xi. 7). How sweet is that light which proceeds from the face of Jesus Christ, as from the Sun of Righteousness when He arises with healing in His wings. This light we have now, as we walk by faith, being children of the light; but when faith and hope are lost in love and sight, we shall not then see, as at present, "through a glass darkly, but face to face." The holy city, new Jerusalem, has "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God enlightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

ANNA.

LET us consider that we are drawing near to God,—the most amiable object,—the best of beings,—a God that made the world by a word, that upholds the great frame of heaven and earth, who uses not His power to strike us to our deserved punishment, but His love and bounty to allure us,—a God that gave all the creatures to serve us, and can in a trice make them as much our enemies as He hath now made them our servants.—*Charnock.*

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"*Tempted of the devil.*"—MATT. iv. 1.

BELOVED, it is laid upon us at this time to muse upon the mysteries of our dear Lord's *temptation in the wilderness*. Pray that our meditation may be mutually profitable, that writer and reader may discover fresh cause to magnify the name of Jesus. Contemplate, *first*, beloved,

THE TIME OF THE TEMPTATION.

"*Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was afterwards an hungered.*"—MATT. iv. 1, 2.

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit?" When was it? We reply, *1st, Just after His baptism*; for the evangelist Mark after describing our Lord's baptism of John in the Jordan, adds, "And immediately the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness. And He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan." The devil, then, was looking on while Jesus was being baptized; and at the earliest moment he put his bitter machinations into action. And he is no idle spectator of the movements of the Lord's followers. Ah, beloved, it is just after the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit has changed our hearts and put the new life into our souls, that the mortal combat between Satan and saint commences, which never ceases this side the grave. But our strong foe has a bruised head; let us never forget this when he strides across our pathway. The heavenly baptism may lead to the hard battle; but we shall come off "more than conquerors, through Him who hath loved us."

Again, it was just after the Eternal Father had declared, "This is my beloved Son," that Jesus was led into the wilderness to be tempted. How often do the greatest temptations succeed the highest testimonies of God's love. We, beloved, who have known the Lord for many a long year, can bear testimony to this fact. We can look back to Satan's efforts to rob us of our birthright; but, blessed be God, his attempts to snatch us from Christ's embrace have been fruitless. Jesus has again and again shown Himself to be the stronger man armed; yet, we must confess, the wrestling has often torn the heart and affrighted our poor timid spirits. So also is it the case that when we begin to live as adopted sons of God, carnal friends begin to persecute; indeed, we soon enough find that lions line the road to our beautiful palace. Blessed be God, they are all chained! and our watchword should be, "Fear not"—

"Christ, who conquered for us once,
Will in us conquer too."

But further, beloved, it was when Jesus *was full of the Spirit*, that the self-same Spirit led Him up to be tempted. As Luke tells us, "And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and was *led by the Spirit* into the wilderness." This is a remarkable fact we do well to notice, as showing us that it was part of the scheme of the Church's redemption that Jesus should be tempted—it was part of the covenant arrangement. And now the Spirit fulfils His office. It is this fact that will explain the expression, *Tempted of God*. And then, not merely was Jesus led by the Spirit, but it was when He *was full of the Spirit*. Ah, beloved, when you have had sweet communion with God, look out; it is then Satan will puff up the heart with spiritual pride. Sweet upliftings are often followed by sore temptations.

But again, it was when Jesus *had fasted forty days*, that Satan came to tempt him. Oh, thou subtle foe, how thou dost watch our weakest moments! May faith be on the alert for thy devices. It is worthy of notice, that Moses, previous to receiving the law from God, fasted forty days. Elijah also, the chief of prophets, also fasted the same time, before bearing testimony for the Lord of hosts; and now Christ, at the onset of His remarkable work on earth, *fasted forty days*. These circumstances are not without their significance, as connecting links in the great designs of a covenant God.

But, lastly, it was just before *Jesus entered on His public ministry*, that He was thus tempted. The fire of temptation must be passed through to make one an able minister of the Gospel. Depend upon it, beloved, the paucity of much of the preaching of the present day arises from the fact that untried soldiers are thrust into the battle, whose drill has been performed with the playthings of the world, instead of with the sword of the Spirit, the helmet of salvation, and the shield of faith. Oh, what an age of raw recruits it is; how few are the veterans in the service of the Lord. The college of trial is the best possible preparation for the ministry of the Word.

Christian, hast thou been *baptized by the Spirit of God*? Canst thou look back to the season of first love, when thou wast *full of the Spirit*? Didst thou *fast* many a long day for the bread of life? Art thou persuaded that the Lord has in some way or another said to thee, "Go work in my vineyard?" Then expect temptation; it will surely come; there is a needs-be for it, which after experience will make thee acknowledge. Pray for faith to overcome, and it will be assuredly given. And now think further of

THE NECESSITY FOR THE TEMPTATION.

"We have not an High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are." "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."—HEB. iv. 15; ii. 18.

And, beloved, the necessity for the temptation is seen first in its being *according to prophecy*, which fact we have recorded in the second reference to the Lord Jesus in the sacred Scriptures, viz.:—"And I will put enmity between thee (the serpent) and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel" (Gen. iii. 15). Satan should be permitted to strike the heel of Christ (his human nature), which was seen in the miseries, mockings, woundings, temptations which He endured, and especially in His agony upon the cross. It behoved Him thus to suffer; to permit the serpent to strike His heel. But, be it our consolation to know that Christ has crushed Satan's head, the seat of his strength, and now his power is only limited.

"He, spotless, innocent, and pure,
Our great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
Resisting unto blood."

But again, the necessity for the temptation of our Lord is seen in that *He became Man*; and therefore "tempted in all points like as we are," that He might be able to succour them that are tempted. Jesus became not a guilty Man, for He had committed no offence; but He became a Man under guilt, for He bore the sins of many. Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses; yea, He felt more than we can ever feel: for being the God-Man, He could see sin in

all its enormity and results, consequently His holy nature must have been as a repellent magnet; but with us there is a heart of corruption, the natural tendency of which is to draw, rather than to repel. Oh, what should we do without mighty restraining grace, and without a Saviour to flee to in our hours of temptation? What a mercy that He became Man—

“What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine;
My breaches of the law are His,
And His obedience mine.”

And then, the necessity for His temptation is also developed in the fact that *He came to overcome Satan*. “He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil” (1 John iii. 8). Which, blessed be His dear name, He did, as declared by the apostle Paul, “Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil;” and [oh, precious fact!] deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage” (Heb. ii. 15). Now, beloved, see we not the necessity for the temptation? It was to fulfil prophecy; it was that He might, by becoming Man, be able to succour them that are tempted; it was to destroy the works of the devil. Oh, join us in triumphing in His praise. And now, beloved, it behoves us to muse on

THE CHARACTER OF THE TEMPTATION.

The first feature of Satan’s craftiness was to tempt Jesus to *distrust the providence of God*. We read, “And when the tempter came to Him, he said, If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones may be made bread. But He answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” Our dear Lord, be it remembered, was hungry, and Satan, taking advantage of the weakness of the flesh, so likely to ensue from such a painful position, now tempts Him to turn the stones (which doubtless were strewed around) into bread. Thus would he make the time of felt need the occasion for unwarrantable and God-dishonouring action, and thereby prostrate faith at the very time it should be in exercise. Ah, beloved, when we are brought to felt emptiness, how often does Satan tempt to unlawful filling, and bid us take some step that would tarnish our characters and dishonour the name of Jesus. It should be ours to trust, let creature comforts be ever so low; and to recollect our extremity is God’s opportunity. Oh, what a standing example we have in our dear Lord’s reply, “It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” Oh, for grace to feel this! and when in our seasons of poverty Satan assaults, oh, to meet him with those two golden words—“Jehovah-Jireh.”

“Though troubles assail us,
And dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail us,
And foes all unite:

“Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide;
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.”

And then, beloved, the second feature in Satan’s wily movements is *the temptation to presumptuous action*. “Then the devil taketh Him up into the holy

city, and setteth Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto Him, If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down; for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The Eternal Father had declared, "This *is* my Son." Satan says, "*If Thou be.*" Beloved, beware of Satan's "*ifs.*" Do thou always meet them with a covenant God's declaration. The wily adversary says to Jesus, "Cast *Thyself* down." He does not—dare not—nay, *could not* cast the Saviour down himself. No, beloved, he had not power to do this. And herein is a most comforting fact for you and me in our onward pilgrimage, viz., Satan, who could not cast our dear Lord down, cannot cast us down. If we be cast down, which, alas! very frequently happens, it may spring from the difficulties of the way, the unkindness of friends, the felt dreariness when the Lord is absent; or, whatever else may be the cause, Satan is not, his power is limited; he may assault when we are down, but *he has no more power to cast us down than he has to cut us off.* This should greatly comfort us. So also should the passage which the devil quotes (for Satan knows the Bible well), "It is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone." Surely he has here outdone himself, and what he intended should lead to presumptuous action, must, if grace be given, lead to patient trusting. And now our dear Lord, drawing another quiver from the oracles of God, replies, "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Oh, Satan could not reply to this. He knew full well that Jesus was the God-Man. How the devil must laugh at those poor wretched characters found in this world, who dare to deny the Deity of our Saviour. Satan knew its truth; if he had not, and it was not so, what an opportunity for further assaulting: but, no, at the mention of the fact, he has not a word to say.

And now notice, beloved, the third feature in Satan's treacherous dealings is, *the temptation to earthly greatness.* "Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and saith unto Him, All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Here Satan displays his character as "the father of lies;" for the power and glory of all these kingdoms were not his to give, so that the arrogance of his assertion is devil-like. Beloved, did it ever strike you to call in question the insinuations of Satan against you? Sometimes he speaks too truly; when, for instance, he recounts your past sins: meet him then by acknowledging them all, and telling him, many as they are, it is written, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and defy him to find one sin that that "ALL" does not apply to: but at other times calmly analyze his assertion in the crucible of God's word, and you will find that he grossly perverts Scripture, and is "a liar from the beginning."

Well now, beloved, in surveying the features of Satan's devices, may the Lord give us grace ever to trust in a covenant God as a God of providence. May we never be tempted to presumptuous action; and, when riches increase or earthly fame offers, set not your heart thereon: better by far to be found among the lowly worshippers of the great God, who doeth all things well, and withholdeth no good thing from them that walk uprightly. "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

And now we come, lastly, to think of

THE TRIUMPH OVER TEMPTATION.

"Get thee hence, Satan. . . Then the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.—MATT. iv. 10, 11.

Throughout the temptation of our Lord in the wilderness, we should never forget *the weapon Jesus uses*, viz., the word of God. He does not use His Godhead power; this would have been to put a stumbling-block in the way of weak believers, because it would be using an irresistible influence which they do not possess. So our dear Lord wields the same weapon which weak ones can use in their hours of temptation, viz., the word of God, the sword of the Spirit; and with this He conquers. Beloved, when assaulted by Satan, let us never forget to use well the promises of a covenant God: let the hand of faith draw arrows from the Bible quiver, pointed with, "It is written," and Satan will become effectually wounded. How truthfully does John Bunyan describe a fearful combat between Apollyon and Christian:—"Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make an end of this good man. Christian nimbly reached out his hand for *his sword*, and caught it, saying, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall rise;' and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back as one that had received a mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, 'Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us.' And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings and sped away."

And then, beloved, we should never forget that all this temptation was enacted "*in the wilderness.*" It was no vision, as some have vainly attempted to show; but it was a fact, and a fact carried out on this earth of ours. Jesus was tempted in *the wilderness*, and Jesus overcame in the wilderness; obtaining a signal victory over Satan for all His blood-bought followers. Christian, thou wilt have to fight every step of the way to the promised inheritance, for Satan will dispute every inch of ground to the grave; but recollect, the Captain of thy salvation fought upon the same battle-field, and not merely fought, but conquered, and that for you.

And now, beloved, in conclusion, what are the results to you and to me of the temptation of our dear Lord in the wilderness? for everything He did was full with purpose, and always effected for the good of His people. We mention, 1st, It should embolden us to come to a throne of grace—"For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

"With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness,
His bosom melts with love.

"Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;

He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

"Then let our faith address,
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour."

And then, it should nerve us when Satan assaults; "For in that Jesus hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." Oh, may the eye of faith be directed to Him in our hours of temptation, who has passed through all before us, meeting Satan in the various aspects of his subtlety, and defeating him in his many devices. Cheer up, downcast one; Satan may assault, but he cannot prevail. You may—yea, will—have to wrestle, and suffer, and fight your way home. Still, though

"Against thee earth and hell combine,
Yet on thy side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is thine."

May He own and bless these few hints, causing them to be as a reviving cordial to some tempted one, and His own dear name shall have all the praise. Amen.

Bury St. Edmund's.

G. C.

ELDER ALLAN.

LIKE the Covenanters of old, his views were strongly Calvinistic. If any one holding opposite opinions regarding the much-disputed doctrine of election tried to draw him into controversy, Allan would generally cut short the argument by saying, "Well, there is ae thing I am sure o', and that is, if God had na chosen me, I would never ha'e chosen Him. It's a' very fine you're saying, friend, but I just dinna believe a word of it." Amongst the writings of the old divines, the works of the Ettrick minister held the chief place in his esteem: "Gi'e me the Bible and Boston," he would say, "then take what else you like." To the law and to the testimony he ever went to settle disputes or clear up doubtful points; and he would generally close all controversy with, "My good sir, it's neither what you say, or what I say, but what the word of God says." Once convinced a matter was right, then, whatever were the consequences, it must be done. Rather than part with his principles he would have parted with his life, and often would he tell of the time when for the sake of these principles he was sorely tried, though, by God's helping him, he was enabled to stand firm and conquer.

Leaving our service, he had been engaged as superintendent over a flourishing business in a neighbouring town. This employer, who regarded not the laws of the Almighty, sent a message one Sabbath morning requesting the attendance of Allan in his country house, to assist him in making up his books. "Tell Mr. Todd," said the brave man, "that I am his servant from Monday morning till Saturday midnight, but the Sabbath belongs neither to him nor me—it is the property of another Master, and I cannot spend it but as He chooses." And then he used to add, "This was one of the most trying days o' my life. My bairns were but small, and their mother far frae strong, wi' naething but my hands to maintain them. I kent if I was turned away frae this place without a character it would stand hard with us; but I didna hesitate. I saw before me, as if it were written in fire, 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy,' and I durstna disobey the command. We gaed that day to the kirk, but I did not get muckle gude o' the sermon, for the future was aye uppermost. However, at night, as little Rachel was sitting on my knee reading her Bible lesson, her wee bit finger pointing the word as she gaed along, she came to the verse in Chronicles where Joab tells to Abishai their duty, saying, 'Be of good courage, and let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people and the city of our God, and let the Lord do that which is good in His sight.' I started up and said, 'Now, bairns, that's a word for me; it shows me that I must do what is right, leaving the result to God.'"

To the honour of his master, be it said, far from dismissing him from his employment because of his faithfulness, he treated him ever after with marked respect, leaving him to spend the Sabbath hours as he thought best.

In consequence of a dispute with his landlord, the time came when Allan was

called to leave his pleasant place and cottage by the side of the stately river, and go forth among strangers, seeking another home. We were very sorrowful, and sympathized the more with him as he knew not in what direction to bend his steps. "Dinna mourn for me," he would say, when we talked upon the subject; "as ae door steeks, another opens; such has been, an' ever will be the case as lang as we are in this world; an' though for a wee while we have to grope our way in darkness, fear not—at evening time it shall be light; an' that is God's time." And so light did arise, guiding him to the forests of the far western world; and he was content.

POPEERY IN THE BUD.

"WHAT building is that?" was asked of a poor woman in the City of Dublin. Fire seemed to flash from her eye, and to the roots of her hair the colour mounted in her face, as she angrily replied, "And what do you mean?" Oh, said the female who stood next her, "She only axed what a clock it was?" I turned away in disgust at the angry spirit of the first speaker, and the dissimulation of the second. In fact, my sin in the eyes of the first speaker was that I should be such an ignorant wretch as not to know the building I inquired about was the Roman Catholic Chapel dedicated to the celebrated Jesuit, Francis Xavier, contemporary of Ignatius Loyola, and the fiery flying serpent who has left his trail in India to this day. Ignorance, filth, and vice are the unvarying accompaniments of Popery. In Switzerland, the Protestant and Popish Cantons are marked without any geographical limits, and boundary lines are seen by observant travellers, without having recourse to maps. The curse of a country is Popery. Once enslave the mind by its wily and anti-christian doctrines, and all liberal and educational advantages go for nothing. The sin that can be wiped off by the priest is of little importance; that is venial transgression which money liquidates. Mortal sin is of a higher class, requiring a larger sum, and the rites of the church, which money can purchase. In fact, Popery is a system of commerce. Salvation can be purchased by money, and this is the creed of many a stiff Protestant, many a true Orangeman, who drinks to the memory of William the Third and the Battle of the Boyne, but is a Papist in heart; and, on this ground, he believes in the doctrine of salvation by works. Not, indeed, buying heaven with money immediately from man, as the Papists do; but in their ignorance they bring a price in their hands to God. The Gospel doctrines of free grace are opposed to the nature of proud man. Sprung from Adam, he has become heir to his pride; and that says, You must come to God with something—your prayers, your good works, your faith, your repentances, your holiness—no matter which, but something you must bring. So Cain thought, and he brought the first-fruits of the earth—that earth which God had cursed when man fell. Now this is just as far as unregenerate man can go. He can offer God that which is cursed. He cannot go beyond that. Not so God's chosen, called, and living family; they offer God that which is blest—Abel's offering, the Lamb of God, Christ Jesus, "that taketh away sin."

Reader, do you know what it is to come to God as a feeling sinner, with the Lamb that God has blessed, Christ Jesus? Then you are blessed of God; you have been quickened by divine grace; you have been made to see yourself as a poor, destitute, bankrupt wretch, and that your good works and bad works are damnable alike. To you "Christ is precious;" His blood is precious, for it cleanses from all sin; His righteousness is precious, for it covers your filthy

back; His word is precious, for it tells you the good news of salvation; His voice is precious, for by it He speaks home the promises to your heart; His ordinances are precious, for through them He communicates with your soul: and all these are precious to you, because you are precious to God, loved with a dateless love. You have been made alive in Christ according to ancient settlement. It did not turn upon your nil or will, as old divines used to say; but when God's set time was come, called by grace you must be. Thus, Christ says in the book of Psalms, "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect [note—not imperfect], and in Thy book were all my members written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." Hence in the order of pre-appointed succession in the Church of God must all come into being, and in due time be regenerated (John iii. 3). So you, reader, if amongst these regenerated ones, have realized this blessing; not on the ground of works, not because you repented, prayed, believed; nothing of the kind, but because you were chosen of God, given to Christ, redeemed by blood, and born of the Spirit. Repentance, prayer, and faith, are the gifts of God which accompany life, and prove you to be one of His precious people, who shall be guarded, guided, and saved with an everlasting salvation. The divine sense of this in your soul, will lead to all holy obedience; but creature works have no place in salvation, further than as the proof and evidence that you have passed from death unto life, and therefore manifest the grace which teaches you to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present evil world."

JUST AS THOU WILT.

Just as Thou wilt—my Saviour King,
To Thee my all of heart I bring,
To Thee surrender ev'ry thing—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt—tho' not for me
The lot I once thought mine should be,
Soaring on fancy's pinion free—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt—tho' weakness, pain,
Disease recurring oft again,
The motions of my life restrain—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt—altho' life's task
Be not in fortune's smile to bask,
Or drink of mirthful pleasure's flask—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt—tho' Thou lay low,
The friends that gave to life glad glow,
And I bereavement's anguish know—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt—tho' I must keep
An untold sorrow, that will steep
Life's days in darkness ever deep—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt—I would not choose
My way, if Thine I should refuse;
Bedminster.

Most losing *mine*, then *least* I lose—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt—oh! sweetest hour,
When by the Spirit's gracious pow'r
My heart can say, tho' dark skies lour—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt, O Ship, to ride
O'er tribulation's foaming tide,
Secure, tho' foaming billows chide—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt, O Dove, to bring
An olive-leaf of peace, and sing
Soft notes of love's own whispering—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt, O fragrant Flow'r,
Fair blooming in redemption's bow'r,
Smiling in sunshine and in show'r—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt—sweet grace! to me
Give Thou this gift, and I to Thee
Will grow and climb unceasingly—
Just as Thou wilt.

Just as Thou wilt—for "Peace, be still,"
Such is Thy word of holy will,
The troubled breast with calm to fill—
Just as Thou wilt.

THE HIGH PRIEST.

A SERMON PREACHED IN ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BEDMINSTER, BY THE REV. D. A. DOUDNEY, JUN., B.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, DENTON HOLME, CARLISLE.

"Seeing then that we have a great High priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession."—HEB. iv. 14.

ONE of the most interesting and instructive studies which can engage our attention is to examine into the manner in which the most remarkable persons and events of the Old Testament times prefigured or represented the Person and work of Christ.

It was well remarked by an old Welsh minister, "From every town and village, and from every little hamlet in England, wherever it may be, there is a road to the metropolis—to London; so, from every text in scripture there is, as it were, a road to Christ, the great subject of all the Scriptures." The end and object of the whole Bible is to set forth Christ, to exhibit Him in the beauty of His Person, in the sweetness of His character, and in the perfection and completeness of His atonement. This was the theme which the patriarchs delighted to dwell upon, when, confessing themselves to be but "strangers and pilgrims," they walked in close communion with their God, and looked forward to a "better country, even a heavenly;"—this was the story which the Psalmist loved to tell, as he anticipated not only the time and circumstances connected with our Lord's first coming, but even some of His actions and words;—and this was the chief subject of the prophets in later times, as they looked forward, not only to our Lord's first appearance in humility, but also to His second coming in the glory of His Father and of the holy angels. So with regard to the rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic dispensation—the passover, the daily sacrifice, the great day of atonement, the scapegoat, the high priest, the service of the tabernacle—what were they all intended to represent but Christ, the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world?"

In our text we have mentioned one of the most interesting of these subjects, viz., the high priest of the Jewish dispensation; we shall endeavour therefore to consider him as a type of Christ, and we shall see how he represented to the Israelites of old, and through them now represents to us, Christ's glorious Person and work.

In opening out this subject, we shall consider it in a threefold point of view, and contemplate:—

I.—The high priest's Dedication to his office.

II.—The Dress which he wore.

III.—The Duties which he had to perform.

I.—The High Priest's DEDICATION.—How was this accomplished? When a high priest was to be set apart to the service of God, he was brought (if we take Aaron as an example) to the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and there he was washed in the laver which stood between the door of the tabernacle and the altar of burnt-offering. This was to signify the purity and holiness which ought to adorn his life and character in the discharge of the duties of his sacred office, and also the thorough cleansing which he must undergo ere he entered upon it. You remember how this part of the dedication was fulfilled in the case of our Lord and His ministry, for, at its very opening, in order, as He said, that He might "fulfil all righteousness," He went to John the Baptist, and was baptized by him in the river Jordan.

After the washing, the high priest was arrayed in the holy garments (respecting which we shall speak more particularly presently), and then he was anointed with the holy oil. This oil was poured upon the top of his head, and "ran down" (as we are told in the 133rd Psalm) "to his beard, and even to the skirts of his clothing." It signified that he was now entirely consecrated or devoted to the service of the tabernacle. All his talents, all his powers, were to be henceforth dedicated to this one object. This pouring on of oil was a very ancient custom in the dedication of any thing or person to a particular purpose; thus, Jacob, at Bethel, poured oil upon the stone which he had used for a pillow, to signify the consecration, as it were, of that place to God, because God had met with him there; so, by the same ceremony, kings and prophets were set apart to their offices. But how was our Lord anointed? He was anointed with the anointing of the Holy Spirit, as He said in the synagogue of Nazareth, quoting from the prophecy of Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor," &c. This oil, then, with which the high priest was anointed, represents to us the Holy Spirit. Christ was anointed with the Holy Spirit even before His birth, according to the declaration of the angel to His mother; but He was more especially so at His baptism, when the Holy Spirit descended upon Him in the form of a dove, and abode upon Him.

This anointing oil possessed several peculiar qualities: in the first place, it was very precious, being made of the most costly and valuable spices.—So may the graces and influences of the Holy Spirit be said to be precious. In looking around us, and closely scrutinizing the characters of our fellow men, how little evidence can we perceive of those graces and influences; we are obliged to acknowledge that they are not common or earthly, but that they are partially bestowed and heavenly. This holy oil or ointment also gave forth a delicious perfume; wherever it was it filled the whole place with its sweet and agreeable fragrance.—So with the graces and influences of the Spirit, wherever they are they very quickly exhibit themselves by the sweet perfume, as it were, which they give forth. Contemplate them, *e.g.*, in our Lord; see how they were exhibited in Him. Every beautiful trait of character which it is possible to conceive of shone forth in Him. Even His earthly judge declared that he "found no fault in Him;" His Father from heaven proclaimed, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" and the Church on earth responds, "He is the chiefest amongst ten thousand," and "the altogether lovely." It is the fragrance of His Spirit, as it were, which makes Him appear such. And surely, dear brethren, if we profess to be the children of God, "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ," somewhat of those graces and influences—the graces and influences of Christ's Spirit—ought to be exhibited in us. Surely they ought to be seen in the sweetness of our dispositions, in our slowness to wrath, in our readiness to forgive injuries, in the unfeigned love which we feel towards our Lord and Master, and in that love as exhibited in the charity which we manifest to those around us. Would to God that more of this spirit of love was seen in us! Would to God that "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance," were more plainly exhibited in the walk and conversation of all those who "profess and call themselves Christians." Thirdly, this holy oil was inimitable; it was impossible to counterfeit it, or at least, if any one attempted to do so, the attempt was immediately punished with death. Neither can we, without serious injury to ourselves, imitate or counterfeit the work of God's Holy Spirit in our hearts. If God begins a good

work in us, He will carry it on and complete it to the day of redemption, but, if we make merely a profession of vital religion, without experiencing its regenerating and saving power, we shall run the risk both of destroying ourselves, and perhaps others with ourselves.

Next, we come to consider the last part of the dedication of the high-priest,—the offering up of a sacrifice. This sacrifice consisted of a bullock and two rams. The attendant priests laid their hands upon the heads of the animals, slew them, and then sprinkled the blood of one of the rams upon the tip of the high priest's right ear, the thumb of his right hand, and the great toe of his right foot. Thus an atonement was made for the high priest. It was absolutely necessary that all his sins should be atoned for ere he entered upon the service of the tabernacle; because in fulfilling the duties of that service he would have to enter into the immediate presence of God, and he could not do this and live, unless that, by the substitution of the life of some innocent victim for his own, an atonement had been made for him. His ear even, the instrument by means of which he was to receive the messages which God intended to be conveyed to His people Israel, was to be sprinkled with blood, and so also his hand and his foot wherewith he was to perform the duties of his office. So, dear brethren, must it be with us. If we are ever to become priests to God, and permitted to engage in the services of the spiritual temple in the New Jerusalem above, we must be "sprinkled from an evil conscience" by the application of the Redeemer's precious blood—that blood which "speaketh better things than that of Abel." In the case of our Lord, this part of the high priest's dedication was not exactly fulfilled, because He had no sins of His own to be atoned for

Such, then, being the dedication of the high priest to his office, we shall consider,

II.—The DRESS which he wore.—It is described as being "holy, glorious, and beautiful." Why was it so? Probably, primarily that his office might be magnified, that he might be evidently superior in position to the other priests, and highly esteemed by the people; but, secondarily, that he might in some measure adequately represent the beauty, the glory, and the holiness of Christ.

The high priest wore several garments in common with the other priests; these we need not particularly notice, but I shall direct your attention to four articles of his dress which were peculiar to him as high priest, viz., the robe of the ephod, the ephod itself, the breastplate, and the mitre, with the coronet or crown of gold upon it.

First, the robe of the ephod.—This was a long garment woven of blue linen, all in one piece, and reached down to the feet of the high priest. It was ornamented at the bottom with a fringe, made of small balls of yarn, in the form of pomegranates, and interspersed with little golden bells. These bells were intended to give notice of the approach of the high priest amongst the people, and especially when he went into the holy place to offer incense, so that the people who were in the outer court of the tabernacle, being aware of it, might at the same time offer up their prayers, and so present them conjointly with his. This robe of the ephod will, of course, remind you of the robe which our Lord wore when He was upon earth, and which was woven, we are told, of one piece throughout. And especially may it remind us of that perfect seamless robe of His righteousness, which shall be "unto all and upon all them that believe."

After the robe of the ephod came the ephod itself, which was a much shorter garment, very beautiful, made of gold, blue, purple, scarlet, and fine twined linen worked together. It was bound round the waist by a curious girdle,

made of the same material, and had two shoulder-pieces, which were fastened upon the high priest's shoulders by two onyx-stones. These onyx-stones were set in ouches or sockets of gold, and had engraved upon them the names of all the tribes of the people of Israel, six on one stone and six on the other. So set, they are supposed to have represented the entire Church of God, divided into two portions, the Gentile and the Jewish, both being equally precious, and both borne upon the shoulders of Christ. They were called "stones of memorial," and were intended to act as such when the high priest entered into the most holy place, so that God, as He looked down from His throne in heaven, might be reminded of the persons for whom the high priest came there to intercede. Just as in the case of Noah, the rainbow in the cloud was intended to be a token of the covenant which God had made with all mankind, that He might be put in remembrance of it—so with these "stones of memorial" upon the high priest's shoulders, they were to act as tokens or remembrances of the covenants and promises which God had made with His people Israel, so that He might be interceded with on their behalf.

Thirdly, the high priest wore a breastplate.—It was fastened to the ephod upon his breast, and was made of the same material as the ephod itself, of gold, blue, purple, and scarlet needlework. It had upon it golden settings for twelve precious stones, which were securely fastened into these settings, and had engraved upon each of them one of the names of the tribes of Israel. The breastplate was also by four golden rings attached to its corners, and by chains of gold, and cords of blue lace, fastened to the onyx-stones on the shoulders and to the ephod. The twelve precious stones were distributed into four rows, three in each row; so placed, they represented the whole family of believers, the spiritual Israel of God.

Let us contemplate the different points of coincidence. The stones were all named and expressly selected by God Himself; not one came there by chance, but each and all by Divine command and intention. Is it not so also with their representatives, believers? Who amongst them has become a believer by chance? Have they not each been named expressly and selected by Jehovah? Are not their names recorded in the Lamb's book of life? Are they not a "chosen generation," "chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before Him in love?" Most assuredly so. The stones on the breastplate were also all of value; they were all "precious" stones. So are believers. They are said to be God's "jewels" (Mal. iii. 17); His "special treasure" (margin); they are said to be "loved with an everlasting love," and to be "bought with a price." These stones, too, differed from each other in quality and appearance, although they were all found beside each other, placed together in harmonious unity. So with the children of God; they differ in many respects—in colour, language, gifts, inclinations, birth-place, position; scarcely are two of them alike in all particulars—and yet they are every one loved with the same love, and engraven upon the same heart. As each stone had its own particular place in the breastplate, so have they in the bosom of Christ, and in the glorious mansions which He is preparing for them. What a wonderful company will the redeemed in glory be! Some from "all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues;" some from the ice-bound shores of Greenland, some from the burning deserts of Africa, some from the barbarous Scythians and South Sea Islanders, some from the polished Greeks and Romans, some from nations who have long since passed away, and some from every modern nation under heaven; and yet, all one in Christ, all washed in the same "Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness,"

all clothed in the same perfect robe of righteousness, all inhabiting the same glorious mansions, and forming one Church, one spiritual temple, one holy nation, one royal priesthood.

These stones, again, were *securely fixed* in their several places. Set in golden sockets, they could not be easily shaken out or removed. Everything about them betokened security. Is it not so with God's children? They are said to be "stablished" in Christ, "stablished, strengthened, settled;" "no man shall pluck them out of their Father's hand;" He "keepeth the feet of His saints," "lest any should hurt them," He keepeth His people "night and day." What a comforting thought is this to the believer! Once in Christ—in Christ for ever. Once "bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord our God," we can never be shaken out or removed; we shall be safe for time and for eternity. This same truth also is taught us in reference to the breastplate itself. It was suspended from the shoulder (the emblem or seat of power) and fastened to the breast or heart of the ephod on the high priest (the emblem or seat of the affections). So believers in Christ are fastened, as it were, to the strong affections of His heart, and sustained by His Almighty power. Just as a mother upholds her little infant in her arms, which is entirely dependent for its safety on her holding it securely, so has God assured His people that "underneath them are the everlasting arms;" and that although a "woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion upon the son of her womb, yet will He not forget them." What then can really injure them? "Tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Life or death, angels, principalities, powers, things present, or things to come?" "Nay, but in all these things they shall be more than conquerors through Him who hath loved them."

The breastplate was also called the "breastplate of judgment," and the high priest was commanded to wear it before the Lord "continually." Now, the word "judgment," generally signifies the expression of opinion upon any subject; and by the instrumentality of this breastplate of judgment, or by means of the Urim and Thummim contained in it, the high priest was enabled to decide in the most perfect manner respecting any subjects of difficulty which the people of Israel brought before him, and to give them infallible answers to the questions which they proposed to him. Have you not often desired that you were possessed of a similar privilege? Have you not frequently wished that there was some one to whom you could go in your every case of doubt and perplexity—a high priest whose wisdom was perfect, and who was able to give you the best advice and most certain answers? Such a high priest you may possess in the Person of Jesus. Are you in a state of difficulty and perplexity? Go and tell Jesus so. Does your pathway appear hedged up before you, and fears and anxieties seem almost to overwhelm you? Go and tell Jesus so. Tell Him everything; lay your case simply and unreservedly before Him. Ask for His advice and direction; ask Him to make His own way—the right and correct way—plain before you; and be assured that you cannot do so in vain; your difficulties will be removed, your perplexities will disappear, your fears will be quieted, and you will "go on your way with rejoicing," and with your "countenance no more sad."

The last part of the high priest's dress which we shall notice is the mitre. This mitre was a long piece of linen rolled up in the form of a turban, and was worn by all the other priests, only in a somewhat different shape; upon this mitre was placed a golden coronet or crown, with the words engraved on the front, קדש ליהוה—"holiness to the Lord." This coronet the high priest was

instructed to wear whenever he entered into the tabernacle, and he was to do this on account of "the iniquity of the holy things of the children of Israel, that it might be forgiven them." This exactly represents what Christ is to God the Father on behalf of His believing people. He, our great High Priest, stands in the presence of the Father, bearing upon His brow, as it were, engraved those expressive words, "Holiness to the Lord;" and this is for us, it is on account of the iniquity of our most holy things, that it may be forgiven us. What a blessed thought is this! Who is there amongst us who has not continually mourned over the imperfection and iniquity of his most holy things? Who is there of us who has not even now constantly to lament the coldness and indifference of his prayers, the feebleness and lukewarmness of his praises? Have we not all cause to confess with the good Bishop of our Church, that our "very tears need washing, and our prayers need praying over?" Is this our lamentation? Let us contemplate then this glorious fact, that "there is forgiveness with God that He may be feared," even with regard to the imperfection of our most perfect services, for whilst Jesus, our risen and ascended High Priest, stands before Him, the iniquity of our most holy things, through His holiness and through His perfect obedience, is put away.

These are precious truths, dear brethren, but whether they are precious to us personally, must depend upon our realization of them—the realization that we are personally interested in them. If we can realize our interest in them, then let them be increasingly to us the joy and rejoicing of our hearts, the means of establishing, strengthening, and building us up in our most holy faith.

III. Thirdly and briefly, we must consider the high priest's DUTIES. These were chiefly three, viz., offering sacrifice daily, and especially on the great day of atonement; presenting incense; making intercession.

Firstly, the high priest had to offer the daily sacrifice, and the great sacrifice once a year on the day of atonement. So the Lord Jesus hath wrought out and made a complete atonement by His own death and sacrifice for the sins of every one who believes in Him. "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." "By Him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses."

Secondly, the high priest had continually to offer incense at the mercy-seat. So also does Christ continually offer incense at the mercy-seat of God, even the prayers of His people. Do you think of this, dear brethren, when you approach the throne of grace? Do you remember that when you pray in faith you do not present your petitions yourself alone to God the Father—that "high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity"—but that they are presented through your merciful and gracious High Priest, through Him who sympathizes with you in all your sorrows, and who is Himself "touched with the feeling of your infirmities!" With what boldness, then, ought you to come unto the throne of grace, that you may "obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Thirdly, the high priest had to make intercession. So Christ is now making intercession at the right hand of the throne of God. A beautiful illustration of this is given to us in ancient history: an Athenian, named Æchylus, was strongly accused of a capital crime which he had committed, and the judges were about to condemn him to death. There, in a crowded court, stood the guilty prisoner, awaiting the sentence which was about to be passed on him; suddenly a movement is observed amongst the crowd—a man is seen making his way through the court—he comes and stands up before the judges. This was the criminal's brother, a soldier, who had performed great services for his country, received many scars and wounds, and especially had lost his right hand. He now stands

in the centre of the court, confronts his brother and the judges, and, without speaking a word, throws aside his cloak, and raises his handless right arm before them. The judges are for a moment speechless from emotion; they think of the services this man had rendered to them; they think of how often he had risked his life for them, for their hearths, and for their homes; and then they turn to the guilty prisoner, and tell him that not for his own sake, but for the sake of his brother, he is acquitted and pardoned. Just so is it in the case of our blessed Redeemer, our great High Priest; He stands before the throne as "a Lamb which had been slain" (Rev. v. 6), and as He stands, the marks of the thorns on His brow, the wounds in His hands, His feet, His side, become visible, and join in mute but powerful eloquence in His intercession for His people. Oh, delightful—oh, comforting and blessed thought!—"He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Yes, dear brethren, we "have a great High Priest, Jesus, the Son of God, who is passed into the heavens." Seeing, then, that such is the case—what is our duty?—to "*hold fast our profession.*" Let us not be wavering, unsteadfast believers, "tossed about with every wind of doctrine." Let us not be trembling believers, fearful of coming storms and imaginary dangers—but, grounded upon the Rock of Ages, resting upon the glorious truths of the everlasting Gospel, trusting in the covenant verities of an unchangeable Jehovah—"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."

Ere long the clouds and shadows, the mists and darkness, which now obscure our pilgrim-pathway shall have been removed; we shall see not as "through a glass darkly," but "face to face;" we shall know, not merely in part, but "even as we are known." God grant that then, being found worthy, through the perfect atonement, the spotless righteousness, and the all-prevailing intercession of our great High Priest, we may be permitted to join the "general assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven," and to mingle our praises with that "multitude whom no man can number," who, "clad in white robes and with palms in their hands, stand before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

(Continued from p. 267.)

Nor long after this assembly for testimony, H——'s benefactress went to Bangor, and, at the approach of winter, I returned to the neighbourhood of London, taking the first opportunity to revisit H——. Though reduced to a mere shadow, he was still alive, and filled with an ardent wish to see once more the person to whom, next to the Lord Jesus, he said, he owed the salvation of his soul. But he had to give up all hope of seeing her again in this world, for she was still detained out of town.

On a certain Lord's-day about the beginning of November, I came up from the country to the Euston Room, having on the previous Thursday seen H——, who did not appear worse than usual. To my astonishment, just as the service was about to begin, H——'s friend made her appearance, having travelled from Bangor on the previous day, not, however reaching London till eleven at night. After the meeting, the first question was, "Is H—— alive?" "Yes," was the reply; "I saw him on Thursday, without any symptoms of immediate dissolution." "Shall you see him to-day?" "Yes; I am going to him directly." "Then, say I am here, wish much to see him, but, fatigued with a long journey

will defer my visit till to-morrow." As these words fell from her lips, a person said, "Here is a boy wants to speak to you." Up came H——'s son, a lad of thirteen, who said, "Mother hopes you will come to her to-day; she is in such trouble, for father is dead—died on Friday!" For a moment we were struck dumb. The Lord had taken him. The Lord's will be done! With elastic presence of mind, our sister immediately said, "Persuade Mrs. H—— to go to-night and hear Carter preach at the Victoria Theatre, which is not far from where she lives. It will take off her attention from her calamity, and the Lord may give her soul a blessing. Say I will come to her to-morrow." Away I went, and found the poor woman alive in her comfortless garret, the corpse being still in the bed where the man died, the widow and children having, through the kindness of a neighbour, found a temporary asylum at night in an adjacent apartment. I gazed on the dust that was to return to dust, and marvelled at the serene repose which illuminated the features of the outer man, after the inner man had departed to be with Christ. Having for some time condoled with the bereaved, the preaching was mentioned, and she promised to go; but, in her affliction, the tone was so half-hearted, that I hardly thought she would. I left now to return by train to my own home, ten miles from London; but, when I reached the Strand, the Lord laid such a weight upon me, that I could scarce walk. It was plain I was to remain in town, yet I knew not for what purpose.

Still waiting on the Lord till six o'clock, it was impressed on me to go to the Victoria Theatre. Arrived at the Victoria, I made my way to the dress circle, and eventually found myself ensconced in a stage box, *solus*. The box-keeper (one of the converts) charged me not to open the door (fastened on the inside) to any knock but his, which was a smart treble rap, with intervals. To many an urgent appeal did I turn a deaf ear. The service was on the point of commencing, and apparently I was destined to pass the evening alone, when the unmistakable "open sesame" was heard. The bolt was immediately withdrawn, and lo! to my amazement, the box-keeper ushered into the box my friend, with Mrs. H——, and closed the door upon us! When the *éclaircissement* came, I found that after her return from Euston Room to her own abode, it was so laid on her heart to conduct Mrs. H—— to the preaching, that she abandoned all idea of rest, and, when the time arrived, drove to the widow, and prevailed upon her to come to the theatre, which she would not otherwise have done, for the half-formed resolve had wholly evaporated. Carter read the 11th chapter of John, and spoke chiefly from the words, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (verse 25). There was nothing in the discourse that particularly struck my mind, though all was in harmony with truth; but almost every word went home to the soul of Mrs. H——.

When the preaching was over, our friend left the box to assist in speaking to anxious inquirers in the pit. The Lord Almighty accompanies the preaching of His servant Carter with so much power, confirming the word with signs following, that to a certainty souls are born to God at every service. Instead of leaving those whose hearts are touched to shift for themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and other believers, descend into the pit to converse with the anxious, who are gathered from all parts of the house. In this way quickened sinners have opportunity to state their difficulties, which, by the blessing of the Lord, are often removed during these colloquial and friendly services—peace and joy in believing, by the power of the Holy Ghost, being brought into the soul. While our friend was engaged in this labour of love, Mrs. H—— and I were left alone

for an hour or so. She, poor soul, appeared lost in thought, and my own mind was soon carried away from the present to the past, so that I became unconscious she was there. It was vividly brought to my recollection that, many years before, when under deep conviction of sin, and inwardly one of the most wretched beings out of hell, a worldly uncle of mine came to town, went the round of the theatres (places I never cared to go to), and took me to the Victoria. While he laughed at the antics of the actors, I groaned; or if, in spite of heart-sorrow, a laugh was extorted by some grotesque absurdity, it was after the fashion of that personage in "Paradise Lost," "who grinned horribly a ghastly smile." What a flood of silent adoration ascended to the Lord Jesus, as I contrasted the *then* state of my soul with the *present*. *Then* I was in the kingdom of Satan—*now* in the kingdom of God! Amazing change! Unutterable love!

My reverie was broken by the voice of Mrs. H——. She, too, had been led back to the past by the Spirit of the Lord, and made to remember that about a year ago she accompanied her deceased husband to that same theatre to see a farce—the poor man being tipsy! and she pointed to the spot in the pit where they sat. She remarked that Carter's text was the one that had been used to assure her husband of his own salvation, or something equivalent. Soon after this visit to the playhouse, sickness smote him, and within the year the Lord in mercy changed his heart, gave him to realize his interest in the precious blood of Jesus, and removed him to glory! Such is grace!—such the God of all grace! "who so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And such the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, "who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time" (1 Tim. ii. 6). I was struck with the coincidence between the text applied to the husband and that given to the widow, as well as with the singular fitness of the whole chapter to her circumstances. Nor was I less impressed with the marvellous way of the Lord in bringing me, by so mysterious an agency, to hear the widow's tale, and to be reminded *in that spot* of the stupendous change His love had wrought in my once despairing soul.

We had just ended our conversation when our friend returned, and, with affectionate and indefatigable zeal in the Master's service, although it was now ten o'clock, set off, before she retired to her own home, to carry back the widow to her lodgings. I hastened to the station for the late train, and reached my house about midnight, to the great relief of my wife, who, not unnaturally, feared some accident had befallen me. Accustomed for many years to fall asleep in Jesus in the wilderness, this night my sleep was wonderfully sweet and refreshing; nor did I feel fatigue on the morrow, although, with a frail tabernacle, I had been on the wing sixteen hours in a bleak November day; so true is Paul's experience, "I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me," to whom be glory evermore!

This was my first, but not my last appearance at the Victoria Theatre; for afterwards I went often, and thus know, from personal observation and experience, that theatre services are not the devil's work, or delusions of Satan, as some choose to say, but God's wonderful and novel expedient, in these latter days, for the in-gathering of elect vessels of mercy, and for the advancement of His kingdom and glory.

Scores have been brought to Christ, and I have conversed with many who gave so good a reason for the hope that was in them, that I can no more doubt their salvation than I can my own. The Euston Room has lately been closed,

and the meetings are now held at No. 28, Tottenham Place, Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Carter has for some time been wholly transferred to the Victoria Hall, Friars Street, Blackfriars Road, where about 500 communicants, selected from his theatre converts, assemble for worship every Lord's-day morning. A wonderful sight! The Lord's work, of a truth! Man cannot help; man cannot hinder; but man may get a severe rebuke for despising and classing God's work with the operations of the prince of darkness. "O fools, and slow of heart to believe" (Luke xxiv. 25), is a divine reprimand, which, brought home with power, upbraids disciples with "unbelief and hardness of heart" (Mark xvi. 14), and is deserved when they make the narrow circle of their faith the limit of God's love; their shallow thoughts the measure of His wisdom; their morbid experience a standard for all; and restrain Omnipotence to what has been done, instead of expanding it to what God has promised to do; forgetting that it is written by a pen whose finest hair-stroke is an eternal decree immoveable as a mountain of adamant: "It shall come to pass in the last days, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy (preach), and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy. . . . And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts ii. 17—21).

Truly,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

H—— is allowed to die without seeing the benefactress of his soul. She, desiring equally to see him, is kept at a distance till after his departure. The Lord, however, brings her to town in time to take the widow to hear a sermon that came home to her soul. I, hindered returning home, am brought to the theatre to meet these two persons, who as little expected to see me as I did them. In the morning I said I would not go, so said my friend; and the widow would not have left her abode but for the machinery put in motion, to bring her forth. "They who watch a providence, shall never want a providence to watch." It is the privilege and pleasure of the heirs of glory to see their Lord's hand in the arranging of events, and to discover much that kindles reverential admiration in circumstances which the man of this world assigns to the agency of what he calls "chance." "What I do ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter," is inscribed on many an incident in the pilgrimage of the children of God on earth. Here they walk by faith, and not by sight; content to leave the solution of mysteries to their Father's time. Their present duty and delight being to mark His hand in every occurrence, to "work while it is day" with the strength Christ imparts, and to leave the issue to infinite love, infinite wisdom, infinite power.

After the removal of her husband Mrs. H—— was laid on a sick bed for nine weeks, and during this period, being often on my mind in prayer, the following lines were suggested, which have already appeared in print in a small volume of verse entitled "A Bouquet of Love for an Heir of Glory,"*

"He's gone to his home, in the glory above,
Bright angel and seraphim bend to him now;
A son of Jehovah, whose nature is love,
Redeemed by the blood of the thorn-mangled brow.

* Published by W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street, London.

- "In sin was he born as a lost son of Eve;
In sin might have perished with millions in hell;
But Jesus passed by, and cried, 'Sinner, oh, live!
Thy Saviour, I come in thy bosom to dwell.
- "Thy sins, though they stand in terrific array,
Were purged on the Cross by my agonies deep;
Thou art clean every whit, for I am the Way,
The Truth, and the Life, to my own chosen sheep.
- "My Father so loved thee, He gave me to die;
I hastened my Life for thy ransom to give;
The Spirit loved, too, so we stooped to pass by,
And quicken thee, dead one, in glory to live."
- "Such, such is the work of the God of all Grace;
The ruined, the wretched, He saves by His blood,
And brings them as sinless to gaze on the face
Of Jehovah, the holy and sin-hating God.
- "How precious that Blood in the counsels divine!
The guilty with glory it brilliantly paints—
Yea, washes so pure, that exalted they shine
Supreme over angels enthroned with the Saints.
- "And shall we not praise our adorable Christ,
Who perished that we might be saved by His death?
We praise Him below, and in glory the Highest,
His praise is the song of all things that have breath.
- "Away, then, with tears; shall we weep for the soul
That's gone to the blessedness soon we shall reach?
One sigh for our sorrows that still thickly roll;
For him let thanksgiving and praise be our speech.
- "Yet, ah! there is one by this Saint left behind,
The bone of his bone, and the flesh of his flesh;
What balsam can solace the wound in her mind,
Which Memory opens still bleeding afresh?
- "The Visioned One reigning in glory can heal,
His flesh and His blood are a balsam indeed!
Each pang hath He felt that the desolate feel;
He hath bled, and can succour sad bosoms that bleed.
- "Fly, fly, then, O fly to the throne of His grace,
And pour out thy sorrows, poor Weary One, there;
He will answer thy plaint with a sight of His face,
And whisper down Blessing in echo to prayer.
- "The Widow is dear to His kind loving heart;
Thy Maker thy Husband, lone mourner, shall be;
With songs in the night will He comfort impart,
And bid thee by day, 'Cast thy care upon me.'
- "He has wonders to show to the Soul that He weds,
Which only are learnt in the Waters and Fires;
Hand in hand with the timid the Ocean he treads,
And succours the faint ere their faith quite expires.
- "Then watch for Him, Widow, by day and by night,
Let the posts of His door be thy waiting-place still;
The floods of thy sorrow will turn to delight;
And thy spirit rejoice in His most Holy will,"

THE JEWISH WITNESS FOR JESUS.

(Continued from page 275.)

I HAD many times read the account of the brazen serpent, but had never understood its spiritual import before, nor perceived that it was the forgiving love of God that healed the poor Israelite, when his veins were filled with the poison of the serpent, and his soul defiled with the poison of sin. When utterly unable to help himself, the free mercy of God provided a remedy; and the poor sinner, whose body was in danger of death, and whose soul was in danger of everlasting punishment for his rebellion against God, had only to look at this serpent lifted up, and he was immediately healed. Christ here declared, that what the brazen serpent was to the wounded Israelite, He is to the perishing sinner who feels that he is guilty before God.

This doctrine was so new and strange to me, that, instead of at once perceiving that it was just such a remedy as I needed, and entreating God to show me if all this were true indeed, I became more agitated and distressed, and feared that if I continued to read this book I should be led away from the religion of my fathers. I therefore resolved to lay aside the New Testament, and devote myself to the study of Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms. I felt that I never hitherto studied the Bible with a desire to know what God therein taught me as an individual, to learn what He would have me think, and feel, and do. I had only read the explanations of the different commentators, and whatever they said respecting it I took for granted to be the truth. But I now felt that this implicit confidence in man, in a matter of such infinite importance as that of knowing what God requires of me, is hazardous and unwise; and I felt how misplaced such confidence was in the present case, when I remembered how frequently these commentators differed from each other. The revealed word of God was not meant to be kept as a hidden mystery, but was given to all Israel, that every individual might learn from it that which concerns his eternal welfare. I therefore began to study the Bible with views and feelings very different from any I had experienced before. I now viewed the Scriptures not as a record of historical events, nor as the authoritative standard of Jewish law and theology, but as a portion of the mind of God, which He has graciously revealed for my instruction; a revelation of His will, with which He sees it good that I should be acquainted.

I felt that my own condition was precisely that of Adam and Eve when they sought to hide themselves from the presence of the Lord: I was in a state of alienation from the Being by whose mighty influence I was ever surrounded, and I felt that they and I needed one and the same remedy—even perfect reconciliation with this omnipotent and omnipresent Being—the great, the mighty, the terrible God.

I was much struck with the circumstantial manner in which God has seen fit to detail what He said to the serpent, to the woman, and to the man. When I considered how completely every word pronounced against the man and woman has been fulfilled, I thought it certain that every word spoken to the serpent must have as full an accomplishment; and that as surely as the word of the living God is true, so surely shall the seed of the woman—shall some descendant of the woman—"bruise the head" of Satan; that is, shall undo the evil which he has wrought in the creation of God. The question that then naturally occurred was, "What must the seed of this woman do in order to restore man

to the state of happiness which he lost by the fall?" And the obvious answer was, "He must bring back the alienated heart of man again to rest his affections on God as the supreme good; He must so exhibit the love of God to man as to draw forth man's love in return. And the love He must now reveal is love of a higher kind than that of mere complacency in a holy Being, such as we may suppose God to have felt towards unfallen man; it must be a love that can, with consistency to the perfect holiness of God, be extended towards guilty and rebellious creatures." But here a difficulty arose: if this seed of the woman be merely one of the fallen race to whom this new revelation of love is to be made, if He is one of the alienated and rebellious sinners, how is He first to be raised out of this state? where and how is He to acquire a knowledge of this forgiving love of God? Must He not be an intermediate person—an Umpire—"who can lay His hands upon both" (Job ix. 33)? It was impossible to conceal from myself that I was portraying the character which Jesus of Nazareth assumed to Himself. In spite of my struggles against them, these convictions irresistibly forced themselves on me. Man is a fallen creature; his heart is by nature alienated from God; he cannot recover himself from this state of alienation; the promised seed of the woman must be a Mediator between God and man; He must partake of the nature of both, and yet He must not partake of the sin of man. And how can all this be, except by—I shrank from adding—the incarnation of Deity in man; for I saw at a glance where this admission would land me.

Though I had thrown aside the New Testament, I could not get rid of the light I had acquired from it; it seemed to shed a radiance on every line of the Pentateuch which I was now studying, making that clear which was before dark and mysterious, giving order and consistency to what had formerly appeared arbitrary and unconnected. It cannot be denied that the explanations of modern Judaism with regard to the sacrifices are far from satisfactory. Long before their appointment as a portion of the Jewish economy, even from the days of Abel downwards, they formed the chief part of outward worship. Why did a God of mercy command His creatures to imbrue their hands in the blood of an innocent animal, and why was the sprinkling of blood a means of purification? "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11). Yet surely the blood of bulls and goats could not do this, unless it were connected with something of a higher and spiritual character. I was forced to confess that the view taken by Christians of the design and meaning of sacrifices is at least consistent and plausible, and more suited to the prominent part they held in the ancient Jewish religion than the vague notions of modern Jews on the subject. What were the sacrifices to do for Israel, or to teach them? Whatsoever benefit accrued from them when offered, are we not now deprived of that benefit? In the days of old, the high priest confessed the sins of the children of Israel, "and put them on the head of the goat," which carried them away into the wilderness (Lev. xvi. 21, 22); but who carries away our sin now?

These and many other reflections were suggested to my mind by the Christian doctrine that the sacrifices were typical of the work of the Messiah, and I felt disposed, with a more definite meaning than I had hitherto attached to it, to adopt the petition in our service for the day of atonement, "Raise up for us an upright Advocate, and cause the backsliders to hear." "I have found a ransom."

(To be continued.)

It is a fearful thing for a man and his hopes to die together.

"THE FIELD IS THE WORLD."

A BRIEF review of the origin and progress of the South American Missionary Society, will not, we trust, prove uninteresting or unprofitable to our readers, although the work is still in its infancy; for, long after the good seed of the word had been sown in other lands, this portion of "the field" was left uncared for. But we thank Him who doth devise means to restore His banished ones, and believe the day is not far distant when it also shall bring forth fruit to the glory and praise of God.

In 1821 Captain Allen Gardiner, while with his vessel on the coast of Chili, felt his sympathies strongly drawn out towards the aboriginal tribes with whom he then came in contact.

In the *very same year* Dr. Williams, of Woodchester, began to feel deeply the spiritual destitution of South America, and to remember it in his prayers before the throne of grace. Thus were these two servants of God led by the Holy Spirit to strive together in their prayers for the one glorious object.

To the first was given the honour of founding the infant mission, and eventually laying down his life in its behalf. The difficulties he encountered were enough to have caused him to despair, if he had not gone forth in the strength of the Lord God. He sought for openings in Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, The Pampas, and Chili; but was everywhere repulsed through Romish influence or heathen indifference.

In 1843 he obtained a grant of Bibles, &c., which he was enabled to circulate freely in Rio Janeiro, amongst the Spanish American population.

Being unable to induce the Church Missionary, or any other kindred society, to undertake the work he had so deeply at heart, in 1844 Captain Gardiner organized one on the model of the Church Missionary, and went to Patagonia as a pioneer, accompanied by Mr. Hunt, afterwards Rev. Robert Hunt, Chaplain to the Bishop of Rupert's Land. But the chief, Wissale, who had promised protection, proved hostile, their lives were endangered, and they obliged to return home.

In 1846 Captain Gardiner made another unsuccessful attempt to reach the Patagonians.

In 1848 he visited Terra del Fuego, and, thinking an opening might be made there, returned home to collect funds and make preparations.

In Sept., 1850, he sailed from Liverpool with six devoted companions. This was his last effort, and, according to human calculations, it was a failure. Through a series of so-called accidents, these seven men died of starvation on the shores of Terra del Fuego; but they "being dead, yet speak:" their journals and papers were found by those who came in search of the writers, and, although they were exposed to winds and waves on this stormy coast, they were wonderfully preserved. From them we learn rich lessons of faith and hope. Captain Gardiner writes, "Great are the lovingkindnesses of my gracious God to me. He has preserved me hitherto, and for four days, although without bodily food, without *any feeling of hunger or thirst.*" . . . "I am by His abounding grace kept in perfect peace, refreshed with a sense of my Saviour's love, and an assurance that all is wisely and mercifully appointed, and pray that I may receive the full blessing, which it is doubtless designed to bestow. My care is all cast upon God, and I am only waiting His time and His good pleasure to dispose of me as He shall see fit; whether I live or die, may it be in Him."

As in former days the disciples, weary after a fruitless night of toil, saw in

the morning dawn One standing on the shore, and knew not that it was Jesus, so may it have been now with some of God's servants; but He soon made Himself known to them, and strengthened their faith. To Him be all the glory that the infant mission was not now abandoned; on the contrary, it seemed to receive a fresh impetus from the shock; its history became more generally known: and, although the world still held up a finger of scorn, God's servants were not discouraged, but, acting on advice received from three distinct sources, the first being a paper in Captain Gardiner's handwriting, found with his journal, they collected sufficient funds to build a small schooner, to be employed in the service of the mission, and also obtained from Government at a low lease a small island in the West Falkland group, named Keppel, where natives might be brought for instruction, it not being considered safe as yet for the missionaries to live in Terra del Fuego; Captain Gardiner had attempted to do so, and found his life in danger.

In October, 1854, the schooner was launched, bearing the honourable name of *Allen Gardiner*; no missionary was then ready to sail in her, but Mr. Garland Phillips went out as catechist, and Mr. Ellis as doctor, to found the establishment on Keppel island, and visit Terra del Fuego.

In June, 1856, the Rev. G. P. Despard, who had offered himself for the work, and was appointed Superintendent, left Plymouth Sound for the scene of his future labours, accompanied by his wife, five children and their governess, two boys whom he had adopted, the Rev. J. F. Ogle, Mr. A. W. Gardiner, Mr. C. Turpin, a herdsman, his wife, and a female servant. They received a kind welcome from the Governor and residents at Stanley, a British colony in the East Falklands; where the ladies of the party found a home till Keppel Island was ready for them.

Meanwhile the vessel was the means of discovering a Fuegian, who in 1830 had been brought to England by Captain Fitzroy, partially educated, and then taken back to his own country. After the lapse of so many years he still retained a pleasant recollection of this eventful period of his life, and was willing to go on a visit to Keppel Island with his family. They remained there some months, and, on their return to Woolyah, their native place, several other Fuegians expressed a wish to go with Mr. Despard; of these nine were selected, three men with their wives, two lads, and an infant.

On the 1st of January, 1859, they embarked on board the *Allen Gardiner*, and reached their destination in three days, when the strangers received a hearty welcome from the mission family. At the end of nine months they were taken back to Woolyah, according to promise. Mr. Despard did not at this time accompany the mission vessel, but gave the natives in charge to Mr. Phillips, one of the catechists. Both he and the captain appear to have placed undue confidence in the peaceable intentions of the Fuegians at Woolyah. The latter were at first few in number, but the strange vessel having attracted others from neighbouring islands, about 300 were collected in a few days. Still, without fear of danger, the whole ship's crew, with but one exception, assembled on shore to hold divine service on Sunday, Nov. 6, in a wooden house which had been built by Mr. Despard the previous year.

It would appear, that the Fuegians strongly tempted by covetousness, a besetting sin amongst the heathen generally (would that it were confined to them!) determined to make themselves masters of the riches which lay in easy grasp by killing the rightful owners. They succeeded but too well! The sailor on board, seeing the tragedy that was taking place, escaped in a boat to another part of the island, where for a few days he concealed himself in the woods; but at last

joined the natives who were again few in number, the strangers having gone off with their plunder. He remained with them for three and a half months, and was kindly treated, the only instance of the kind on record, though ships are often wrecked on this coast. He afterwards told Captain Smyley, who came in search of the *Allen Gardiner*, that at the time of the massacre, before he escaped from the vessel, he saw one of the lads who had been at Keppel Island, crying and wringing his hands. The women also showed signs of grief.

It is gratifying to know that this lad entreated to be taken back to Keppel Island with his young wife, and that Captain Smyley was able to accede to his wish.

When the sorrowful tidings reached the mission settlement, all there were filled with the deepest grief. Mr. Despard wrote thus to the Committee:—"Pray ye the Lord not to lay this sin to their charge, but to ours, the Christian Church, who have left these wild men three hundred years without *their* Gospel—theirs as well as ours. We have robbed them; we have robbed Christ of His glory over them; we have said they are not worth saving, and now their desire to obtain exceeding great treasure has risen to frenzy, and they have killed their best friends. God has tried us in the furnace of affliction, may His work be perfected; may the Lord of the harvest send out others to supply the room of those He has taken, and bow to contrition these poor sinners of the Gentiles, that they may be prepared for His word."

While the mission was thus being carried on in the midst of discouragement in the islands of Terra del Fuego, it was permitted to extend its operations on the main land. A young German, Mr. Theophilus Schmid, who had joined the society as translator, now offered to go to Patagonia and live amongst the natives, in order to acquire their language, and preach to them. This proposal was accepted, and on the 23rd of April, 1859, Mr. Schmid began his new and arduous life.

The Patagonians spend the greater part of their time on horseback, and are constantly wandering from place to place. They treated their new friend kindly, but nothing less than an ardent love for their souls could have induced him cheerfully to submit to the numberless privations and discomforts to which for twelve months he was exposed. At the end of that time he went to England, according to advice received from Mr. Despard; his visit was, however, a short one.

In the meantime another German, Mr. Frederick Hunziker, had gone out to share his labours, and waited at Keppel for his return.

In May, 1861, they went together to Patagonia. Mr. Schmid was warmly welcomed by the Patagonians, whose language he had mastered sufficiently to enable him to write a grammar of it.

He lived in much greater comfort now than formerly; in the first place he had a Christian brother to hold intercourse with, and Solomon says that "two are better than one." Moreover, they had a tent of their own. Mr. Schmid, when by himself, had shared that of the chief. Still the wandering habits of the tribe were very trying to the two brethren; especially as the Sabbath-day was not respected, and they were often obliged at the whim of the natives to take long journeys on that sacred day of rest. This, and other circumstances, determined them to visit Keppel Island at the expiration of eleven months. When there they submitted to Mr. Despard their plan of forming a station, and receiving Patagonian children to instruct. It met with his approval, and Santa Cruz in South Patagonia was ultimately fixed upon.

H. M. T.

A FATHER'S WORD ON BEHALF OF A BELOVED SON'S LABOURS.

The present Number contains a Sermon preached extemporaneously, in St. Luke's, Bedminster, a few months since, by our beloved son. From it his views and apprehensions of truth may be inferred. We rejoice to know and feel, that his has not merely been the teaching of the head, but that of the *heart*. Commending, therefore, the sermon to the careful perusal of our readers, we, at the same time (without our son's knowledge) take this opportunity of bringing before them the work in which he is engaged.

Through the kind selection of the Bishop of Carlisle and his co-trustees, he was some twelve months ago appointed to the new district of St. James, Denton Holme, an off-cut from one of the populous parishes of the City of Carlisle. Having through the bishop's exertions been endowed as a Peel district, at £150 a-year, the next object was the erection of a church, where at least a portion of its upwards of 3,000 souls might have a place for worship.

When returning from Scotland, in the autumn of last year, we stopped a night at Carlisle, and in the forenoon took a hasty run through the parish. It consists almost entirely of the artisan class—contains several factories, which have been greatly affected by the American war; but is, notwithstanding, rapidly adding to its number of small tenements: so that very soon the parish is likely to number its 5,000 or 6,000 people.

At present Divine service is held in a small school-house nearly at one extremity of the parish. This is both inconvenient and greatly inadequate to the wants of the population. Hence it is most desirable that the church should be proceeded with as soon as possible. It is to be built so as to seat from 500 to 600 persons, and *the whole of the sittings are to be free*. About £1,100 or £1,200 is required to complete the funds for its erection.

We shall, therefore, be most thankful to any of our readers who may send a contribution (however small) towards this most desirable object. Mr. Collingridge, our son at Carlisle, or ourselves, will be most happy to receive any offering our readers may be disposed to forward. We have expressed a great wish that the foundation stone of the proposed Church should be laid by September next, in order that it should be completed in the spring of 1865. A little effort will, we are persuaded, ensure this. Will our readers kindly help in this matter? The contributions themselves need not be forwarded for some months to come. If those who are disposed to contribute will kindly at once intimate what they will give, say by Lady-day next, we shall feel greatly obliged.

Some may object, and say, "Do you think that these are days for church or chapel building, when such momentous times are at hand?" Our reply is, *We have nothing to do with the morrow*. Our object should be, to be found at our post, and in the pursuit of that line of service the Lord points out to us, both in His word and by His providence; and it is for us to leave the future with Him. Moreover, would such an argument be a justifiable excuse for our sitting down and doing nothing? Would it not at least savour of his plea who said (Matt. xxv. 25), "I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth?"

Personally, we may be permitted to testify that it affords us unbounded satisfaction to gaze upon, and from time to time to worship in, the church or the school-house, as the case may be, which the Lord has been pleased to give us in this parish. A clergyman who is at this time engaged in a similar responsible

and self-denying work, said to us, a few weeks since, "Well, notwithstanding the trouble and anxiety it entails, it does give me comfort to think that *the Gospel will be preached there.*" He felt it was worth living and labouring for to provide a house for God; that, when he should have been called to go the way of all the earth, such place would stand as a memento of what God had done; that future generations might worship within the walls so mercifully and graciously raised.

Oh, readers, it is a glorious service—indeed it is! We feel, at the moment of writing, as though we should like to begin again and build another house for God in some dark and desolate region, that there His glorious truth might be heard—there His simple but precious Gospel proclaimed!

Who knows the satisfaction but those who have been engaged in it? The largest contributors towards the church in which we are permitted and privileged to labour—men who gave their £500 each to the building—told us, personally, that "*they never gave money with such pleasure and satisfaction in their lives.*"

And must it not be so, dear readers? It is the feeling which the Psalmist had, and Solomon, and the people of Israel, in regard to the building of, and the fittings for, the temple. No satisfaction can equal that which arises from the consciousness of having sought to do some little for God. Be it for His house—be it for His people—be it for His poor, as such; nothing of earth can come up to this standard for peace, pleasure, satisfaction. It will not add to the burden of a sick hour, or the weight and anxieties of a dying hour, to think, "Well, poor sinner as I am and ever have been, I have sought, in my humble way, to consecrate my time—my little ability—and the means with which I was entrusted, to the Lord."

We cannot close this appeal without mentioning a circumstance named to us by an aged disciple, a day or two since. There was a certain child of God in great trouble and in very straitened circumstances. A lady sent for him, and, having given him some refreshment, handed him five shillings, and said, "You shall have a similar sum every week. That is more than the Lord ever gave me." "Oh, my lady," said the poor man, "say not so. The Lord gave you all you have. You are indebted to Him for everything." "I know it," she replied; "but the Lord never gave it me. He only lent it me. This money is not *mine*, but *His*. I am only a *steward*, and therefore I want to do with it as He would have me, and that I may not have to reproach myself for the misuse or abuse of it by-and-by."

We can only add, we could wish that a few more were thus able to look upon themselves, and their imagined riches, in the self-same light, as *stewards*, with most responsible *loans* entrusted to them. Personally, we are free to acknowledge, that there is no responsibility we more shrink from than that of riches. It is such a fearfully-responsible talent with which to be entrusted, and that too, for so short a time. Oh, how we felt the weight of these words, when reading the burial-service over a deceased lady, a few days since, called away at a moment's notice: "He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them." "Oh," thought we, "how true, how true! What a farce is life! How certain is death; and yet how thoughtlessly we move on; sporting, as it were, upon the very brink of the grave! What can be truer, "Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain!"

In conclusion, dear readers, with regard to the object mentioned at the head of this paper, we will quote from a letter received from the highly-esteemed and truth-loving Bishop of Carlisle, under date—

"Rose Castle, Carlisle, April 23, 1864.

"MY DEAR MR. DOUDNEY,—I am beginning to feel not a little anxious about your excellent son's church, that of St. James, Denton Holme, Carlisle. It is now more than two years since, deeply feeling the spiritual destitution of the City of Carlisle—30,000 souls, with but four ill-endowed and pew-absorbed churches—I, as a simple matter of duty and single-handed (for others on the spot declined the task as hopeless), commenced by procuring the endowment of the Peel District of St. James, with an income of £150 per annum, and a population of 3,000 souls taken from a parish of 10,000 souls. The patronage is vested in five trustees of known repute as tried friends of evangelical truth. Your son is their first nominee. Your son has, as you know, funds and a site for a parsonage; no new schools will be required, for the district abounds in schools. The endowment is secured for ever. Surely this is a case for help. Do urge your son to exert himself at once, and do all *you* can to make his case well known. There must be many a brother who, being entrusted with ample means, only lacks the information which I have laid before you, to be convinced that it is his duty to come forward and help us largely. *Pray do what you can, and may the Lord prosper your work.* I am, my dear Mr. Doudney, faithfully yours,

(Signed) SAMUEL CARLISLE."

SACRED MAXIMS.

AFFLICTIONS do not draw carnal men to God.

An ungodly man is contagious wherever he goes.

Anything that is a matter right in itself may be made a subject of prayer.

We may fairly convict of infidelity those who assert the impossibility of the conversion of the heathen.

If the Spirit be the Teacher, every truth will be esteemed important, sacred, and worthy of utterance.

The influx of worldly and ambitious characters into the Church is sure to prove her curse.

A desire after conformity to the image of Jesus, and a longing to be with Him, are characteristics of the children of God.

It is well if, when comfort is removed, the cause of such removal be investigated, and it send us to a throne of grace.

If we can have any real comfort in the world, it must be by keeping the heart separate from it, and in using it, not serving it.

One word of God to a Christian man ought to have more weight than a thousand reasons.

Even the whispers of God's voice are powerful when He opens the ears to hear.

Carnal men think nothing of answers to prayer; who among us do? Without answers, of what use is prayer?

I urge it on the consciences of all, but especially of youth—remember not only prayer, but the end of it.

Afflictions are as bread and water to the people of God, but as poison to the world; the terms, bread of affliction and water of adversity, show their harmless nature, and, indeed, their use.

The hidden iniquity in the heart of men is much more abundant than that which is manifested, dreadful and terrible and enormous as it often appears; like the liquid fire in the interior of Etna or Vesuvius, which have been tremendous and overwhelming in their eruptions, but must be supposed to contain an infinitely greater quantity.—*Rev. W. Borrowes.*

A WAYSIDE SONG.*

ADDRESSED TO THE SUFFERING CHRISTIAN.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

COME sorrowing Christian, bid faith reach thy lyre,
And strike up some joy notes of holy desire;
In God's city above a mansion you'll own,
A rest from all care IN OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Ah! few are our joy-notes in this world of care,
Our seasons with Jesus how seldom and rare;
But oh! by and bye, saint, what bliss to be shown
The glory of Christ IN OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

If views of His love-work now lift up the soul,
Oh! what will it be when we gaze on the whole;
Then all He has done we shall joyously own
Is well, when we get to OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

We feel there is here much that wearies and tries,
But, pilgrim, turn upward thy gaze to the skies;
No losses or crosses will then cast us down,
When we tread the gold steps of OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

True, sometimes we here get sweet sips by the way,
But oh! what full pleasure on that happy day,
When faith, lost in seeing, beholds as her own,
"The Lamb in the midst" of OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Then, pilgrim so weary, with staff in thy hand,
Speed cheerfully up-hill to your promised land,
A few more rough corners will bring to the crown,
Which victors will wear IN OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

O'er life's bitter tempests there comes a sweet voice,
Which makes the faint spirit revive and rejoice;
It says, "I come quickly!" e'en so, dear Lord, come
And take Thy poor worm TO HIS BEAUTIFUL HOME.

And, oh! what a home will her pearl gates unfold,
With its strong walls of jasper and streets shining gold;
No sighing or sorrow, nor ever a groan,
Will enter the courts of OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

The joyous are there, so happily singing,
Their anthems of praise through her courts are ringing;
Oh! catch the glad chorus, and think, suffering one,
Oh, how lovely 'twill be IN OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Bury St. Edmund's.

G. C.

* May be had of the writer, 6d. per dozen; also, "The Sun's Behind the Cloud,"
"Nevertheless," &c., &c.

THE OBEDIENCE OF FAITH.

ROMANS xvi. 26.

THE Epistle to the Romans contains three great facts; first, man's estrangement from God; second, the remedy provided in Christ Jesus for all believers; third, the obedience which the Church owes to the Saviour who has done so much for it. Man's guilt having been clearly proved in the first three chapters, the apostle then speaks of the complete removal of condemnation from the Church by the work of Christ, together with the preservation of that Church while in the world, for the purpose of its ultimately being presented to Himself in His glory; and then closes the epistle by enforcing obedience on the ground of an eternal relationship having existed between the Saviour and the saved. Nor is this a slavish obedience, for it is said to flow from the heart (Rom. vi. 17); neither is it a natural obedience, for it springs from faith; neither is it a meritorious obedience, for it is the effect of grace (Rom. v. 24). Thus the title of our paper, which also closes the epistle, is but a reasonable service of praise and thanksgiving to God for His unspeakable gift (2 Cor. ix. 15). But what is faith? says one. We answer, it is the life of God in the believer (John xx. 31); and those who have faith are made by the divine power partakers of the divine nature (2 Pet. i. 3, 4). No man is a believer who has not this faith; and no man can have this faith, and not be a child of God: and no child of God can be lost. Faith uncovers, reveals, or makes known the righteousness of God (which is Jesus, the righteous One) to anxious inquirers; and every anxious inquirer is a quickened person, called by the Spirit to walk in newness of life (Rom. vi. 4). No longer our thoughts, but the thoughts of the Holy One in us; for having been made subject to the will of God, such an one will thenceforth desire that every thought be brought to the obedience of Christ (2 Cor. x. 2—5), and obey from the (new) heart that form of doctrine which God hath been pleased to give to His children (Rom. vi. 17). But natural men can never render to God the obedience of faith (1 Cor. ii. 14), because it is a revelation from faith to faith (Rom. i. 17). Thus true obedience is the acting out of that life of God which every believer has received; received, not because he has earned it by either working or asking, but because it pleased God to give it when the receiver was neither able to work or ask for any spiritual blessing whatever, being dead in sins (Eph. ii. 1). Spiritual life being as much the gift of God as natural life, man is merely the receiver, and God alone is the sovereign Giver. It is not work and live, but live and work; not obey and become children, but having become children (Rom. viii. 15) obey. It is not strive to be saved; but being saved, strive against sin (Heb. xii. 4). It is not love God that He may love you; but love Him because He first loved you (1 John iv. 19). May it please God the Holy Ghost to give the reader an enlightened understanding (Eph. i. 18), that he may be enabled to receive these few words of the Gospel in the love of Jesus. Amen.

Sheffield.

J. R.

As a child's father may be some mighty sovereign, or an eminent poet, statesman, philosopher, or warrior—one whose life is of importance to thousands, and whose fame spreads over half the globe—and yet be regarded by his child, who has a very faint (if any) conception of all this, simply as *his father*, so our knowledge of God is almost entirely relative. He is revealed to us, not so much as He is in Himself, but chiefly as He is in relation to us.—*Archbishop Whately.*

THE LATE DR. RYLAND.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have read in your "Gospel Magazine" for February, in "Tares and Wheat," an allusion to Dr. Ryland and his wife. I think your correspondent is mistaken as to the time he lived with her, and, in confirmation of what I have said, I enclose a few verses, written from memory, which I remember having known as a child, which were written by John Ryland. They are not correct, nor are they all given, but the fifth and the tenth verses show that he lived with her seven years after their marriage. Excuse this, dear sir. May the Lord prosper you in your desire to spread His truth, and honour His own name in you and by you.

I remain, dear sir, yours in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Wibtoft, Lutterworth.

W. M. C.

THIS poor little motherless boy,
That lies on my bosom to sleep,
From all that would hurt or destroy,
I pray the Redeemer to keep.

The dearest of women is gone,
That bore him with sorrow and pain;
I'm left to feel sorrow alone;
She never shall sorrow again.

She's gone, but her infant remains,
Dear pledge of connection so sweet;
Her God her poor husband sustains,
Nor will He her infant forget.

For him she had used to pray
While yet in the womb he abode,
And when on her death-bed she lay,
She gave up her babe to her God.

Oh! how could we possibly part?
So long and so tenderly tried?
Ten years to the choice of my heart,
Full *seven* to my loveliest bride.

With how much composure she died,
As if in the arms of her Lord;
I lay on the bed by her side,
And God, her Supporter, adored.

I held her cold hand all the while,
As gently she labour'd for breath,
Which often prest mine with a smile,
So pleasant and loving in death.

"You know your Redeemer still lives,
Both able and willing to save?"
With smiles she each query received,
And sweet were the answers she gave.

"Your God does not leave you to fear?"
"No," smiling again in reply:
My God, may I find Thee thus near
When on my own death-bed I lie.

Seven years she had borne a full share
Of trouble allotted to me;
'Twas time to release her from care,
And take her to triumph with Thee.,

At length, her lungs ceasing to breathe,
With matter morbidly opprest,
No sigh, sob, or struggle she heav'd,
But silently sank into rest.

And now her employment is praise,
With seraphs that compass the throne;
The Lamb is the theme of her lays,
Whose death did so sweeten her own.

FAITH TRIED.

[Read MARK v.]

It may seem strange to the youthful Bible reader that Christ should have stayed to talk to the woman when the ruler had come down on such an all-important message. "My little daughter lieth at the point of death; I pray Thee come and lay Thy hands on her, that she may be healed: and she shall live." "And Jesus went with him." But, while going, behold a woman of strong faith,

diseased, comes behind Him, and touches the hem of His garment, and is cured. Christ stays and comforts her, appearing forgetful of the urgency of the ruler's case. Think, oh think of the anxiety of the father's mind. She lay at the point of death, and each moment seemed an age. Faith was being tried, and true faith must always be tried. But while He yet spake to his afflicted daughter, "there came from the ruler's house certain which said, Thy daughter is dead, why troublest thou the Master any further?" Here was a climax! what the ruler was fearing had come: his little daughter, which he had hoped to have saved, was dead. But Christ, who is always so ready to raise the drooping head, knowing the ruler's thoughts, speaks at once to comfort him. "Be not afraid: only believe." In the midst of crushing sorrow He says, "Be not afraid: only believe;" and He who gives power to believe restored the dead to life. We are not told particulars of the ruler's case; but we are told in Luke that her "parents were astonished with great astonishment." Oh, how his heart must have bowed in humble contrition to the Lord of all, and grateful praise burst from his lips to Him who doeth all things well.

"The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace;"

and

"In the last distressing hour,
The Lord will show delivering power."

A WAYWARD LAMB IN CHRIST'S FLOCK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHILD SAVED FROM THE FLOOD.—A remarkable circumstance in connexion with the late flood at Sheffield (says the *Leeds Mercury*) has just come to our knowledge. At the time the inundation took place a living infant in a cradle floated from Sheffield to a place about four miles distant from Doncaster. The little thing fell into the hands of a clergyman's wife, who treated it kindly, and has since then brought it up, no one having owned it.

THE DOGS.—A correspondent, noticing the fact stated in the papers, that several deaths from hydrophobia have just occurred in Liverpool, suggests that some provision for thirsty dogs should be provided in connexion with the drinking fountains. The smallest reservoir or hollow at the bottom of the fountain would serve for the purpose, and perhaps prevent such deplorable accidents as those which have just occurred in Liverpool. "On Saturday last (continues our correspondent), I was passing through Albion Chambers, when the sun's rays were pouring down with intensity on the parched flags. A noble Newfoundland dog was standing by the empty trough of the pump in the corner, gazing wistfully at the dry receptacle. He looked at me and then at the pump handle, in a manner that would not be misunderstood. 'I'll help you, my noble friend,' I said; so I pumped, while the sagacious brute held his mouth under and lapped, until he had quenched his thirst. The expression of thankfulness that beamed in his intelligent eyes for this little service was wonderful. He licked my hand, and then, bounding on before, entered my office with me, quite disposed to cultivate an acquaintance which had so pleasantly commenced. I then felt how humane and judicious it would be to provide little drinking troughs for the dogs."—*Bristol Times*.

OBITUARY.

PUTTING OFF THE HARNESS.

At his home, at No. 4, Leather Lane, Holborn, on Friday, June 3, JAMES KEYWORTH; for many years known, not only in his own particular connexion, but in many others as well, as one whom the Master honoured. For the first six-and-thirty years of his life he lived according to the common course of this world, addicted to fighting and drinking, and other depraved propensities of our poor fallen evil nature. But God, who separated him from his mother's womb, and called him by His grace, and revealed His Son in him, that he might preach Him among the Gentiles, had purposes of love in store for him, and had ordained him, ere yet he knew his Deliverer's name, to be as His mouth to many.

Oh it is delightful to trace the dawns of that day—the precious evidences of the work of the Lord leading a poor sinner to apprehend sin, to despair of self, and then to apprehend Christ; to see in the face of Emmanuel a kind and gracious Friend, and to receive His words speaking life and peace.

James Keyworth was no scholar. He used to say he could not read, when first brought to Christ, so much as a three-lettered word, or spell his dear Lord's name when he saw it in the book. He had, however, to use his own quaint similitude, been taught to read his own condemnation; and, as in the case of many others, it caused but to be more conspicuous the bright shining of that candle which the Lord, and not man, had lit within his soul, in that divine and experimental acquaintance with a personal Saviour which ever made his conversation so full of life to others. Many, there is reason to believe, were the seals the Lord gave him throughout a diversified ministry.

In London (where he laboured), at Hitchin, in Sheffield, and at Portsmouth, besides his testimony in very numerous other places, there are witnesses, and in some of these places not a few, who mourn his loss even as that of a standard-bearer in the army of the Lord of Hosts, and who have desired that upon them might descend somewhat of the same spirit of simple faith and child-like humility in his way before the Lord.

Truly it might be said of him that “he could not bear them that were evil,” while possessing not a little of that discernment for which the Church at Ephesus was famed, “to try them which called themselves apostles, but were not,” and to discover the falseness of their pretensions. He was the pioneer to many who after succeeded to his labours, and hence was often quickly moved from place to place; while his trials in the ministry, partly arising from his peculiar mission, were neither small nor few. Cheered, however, on by this word which the Lord once gave him in heavy affliction, and which he was enabled to plead with Him, as given not for that occasion only, but throughout the pilgrimage of faith, “I will be with thee in all places whither thou goest,” he was not greatly moved, nor left entirely to sink in despair. “I am living upon this word,” he once observed—speaking of a season of felt, and painfully felt, spiritual drought—“I will see you again”—“in hope of eternal life, which God that cannot lie, promised before the world began.”

He died in his little shop, without apparently a struggle. The Master came—his Lord, that precious blessed Jesus—and not another, and his end was peace; while to a large but grown-up family, and to many throughout the churches of the saints, he has bequeathed what wealth cannot purchase, a consistent witness in the savour of “the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush.”

P. S. J.

REVIEW.

A brief Memoir of Miss Moore, late of Warren Cottage, Lisburn. By the Rev. J. P. GARRETT, Rector of Kellistown, Co. Carlow. Belfast: A. S. Mayne. Dublin: Curry and Co.; G. Herbert.

THIS is a concise record of the life and labours of one of the most self-denying of women. Few are the characters in which the grace of God shone more remarkably. Hers was not so much the religion of *profession*, but of *practice*—not a religion of *words*, but of *work*; and this by no means upon the principle of working *for life*, but *from life*: as she herself beautifully said, “Christ is all, and in all, and over all. God forbid *my* salvation should depend on my poor, vacillating heart. No believer can be an idler, but his works are done *because he is saved*, not *to be saved* by them; he belongs to Jesus, he deserves to glorify Him, and to lead others to accept of His wonderful salvation.” She adds: “I hope you will understand what I mean. No doubt we cannot be too watchful of guarding against sin or the world’s allurements; but here again we must watch that self-righteousness does not step in, for when we aim at too much perfection, if we fancy we can attain it, is there not a fear that in our own fancied righteousness we may feel so much complacency as to forget there is no righteousness but in Jesus?”

Again, in the same letter, she writes:—

“The question you ask about the cross is not a very easy one to answer. The cross is our glory, and we should remember it in connexion with Christ and our salvation, but the Tractarian and the Roman Catholic look on it as an essential to their worship, and put it in the stead of Him who died on it for us, and you can have no stronger proof of this than to see the pang of regret with which a convert from Romanism turns from a cross, when he remembers having once made it an idol to worship. I do not like to see it on books as an ornament. How often, in travelling, do you see Tractarians and priests holding a book before their eyes with a large cross stamped on it, and muttering prayers to it as it were. For myself, my dear friend, my heart’s desire is that Christ should be so *imprinted on my heart* as ever to be present with me. He has done all for me. His atonement, His righteousness, are all sufficient. I have nothing to do but to cleave to Him, all polluted by sin as I am. What work dare I present to a God of perfect holiness that He could look at, till Christ had cleansed it? Before conversion my best works were odious to God, because done from a wrong motive, now my best works are odious to myself; but, as tokens of my love for Jesus, my gracious Father will accept them for Jesus’ sake. All our sufficiency must be from Christ, and ordinances, even sacraments, are only of value as Christ is in them. We must each *personally* come to Him for salvation. Nothing short of personal union and dependance on Christ can avail: when we have that, perfect, full, free, and immediate salvation is ours. Balaam could pray that he might die the death of the righteous, but was not saved. Felix heard and trembled, but he was not saved. Judas could quote Scripture, had even associated with Christ, but he was not saved. Nothing, dear, will do but personal union with Jesus. Let us accept Him on His own terms, ‘Come unto me and I will give you rest;’ ‘Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;’ ‘Whosoever will, let him come;’ ‘He that believeth hath life;’ ‘No condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus;’ ‘Being justified by faith, we have peace with God,’ &c. Now in all these, and many similar portions of His blessed word, I see nothing of future, it is all *present*, unconditional salvation upon believing. How could we reckon salvation as free if it had to be purchased by works?”

Our next extract will speak of the labours of this esteemed and justly-beloved lady, together with her self-denial and personal fearlessness where she considered the work of God was concerned:—

"At this time she worked for about sixteen hours per day, writing letters and addressing circulars, of which she despatched about 30,000, and kept a registered list of the names of all those to whom she applied. After almost insurmountable difficulties and disappointments, she obtained 6,000 subscribers; and thus blessed and prospered by her God, she raised sufficient funds, from a generous public throughout the United Kingdom, to build a spacious church, school-house, and comfortable parsonage for the missionary clergyman at Moyrus, in the county of Galway. General Thomson, lord of the soil, having promised three acres of land for the proposed building, wrote to beg she would go herself and choose the site. She left her home, November 4, 1853, on a journey of 700 miles. For 110 miles she travelled through Connemara on an open car. She deviated 50 miles from her direct route to engage the writer to accompany her, and from his journal the following extracts are given:—

"We left on Monday, November 7th, reached Dublin early and Galway late the same night; next day we passed through lovely and romantic scenery, by the hotel at Maam, and the Killories, and reached Salruck, the beautiful residence of General Thomson. The day after he travelled with us to Clifden, and we lunched with the Rev. Hyacinth and Mrs. D'Arcy, and reached Roundstone at half-past five o'clock. Here the Rev. P. Moinah, the Moyrus missionary, was waiting for Miss Moore; Mr. Carrol, the builder from Dublin, and a surveyor were also there. Moyrus is situated on a promontory, and had at that time no road within two miles of it; and as it is but five miles and a half from Roundstone by sea, though twenty-two by land, we started the next morning in a small vessel of twelve tons. There was heavy rain, and a very high wind. We had a fearful passage, General Thomson steering; and on the lee side of that little ship sat Miss Moore, in a waterproof cloak, drenched over and over again by the waves. It was thought we could not reach Moyrus, and at times proposals were made to return, but she insisted on going on. One of the sailors said he had known the bay for nine years, and did not remember to have seen a higher sea rushing in from the Atlantic. After some tacking we neared Moyrus, and at last ran into a quiet and sheltered harbour. We had to walk above half a mile before we reached the place proposed as a site for the church, &c. This was a trying walk for her, wind and rain against us; a scramble over rocks, ditches, and heather. Just as we reached the spot, the clouds opened, and rays of bright sunshine burst over the scene. We felt it was an augury for good, and, while its rays warmed and gladdened all the party, Miss Moore remarked that "God was showing He was present, blessing and approving of their work." We soon returned to the boat, and had a quick passage to Roundstone. Next morning we left for Dublin."

"Miss Moore continued her journey to Warren Cottage. On her return home she had a severe illness from the fatigue and exposure she had endured, and lost her voice, which for some years she only partially recovered. The contractor experienced much difficulty in erecting the buildings in so wild a region, without roads, or any adequate shelter for the workmen. Everything but stone and sand had to be brought by sea from a distance, and in stormy weather they were often left without materials to build; this caused much extra expense, and entailed increased labour in raising funds sufficient for this great work. She, however, accomplished it, and also handed over £335 to the West Connaught Endowment Society, to assist in providing a permanent endowment for the church, which has been effected."

Well might the subject of this memoir rejoice in the contemplation of this great work. Happy indeed must she have been in witnessing the consecration of a house for God, in that far-off and wild locality. As far as our memory serves us, we personally witnessed the progress of the Church, when travelling through Connemara.

The narrator proceeds to say:—

"It must be acknowledged that her's was a most wonderful instance of consecration of soul and body to God and His service, accompanied with a success that throws light on the Saviour's assurance, 'If ye have faith, nothing shall be impossible to you.' A friend went with her to Glasgow to see how these homes were there managed,

under the superintendence of Mrs. Rowan (whose work on the 'Omnipotence of Loving-Kindness' interested so many). She was also anxious to obtain from her a tried matron; this she succeeded in doing, and the first matron for 'Rose Vale Home' was recommended by Mrs. Rowan. The subject of this memoir was greatly pleased with her visit, and encouraged in the work she was about to undertake, by witnessing the triumph of faith in the happiness of one of the poor girls in Mrs. Rowan's home, lying at the point of death. The lady who accompanied her writes, 'I shall never forget all the labour she went through on that occasion, no human frame but her own (which was so supported by the ardour of the spirit within) could have borne up as she did.' Miss Moore left Warren Cottage on a Monday morning, spent the forenoon in consulting friends in Belfast, sailed that night to Glasgow; on board the steam packet she met the Earl of R., and so interested him in her work, that his lordship afterwards sent her £5 in aid of her funds. Visited next day Mrs. Rowan and her many homes, sailed for Belfast the same night, reached it early next morning, did not allow herself one moment's rest, but accompanied a Bible woman through the lowest haunts of vice in Belfast, entreating the wretched inmates to forsake their evil ways and return to that Saviour 'who was able and willing to save to the very uttermost,' and whose gracious words are 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' She did not get to her own home till eleven o'clock that night. The following morning she returned early to Belfast, and attended a large meeting assembled in the Music Hall, which she had summoned, of all those interested in the work in which she was engaged. After this meeting she returned to Warren Cottage, not to lie down, exhausted in body and mind, as any one else would have done, but to hold a meeting in her school-room, and to address about one hundred persons of both sexes with a zeal, power, and beauty which amazed many who heard her.'

Having at length, as the result of her own personal efforts, established this "Home," the reader will be glad to hear the principles upon which it was (and we presume still is) conducted.

"The plan on which this dear 'Home' is arranged is in many respects so different to the penitentiary system, that perhaps some may like to know a few particulars. Neither coldness or severity is ever shown to them from the very first, as I am quite sure that no plan but that of kindness can succeed. On entering I tell them that I consider by coming to me they desire to do well for the future, and that the past is to be forgotten, all carried to Jesus and left at the foot of the cross; that when God forgives He also forgets. Oh! how unlike to man. I tell them I receive them as the children God has given to me to train up for His glory, and that they must obey me as their mother. Poor things! Some of them say, 'Ma'am, I have no mother;' others, 'Mother died when I was a child, and so I never knew what a mother's love or care means.' To the honour of these girls I can continue to affirm I have never known of the smallest act of either dishonesty or falsehood, the house door and gate are never locked but at night. I thank God His hand restrains them, and, instead of high walls and bolts, they are bound to me by the law of love, and I have never once heard of a girl going out of bounds, though they are allowed perfect liberty in the open fields belonging to the Home during the hours of recreation. The total number admitted since June, 1862, is eighty; of that number, fifty-six have enjoyed the Home privileges during the last twelve months. But, in order to make it understood what these privileges consist of, I must ask you first to bring before your mind a large party of young women, generally from twenty to twenty-two years of age, who have never learned to know the meaning of the word *obey*, whose own ungoverned tempers and desires have been the only rules they have followed, unrestrained by religion or even morality, every appetite, drink, tobacco, &c., indulged in at pleasure. Now will you turn to our happy home, where none of these abominations enter, see them (though former slaves to sin) clothed, in their right minds, sitting (certainly in some cases) at the feet of Jesus, listening to the holy story of His love and willingness to pardon and receive them. Feeding, clothing, and all other expenses attendant on keeping up a Home with from twenty to twenty-two persons, and two matrons, rent, taxes, firing, &c., &c., even with the greatest economy, is no trifling undertaking, but

to the praise of God, I repeat, our wants are nobly (may I not say divinely?) supplied. Often, too, when I have been perplexed, does Jesus send me strength and comfort. In short, when I think over all that God has done for the Home, all the continued kindnesses I meet with from Christian ministers and friends, I can but repeat the words of the Psalmist, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

In commenting upon her most strenuous and self-denying efforts, the author says:—

"Though she has not alluded to it in her report, the writer feels assured that no one but God knew all the struggles of her heart and life in carrying on this work; they were hidden in her breast. She had such a peculiarly tender and loving nature, that her sympathy with these poor girls in their sorrows and trials must often have overwhelmed her, and the more so as she met at times with disappointment in some of the inmates, yet she 'endured as seeing Him who is invisible,' and ultimately she did see blessed results. Before she was removed she saw the work established and prospering, the business of the year cleared up, the accounts balanced, the report prepared by her own hand, and left with her loved and valued friend, the Rev. R. Hannay, for publication."

How forcible, and how well worthy of consideration, are the annexed remarks from Miss Moore's own pen, in a tract on the "New Year," published by her a year or two before she was called to cease from her labours. She writes:—

"There is a sacred privilege which is too little appreciated, and must not here be omitted, the aiding of all missionary and benevolent works that can tend to the glory of God or the good of our fellow-creatures. It is very evident that the Mighty Maker of all needs not our help, but He has been pleased to command it, and often He owns and blesses it. Oh! the great honour of being a fellow-worker with God in anything, and the sweet encouragement 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' But, my dear reader, can we remember that Christ laid down His life for us, and yet, in offering him the trifle which costs us nothing, yield up that with a grudge, or do we deny ourselves that we may have more of His gifts to bestow on His service? Let us compare the trifle we give for His work with the vast sums we lavish on our imaginary wants! Let us ask faithfully, Do we spend and are we spent in labouring for Christ? Do we pray to be made His instruments in saving souls? What mighty results may follow from the salvation of even one sinner; he will labour for others, and thereby enlarge the kingdom of Christ. Do let us try to draw poor perishing sinners to Jesus, and thus show that we are sincere while we pray, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.' How can we accomplish all this? Not in our own strength; but there is One mighty to help all who seek His aid. Let us earnestly pray for the help of God's Holy Spirit; He will be our Guide through life, and our strength and comfort in the hour of death. Let us begin, continue, and end every year remembering the admonition 'whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, *do all* to the glory of God.' Any employment that cannot be entered on with this object is unlawful for a disciple of Jesus Christ."

Well for us, dear reader, if we can receive the foregoing as a voice from the tomb. How does it behove each to ask himself, "What *little* am I seeking to do for Him who has done so *much* for me?" How few of us remember, as it behoves us to do, the mere moment, as it were, allowed us for giving some faint proof, practically, of our gratitude for what the Lord has been, and is, to us. How soon the light of this short life, now flickering in the socket, will flicker no more. How soon the last spark on this human hearth will be extinguished. How soon the place that now knows us will know us no more for ever!

Oh, to be found "occupying until He comes," in the self-sacrificing spirit in which she of whom we write lived and laboured.

As a further proof of her love of souls, we extract part of a letter she addressed to a friend, as follows :—

“My dear Friend,—I have long felt a strong desire to write to you, but have been held back by the fear of offending you, of being thought presumptuous ; but a something I cannot overcome urges me to venture through all to have a little talk with you. Do bear with me ; do not misjudge me. I can never appear to any one to be half as bad as I know myself to be. Oh, the tearing away the veil is an humbling, heart-rending work, but better now than when hope must be at an end ; and, dear, I would try to save any one from the deep sorrow I have had.

“You will assent to all that can be said for Christ, but that will not do ; to know Him to be your Saviour is right, but, unless you feel Him to be your Saviour, the mere knowledge will only be an increase of woe. You must make sure that He died for *you*, and that you are His. Did your summons come this night, are you so sure of your interest in Jesus that you would rejoice in the thought of seeing Him face to face ? God will be found true to all he has promised and threatened. I solemnly tell you that as for a deathbed repentance there can scarcely be such a thing ; the poor body, enfeebled by sickness, has enough to do, even where the intellect is spared ; besides the dreadful ingratitude of serving the world (which hates Christ) with all the blessings of health, strength, and means—which are His gifts—and, when that can no longer be done, then to begin to look for the glorious redemption He purchased for us, and think that Christ will do for a dying bed, who has been slighted and disregarded during a long life. The Holy Spirit has said that the believer's body is the temple of God ; can there be a greater incitement to holiness than this ? Dare any one who professes to belong to Jesus take delight in anything that can bring dishonour to Him ? We are told, “whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do, to do all to His glory.” Can that end be accomplished if we go anywhere in which it would be a profanation to mention His name, and where we dare scarcely ask or expect His presence to go with us ? Believe me, those who serve Jesus enjoy a peace and happiness the world *can never yield* ; it is unsatisfying, and its service is soul-destroying, because it engenders more than disrelish for all that is holy and serious. But do not mistake me ; we may sit at home, we may give abundantly, we may talk, or we may preach, and not be a whit better than the vain worldling ; we may deceive man but not God ; therefore, unless He sees our works are all done with a single eye to His glory, and from deep, heartfelt love and devotion to Jesus and His service, we cannot be acceptable to Him. How important, then, to be able to say and feel, “Lord, Thou knowest I am vile, but Thou art holy ; I am fit only for the burning, but Thou hast paid my debt ; Thy righteousness will cover my nakedness, Thy perfections my deformity.” Oh, nothing, nothing but Christ will do for a poor sinner ; and, if He can pay my debt, there is a sufficiency in Him for yours, and for the whole world. But each one must be individually united to Him, nothing but a close, personal dealing with Him can be of any avail. Satan will tempt, and he will harass, but Christ will not let him give me one more thrust than He will enable me to bear ; and any suffering here is better than the awful sentence, “Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone.”

“Christ will not take half a heart, half a service : you must as unreservedly give yourself to Him as he gave Himself for you. I do solemnly believe that in that awful eternity there will be found many more church-going professors than of the *now* openly wicked ; there is some hope that the latter may be awakened, but the self-satisfied, whatever they may say, do not feel their need of Christ, and so are left to themselves. Again let me urge that scriptural truth, ‘No man can serve two masters,’ and ‘His servants ye are to whom ye obey’ (see Rom. vi. 16). If any choose to take all they can of this world's false pleasures, they can do so, but at the eternal cost which all out of Christ must pay.”

But we must hasten to the closing scene. Although our extracts have already exceeded our appointed limits, we cannot withhold the annexed touching but deeply interesting facts.

“And now,” says the biographer, “having seen how this dear Christian lived, let

us see how she died. On Saturday, November 21, 1863, she left her home in an open conveyance for Belfast, to see an unfortunate young woman, who she heard was most anxious to abandon her sinful life and enter a Home. She went in search of her from street to street; in this work of mercy she got extremely wet, and, without drying or changing her dress, returned the eight miles to Warren Cottage, evidently suffering from the cold and fatigue. Next day she complained of indisposition, but would not absent herself from church. She went, and for the *last time* entered the doors of the earthly sanctuary, and took her accustomed seat; how little did she, or the portion of the Church militant then present, think that on the next Sunday week she would be a member of the Church triumphant in glory. On Monday, though feeling very sick and ill, she went to the Home; after having spent the whole day there as usual, she asked the girls to sing for her: they chose the following hymn, which they knew to be a favourite of hers:—

'O my sweet home, Jerusalem!

That I thy joys might see!

And yet it is not for the peace

And joy that dwells in thee.

'Nor for the streets of precious gold,

Nor for the robe of white,

Nor for the gates of perfect pearl,

And walls of chrysolite.

'Nor for the Holy harmony

And everlasting joy,

And light and life, and rest and love,
And peace without alloy.

'But Christ is there, our blessed Lord,
Whom most we long to see;

And all the beauty comes from Him
Jerusalem to thee.

'And Christ the light, and Christ the joy,
And Christ surpassing fair,

The first, the last, the all in all,
O God! if I were there!

"These verses were sweetly appropriate, and this was the last music she heard on earth—the next was the hallelujahs of the redeemed, which fell upon her ravished ear in heaven. When she reached Warren Cottage at five o'clock, she was so ill that her maid had to assist her up stairs to her room. Bronchitis and low fever set in, and her over-wrought and weakened frame gradually sunk. A Christian lady who was present at her decease, writes, 'The loss of my darling friend leaves a void to me which can never be filled in this world. How strange it is that we often most prize the things of time when they are about to be taken from us. The day before our beloved friend took ill, my sister and I had been speaking of her, and saying how her warm-hearted, genuine, and devoted friendship had cheered us, and what a precious blessing she had been to us since the death of our mother, little thinking how soon she, too, was to be taken from us. Indeed, I feel so stricken down as to be scarcely able to collect my thoughts sufficiently to recollect all the precious sayings of my dear friend. Perhaps I should repeat what she said a short time before her illness, on hearing Mr. Hannay preach (his text was, "He entered once into the Holy Place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.") After speaking very beautifully on Christ having completed His work for us before he entered into His rest, he said, "No labourer in His vineyard need fear, nor say, Who is to do my work when I am taken away? for the Lord will not remove any one till his work is finished." Dear Miss Moore said, on coming out of church, "That part of the sermon was for me, for I was lamenting to him the other day, and saying what would become of the dear Home and my poor girls if I were taken away, who would fill my place?" She was telling me lately of some trouble she had had in the Home; I said, "It is discouraging work." "Don't say that," was the reply, "it is most delightful work; I never was so happy in my life as since I was engaged in it; and, if I could win one soul to Christ, what would be all my labour compared to such glory as that? Oh! that the Lord would give me the souls of those poor girls." And on another occasion she said, "*If I had a thousand lives, I would devote them to the blessed work of God in that dear Home.*" On the first day she was confined to bed, I told her how delighted Mr. Grubb and Mr. Richardson had been with what they had seen at the Home, and how Mr. Grubb had said, "I have been travelling for two months through Ireland to see how the Lord's work is prospering, and if I had seen nothing but Jane Moore and her work I should be thankful." She said, "Dear, I am very glad to hear it, but it just shows me I must work the harder, and renew all my energies for the future." The day I came to stay with her, though very low and wandering a little, she said, "It is so

kind of you to come and stay with me; I am so glad to have you, for I know you will attend to my spiritual wants." She was always thinking more of every one's comfort than her own; truly she was the most unselfish human creature that ever breathed. The first day she was speaking of some one whom she believed to be in Christ. "As for me," she said, "I am a poor, weak, sinful creature; there is nothing good in me." The evening her sister arrived she insisted on her having reading and prayers in her room, that a person in the house of whose salvation she was not quite certain should be invited up, and she said to Lady A., "Now, dear sister, won't you speak pointedly to her?" The next evening we had also family prayer in her room, but my beloved friend had sunk so low in the mean time, as to be almost unconscious of everything passing around her. Her sister went over to her bed and said, "Dear, we have been praying for you;" she replied, "I hope you all pray for me." Next day, though she seemed quite unconscious, I was repeating some texts at her bedside, when I came to that verse, "Thou shalt shew me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore," she repeated it word for word after me. When her brother, Mr. M., came in, he said, "I hope you have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;" she replied, "*I wish every one had the peace I have.*" On Saturday morning she was gradually sinking, and during the day I stooped over her to hear what she was muttering, and heard her say, "*Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.*" When another sister, Mrs. H., came in, I said to her, "Mrs. H. has come to see you; are you not glad to see her?" She said, "Yes, but we must give all our hearts to the Lord." During the night, the last of her life, she said, "It is all in the Lord's hands; we are poor, weak creatures, but He will not reproach us for what we cannot do." She said much more, but her weakness increased so greatly, and she spoke so incoherently, it was impossible to make out her meaning. At last, a little before three o'clock, p.m., on Sunday, December 6th, after two or three gentle breathings, without pain or suffering, she passed away so gently, that before even those hanging over her could discover it, the happy spirit had fled, and entered eternity."

Well might the author, in his concluding remarks, say,—

"In the words of Malachi it might be said of her, 'The law of truth was in (her) mouth, and iniquity was not found in (her) lips; (she) walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity.' Still, only by the grace of God she was what she was; she laboured more abundantly than others, and yet not she but the grace of God which was with her; let us therefore bless the Lord and unfeignedly give the glory from first to last to the free, sovereign, and distinguishing grace of God, which made her what she was, which preserved her unblameable and unreplicable in the midst of a degenerate and fallen world, made her so useful for a time here, and now has removed her from sin and sorrow, and from all the coming evils and fearful tribulations of these last days. Already iniquity abounds, and the love of many is waxing cold; much of increasing infidelity, much open idolatry, 'perilous times' (may it not be said) *have come*; there is a great sifting, and many are falling away. At such a time, with what a thrilling power should the words of Christ appeal to every believer, 'Behold I come quickly, hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.' When the greatest crisis the world is ever to witness seems to be at hand, how earnestly should the people of God pray; how ardent should be their closet, family, and public prayers; how importunately should they petition for a Pentecostal outpouring of God's Holy Spirit on all hands, 'to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.' It was her fond hope that she might have lived to witness the glories of the second advent: God has willed it otherwise, and she is already for 'ever with the Lord.' What a voice from God is there in this dispensation to those who attended her meetings, schools, and 'home.' That earnest, loving follower of the Redeemer, who was so lately amongst you, is removed from her work; the countenance which you have been beholding for years, day after day, Sabbath after Sabbath, beaming with love and intelligence, is now taken from amongst you, never to be beheld by any of you while in the flesh; the voice that sounded, speaking in language of warning to sinners and consolation to God's believing people, that voice

silenced for ever as regards this life. How has she given practical exemplification that those who would die in the Lord and be happy, must *live* as she did, *in the Lord*."

We cannot but most strongly recommend this little work to the attention of our readers. We feel the greater pleasure in doing so, because any profits arising from its sale, are to be applied to the maintenance of "The Home," for which the beloved departed lived, and for which, we may add, she died. In a postscript, we have the following intimation:—

"Since her sister's removal, Lady Annesley is collecting funds to uphold Rose Vale Home, and, should the readers of this little memoir feel inclined to aid this valuable institution, or Moyrus School, any donations will be most thankfully received and acknowledged if sent to the Countess Annesley, Castlewellan, Co. Down."

We may state, in addition to the above, that from a private letter which we have received from Lady Annesley herself, she says: "The more the sale is extended, the better for the funds of the Rose Vale Home, of which the late Miss Moore was the foundress. Four of the inmates have been placed at service, and one restored to her parents, all giving evidence of *real conversion*; twenty-one inmates are at present enjoying the advantages of the institution, which is quite dependent on private contributions."

PROTESTANT BEACON.

PRIESTS IN PRISONS.

[To the Editor of the Record.]

SIR,—An instance of the actual influence of the priests in prisons may interest your readers. It is given by the late Chancellor Bird, in the Notes to his *Romanism not Primitive*:—

"The late General Sir John Elley gave me, on two several occasions, with the same precise particulars, an account of his having, when holding a military command in Ireland visited a condemned murderer in prison, who confessed to him his crime. The next day, repeating his visit, he heard the man say that he was innocent. 'What!' said the General, 'did you not tell me that you were guilty?' 'Yes,' replied the man, 'I did the murder.' 'Then why,' was the natural question, 'do you call yourself innocent?' 'Have I not had the priest?' answered the murderer. 'And does that make you innocent?' said Sir John. 'To be sure,' said the man; 'as innocent as a child unborn.' 'Suppose you were let out of prison, and committed another murder, would it be your first?' 'To be sure it would!' was the instant and undoubting reply."

Sir, when will British statesmen understand that Romanism is not a spiritual system, for it is a thing of form; neither a moral system; but, as this tale sadly illustrates, a system too well adapted to human desires—of sinning made comfortable? They will too late discover that, in place of true religion, they have brought into our gaols a political system of ecclesiastical domination, holding the reins of superstitious consciences, that will never bow the head to Queen Victoria; for it has despotic power greater than any monarch in the world possesses, and yet more secret in exercise.

They will rue the day when they so far stripped the laws of England of the sanctions of divine justice, and lost that strongest control over crime which is provided by the terror and remorse of conscience, through sending plenary absolution to the criminal by the hands of a Romish priest.

Yours obediently, X.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

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OLD SERIES.

CONFLICT AND CONFIDENCE.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."—Job xix. 25—27.

It is clear, from the circumstances in which Job was placed at the time he uttered these words, that some of the most glorious things which ever fell from the lips of mortals, sprang out of his very depths of anguish. Yea, for the express purpose of their realizing this, and that they may not only *experience*, but *express*, their sense of both what the Lord is, and what the Lord is graciously pleased to do, His people are brought into positions wherein those divine secrets are opened to their wondering and admiring view. How little did Job know either of himself or the Lord until brought into those trials and calamities wherein all human wisdom and all human strength failed. Then, and not until then, was he led to know and feel that the Lord alone was his stronghold.

Reader, if you belong to the Lord, have you not proved this to be the case in innumerable instances? What, instrumentally, has confirmed you in the Lord, and established you in His truth, but trouble? Hence, how clear it is that trials and afflictions, as appointed and directed of the Lord, are not for the purpose of injuring, much less of destroying, the subjects of it, but for the *furtherance* of their present good and their future glory.

That Job's confidence was connected with his condition, and that, under the gracious direction and operation of the Holy Ghost, it grew out of that condition, is evident from the way he expressed himself. Having declared his wish, "that his words were written; that they were printed in a book;" yea, "that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!" he adds, "for"—that is, namely, these are my words, this my testimony, which I desire to be permanently recorded—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c.

Now, let us, first, look at his *confidence*. "I know." How did Job know? By revelation. And by whom was this revelation? By none other than God the Holy Ghost. *He* was the Great Revealer—the Gracious Testifier—in Old Testament times, as well as in the New. Speaking of the patriarch, Christ said, "Abraham desired to see my day; he saw it, and was glad." How did he see

it? By revelation, and that revelation by the Holy Ghost, whose distinct prerogative it is, and ever has been, to testify of Christ.

It is sweet, beloved, to contemplate this confidence, as appertaining to Old Testament believers, because therein we see the true nature of *faith*, and behold the perfection of Jehovah's work, who is not confined to times or seasons. The faith of Old Testament believers was as genuine as that of those who lived after the coming of Christ; yea, in a sense it partook more of the real nature of faith, because it had nought to fall back upon but *the covenant declaration of God*. It was promised that in the fulness of time Christ should come. They lived and died in the belief of a fact not as yet accomplished. Hence we say, theirs was a God-honouring faith. And it is sweet to hear Job, out of the midst of his trouble and anguish, exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Reader, can you say so? Oh, what a privilege if you can. Of what little importance is any trial or affliction as appertaining to earth or earthly things, if so be you can only come up to this blessed standard—a good hope through grace in a precious Redeemer. Mountains of trouble will melt into nothingness before this glorious hope; seas of sorrow will dry up before this gracious assurance.

And then there is *the claim*, "*My Redeemer*." Not only the confidence that He lives as *a Redeemer* or *the Redeemer*, but as *my Redeemer*. It is so personal. It is such a self-interest. *Mine*, and as though *only mine*. So mighty, and so good, and so gracious, and so exactly *the Friend, the Intercessor, the Advocate, the Redeemer* I want; for herein consists so much of the blessedness, beloved. I am led, by the Spirit, into a discovery of my condition; He shows me my danger; He gives me to see my utter destitution, bankruptcy, and lost estate; and then, in my helplessness and misery, reveals Christ to me as the *very Redeemer* I need, giving me, correspondingly, to apprehend Him as mine in all His wisdom, grace, love, and power. So that I am lost in rapturous amazement and adoration as I contemplate the Saviour so richly and so timely and so graciously provided for me a sinner. I see such wisdom and such love and such tenderness and such condescension in the appointment; and I am perfectly lost, too, in adoring wonder when I think of such a Redeemer for *me*—for *me*. Hence I cannot but exult in the fact, "I know that *my Redeemer liveth*."

Job, and all those who are privileged in common with Job to realize their relationship to the Lord Christ, cannot but sympathize in the same sentiment with the Psalmist, "The Lord is *my Shepherd*; I shall not want;" and again, "And God, even *our own God*, shall bless us." With the prophet, too, we would exclaim, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be *my Rock*, and let the God of *my salvation* be exalted."

Let us pause again to remark that the blessedness of the *confidence*, the sweetness of the *claim* of which we have spoken, so far from being suppressed or superseded or obliterated by affliction or trial, generally is realized in immediate connexion with the same. The Lord well knows the worldliness and the carnality and the spiritual sluggishness of His children; hence He arouses them, and stimulates them,—yea, and instrumentally strengthens them—by trouble. By it He drives them or draws them out of self—gives them, from very necessity, to turn to their stronghold as prisoners of hope; and thus it is they are brought, by the precious operation of the Holy Ghost, to see their divine and unalterable standing in a glorious Christ.

Look again, dear reader, at the *condition* of Job. He had been, so to speak, robbed and spoiled of all. His sons and daughters were gone—his flocks and herds were gone; his wife alone was left, and she proved to be but "a miserable comforter." Humanly speaking, she had better been absent too, as

far as any comfort or satisfaction from her continuance was concerned. God had determined that Job should have none or nought but Himself to glory in. Moreover, his poor body was so smitten with "sore boils, from the sole of his foot unto his crown," that "he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes." Were it possible to conceive of a more hapless, painful state of things than this? It was pitiable to the last degree. Hence we hear him say, "My sighing cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters. For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came." "The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me." "I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and become loathsome. Therefore I will not refrain my mouth; I will speak in the anguish of my spirit; I will complain in the bitterness of my soul. Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me? When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions: so that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than my life. I loathe it; I would not live alway: let me alone; for my days are vanity."

Such was Job's language—such his anguish of heart; yet we find that the remonstrances of his friends, and their very suspicions of the genuineness of his principles and the security of his state, were overruled of God to lead to a closer scrutiny and a more searching inquiry as to his real condition before God. The result was, that confidence and that claim of which we have spoken. It was ordered of God in Job's case, as it is commonly ordered of God in other cases, that the grave suspicions or the cruel aspersions of men should lead the souls of the Lord's thus tried and persecuted ones to a closer clinging and a more ardent appealing to Himself. The issue of this is never by any means doubtful. It is always in the troubled soul's favour. It may lead to searching of heart, to acknowledgment of backslidings, to brokenness of spirit, and to renewed humiliation; and all this is good—it is wholesome for the soul; but it does lead also, sooner or later, to an uplifting of heart and a reviving of spirit, causing the tried one to exclaim with David, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living."

It was, therefore, under these combined circumstances of deep affliction of body, anguish of soul, severe bereavement, loss of property, and the grave suspicion and painful insinuations of friends, that Job, notwithstanding, adopted the language of our text, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

Look, once more, at his *composure*. He saw he must die; he knew his poor body must return to the dust whence it came, and of which it was composed; yet he could contemplate the whole with *calmness* and *composure*. His heart had thus been "brought down with labour." He could triumph over death,

and rejoice over the grave. We very much question whether Job would have thus expressed himself in the midst of his prosperity. No: his words were the effect of *sanctified sorrow*. They sprang out of that close contact with the Lord, and that renewed investigation of his hope, of which we have spoken. He had been looking afresh over his title-deeds. He had opened the cabinet, and searched into the various clauses of the lease which he had been permitted to hold, and which had become dusty, and, according to appearance, obsolete—valueless—a dead letter. Now, in his extremity, he finds it far otherwise. Circumstances have altered; his change of condition is such as to make him search into, and fall back rejoicingly upon, the ancient records—the covenant—the Spirit-engrossed and divinely-executed deed between Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Thus Job's hopes were revived; the fire of love rekindled; and, 'mid the wreck of outward circumstances—the failure of flesh and heart, and the prostration and decay of his poor frail tabernacle—he says, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me." The marginal reading is, "After I shall awake, though this body be destroyed, yet out of my flesh shall I see God." Coverdale renders the passage thus: "I shall rise out of the earth at the latter day, but I shall be clothed again with this skin, and see God in my flesh; yea, I myself shall behold Him, not with others, but with these same eyes."

How beautifully is here seen the identity of the dying—the mouldering—with the resurrection—body. It *must* be so, otherwise it would be a *creation*, not a *resurrection*. It is "in my flesh shall I see God." It is "whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." "It is sown in corruption; it (identically the same *it*) is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." How well might the apostle, therefore, upon these blessed principles, exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Reader, how completely does such a contemplation, when inspired by the Holy Ghost, lift up the soul above the beggarly elements of the time-state! Into what contempt and insignificance does worldly grandeur, as well as worldly trials and afflictions, dwindle before such reflections as these! What is man, or what are measures (painful or profitable, in a worldly point of view), when set in contrast with such glorious realities? The earth's vast fabric itself is but the mere scaffolding to that temple and that kingdom which Jehovah is setting up and preparing for Himself. Time is but the mere stepping-stone to eternity. Its honours—its fame—its riches, are not worthy of being named when set in contrast to a hope beyond the grave, and that precious faith which enables its privileged possessor to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

But Job not only testifies of the latter-day glory, when Christ shall have come again, and when "He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth," but he speaks so emphatically, "whom I shall see for myself." Now, who can conceive for a moment what that sight will be? The apostle Peter seems almost overcome with emotion when he writes, in regard to the sight of Christ, "whom, having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see Him not, yet, believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." The apostle John, too, exclaims, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Both the one and the other are lost, as it were, in the veriest contemplation of the greatness and glory of seeing Jesus as He is. If these inspired apostles felt so, how may *we*, poor finite and earth-bound creatures, feel? What, dear reader, can *we* think or say of the matter? The apostle Paul said, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." What was that glory but the reflection of Christ's glory in and upon them? Christ is the glory of heaven. Heaven, so to speak, had no glory but for Christ. As the natural sun is the glory, essentially, of creation, so Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, is the grand centre from which all the glory of the redeemed radiates. Hence, what must the sight of Christ be, "No longer through a glass darkly, but face to face?" The glimpse of Christ on the mount of transfiguration (though in His humiliation, and whilst here as the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief) was such as to cause Peter to exclaim, "Master, it is good for us to be here; let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias; not knowing what he said." The apostle Paul, caught up into Paradise, heard and saw that, even in his as yet disembodied humanity, which it was neither lawful nor possible for him to utter. What, then, must the contemplation of Christ be, when the soul is freed from its cumbrous companion, the flesh, and its deadly opponents, Satan and the world? when the disembodied spirit beholds Him in open vision?

A momentary glimpse of Christ by faith—perhaps once, twice, or thrice in a life-long pilgrimage—is such as can never be forgotten. It leaves impressions and emotions that neither sin nor Satan nor the world can efface or obliterate. It reflects like a star, bright and cheering, during a dark and portentous night, through the whole course of one's earthly pilgrimage. Such momentary glimpses cheers and animates and strengthens. What, then, must the uninterrupted, fully-developed, and everlasting vision of God and the Lamb be, amid that glorified multitude which no man can number?

To "see Him as He is," and be "for ever with the Lord," does indeed bespeak a bliss which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Reader, may you and ourselves be at last the happy partakers of this bliss.

Totterdown, Bristol, July, 1864.

THE EDITOR.

It is a comfort to view God's immense wisdom, His overflowing goodness, His tender mercy, His unerring truth. What comfort were it in any of those, if it were a wisdom that could be baffled, a goodness that could be damped, a mercy that could expire, a truth that could perish with the subject of it? Without eternity, what were all His other perfections but as glorious yet withering flowers—a great, but decaying beauty?

THE COMING CHANGE.

[Read 2 PETER iii.]

"Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—2 PETER iii. 13.

IN this second epistle, the apostle Peter emphatically addresses those who have obtained like precious faith with him through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; and the subject he specially treats of is the second coming of our Lord, accurately and minutely describing the state of things that shall exist when that all-important event occurs. "There shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies" (chap. ii.); and, again, "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation." And then he shows the folly of such carnal reasoning; that it is sufficient if God has promised. If *He* says so, it will surely come to pass; for "the Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness." No; if He has said it, it must come to pass; and it is ours to recollect that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." And then, establishing the fact of the dissolution of all things, and of the coming again of the Lord Jesus, he says, "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless [although these things shall immediately come to pass] *we*, according to His promise, *look* for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." What a mercy to be included in the "*we*"—to have some assurance that we are one among the children of promise!

And surely this "*looking*" betokens faith. We look, because we believe He will come. We expect Jesus, because we take God at His word. It is according to promise that He shall come—a promise made 700 years before Peter's assertion, in the following words: "For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come to mind" (Isa. lxv. 17). Because of this we believe, and keep on the lookout for the fulfilment of God's own word. Oh, to be steadfast! Oh, to do nothing that we should be ashamed of, if He should break in upon us as a thief in the night! Oh, to be attaching ourselves to everything that savours of Christ! It is a solemn reflection that this earth upon which we stand, and which seems so solid, is "reserved unto fire against that day;" and that the heavens, now so beautifully studded with stars, will be one day "wrapped up as a scroll." Seeing that these things are so, believing that these things will come to pass according to promise, what manner of persons ought we indeed to be in all holy conversation and godliness? May the Lord give us grace so to live that when Jesus comes He will find us *looking*.

"The day is fixed—tremendous day!
When heaven and earth shall flee away
As one wraps up a scroll."

Pray to be kept in the attitude of longing expectation for the Lord's second coming, and to be hindered by mighty grace from doing anything that would dishonour His holy and blessed name.

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

THOUGHTS ON CANTICLES,

SONG i. 1—8.

VERSES 1, 2. "The song of songs, which is Solomon's. Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth: for Thy love is better than wine."—What subject can be comparable to this—viz., the love of Christ? His union with His spouse, the Church, which He loved, and for which He "gave Himself; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church" (Eph. v. 25—27). May she therefore, accordant with her dignity, be not filled with carnal, vain delights, drunk with the intoxicating "mixed wine" of this world; but, filled with the Spirit, let her utterance be given forth "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," such as this one now before us! Acts xvi. 25: "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them." Truly, "a stranger intermeddleth not" with the joy that bubbles up in the believer's heart. Prison locks cannot dam up its river; nay, the most adverse circumstances may most tend to cause it to burst forth out of its noiseless course, so that the poor prisoners bound in Satan's chains may hear and be profited. "Who giveth songs in the night" (Job xxxv. 10); "Surely, O Lord, all our springs are in Thee" (Psalm lxxxvii.) Better is Thy love than all this earth's intoxicating wines of foolish creature delights.

Verse 3. "Because of the savour of Thy good ointments Thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love Thee."—Physician of sin-sick souls, Thy name is as ointment poured forth. Thou art that good Samaritan who pours therein oil and wine, for the healing and refreshing of the poor believer; and because of the realizing sense of the word within, therefore do the "pure in heart" love Thee. Thy name is precious—Jesus—Saviour, who dost bless Thy people "in turning them away every one from their iniquities" (Acts iii. 26). Do Thou each day anoint our souls with Thine anointing Spirit, to close, bind up, and mollify our "wounds and bruises and putrifying sores," which are being hourly exposed by the attacks of sin and temptation.

Verse 4. "Draw me, we will run after Thee: the King hath brought me into His chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in Thee, we will remember Thy love more than wine: the upright love Thee."—Surely it is not the condemning law that will bring us to Christ! That which "came by Moses" suspends a curse over the head of the sinner; but by Jesus Christ came "grace and truth." He draws the sinner by loving-kindness, sets him at liberty to "run the way of His commandments." Then the soul follows "hard after" Christ, following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." The great King brings the believer, His beloved one, into the secret of His presence, reveals to Him the wonders of His love, riches unsearchable, such as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of [the natural] man to conceive" of; seals him with the Holy Spirit, as an earnest that he is His (Eph. i. 13). O my soul, be much in the chambers of thy King; feed on His royal bounties, hear His counsels of wisdom, and thence go forth every hour, refreshed and invigorated, to stand in the day of trial, to walk smoothly in the path of difficulty, and to give forth the savour of those good ointments poured upon thyself, that all who live with you, visit you, speak with you, may take knowledge of you that you have "been with Jesus." There will be a time specially when the chambers of our King will be sought. "Come, my people, enter thou into

thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast" (Isaiah xxvi. 20). To sin, temptation, and Satan, those friendly foes which now continually compel us thither, to lay ourselves before the throne of grace, will be added, perhaps quickly, public trial and public judgment, when "the Lord shall arise out of His place where He now sitteth, the hour of vengeance arrived, to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." Then shall His little flock find it good to nestle within the chambers of His protection, therein secured until the destroyer be gone by, and the pitiless storm be past (Isaiah xxv. 4).

Verse 5. "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."—"Unclean, unclean!" (Lev. xiii. 45), must be the language of that heart which, touched by the Spirit, knows anything of its own vileness. "Behold, I am vile;" "wherefore I abhor myself" (Job xl. 4; xlii. 6), will be written daily more deeply on the heart as the light of God's truth increases, and the believer grows in grace. Surely this sense of self-loathing would weigh down the soul so grievously, this body of sin and death would so chain him down to the dust, that he could in no wise lift himself up, were it not for the assurance of faith, that whilst in himself he is nothing—worse than nothing, yet in Christ he is lovely, fair, and spotless; washed in the blood of sprinkling, anointed with the oil of the Holy Spirit, clothed with brodered work, girded with fine linen, covered with silk, and decked with the ornaments of Christ's righteousness (Ez. xvi. 9—13). The believing soul receives the Scripture testimony as to her state in the eye of her God; does not disparage the work of the Holy Ghost which He hath wrought in her of personal holiness; is satisfied that whilst the mortal body lives, sin must remain in it; desires not otherwise than to see herself black, whilst faith assures her that she is comely in the sight of her covenant God and Father in Christ. The Church is also mean and contemptible in the world's estimation; her outer covering is sometimes rude as that of the badgers' skins of the tabernacle (Ex. xxvi. 14), and, through human infirmity, unattractive or ridiculous. Let not believers assist this character by an unbecoming or ignorant behaviour; but, putting "away the appearance of evil," by every lawful condescension, by "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," by being "gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient;" by raising high the standard of Christian morals—not selfishly satisfied with their own inward adornment, but seeking the profit and edification of all around; let them be careful to "adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things" (Titus ii. 10).

Verse 6. "Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."—The Church is narrowly watched by observers. How are the temper, the actions, the deportment of the Lord's people canvassed by those who can judge only by the "outward appearance," unable to discern the spiritual man within. How careful, therefore, ought the believer to be, lest by any means he bring up an "evil report" of the Master whom he serves, of the heavenly city of which he is a citizen. It is only by clinging closely to the Saviour, by constantly realizing heavenly things, by closet communion, by the prayer of ejaculation at all seasons, under all circumstances, that he will be held up so that he shall be safe, and bid defiance to all condemning "observers" (see Psalm v. 8; xxvii. 11, margin). Take heed, O believer, if you suffer and "endure grief," both that it be wrongfully, and that "ye take it patiently" (1 Pet. ii. 20, 23), taking pattern by Him who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; who, when He suffered,

threatened not. Like Him, be not careful to justify yourselves before men, but commit thy cause to Him that judgeth righteously. It would be well were this censorious spirit confined to the world's party, but do not Christians prey one upon another? yea, much of mutual bitterness exists amongst them. Seldom, it is to be feared, in this degenerate age, can it be observed of them, "See how these Christians love one another!" Surely, did they "love one another with a pure heart, fervently" (1 Pet. i. 22), it could not be thus; their biting and devouring one of another must be a stumbling-block to inquirers, and to the world, who so well comprehend the loving character of Christianity, that our blessed Lord declared it should be to them as a test of discipleship that His people should love one another (John xiii. 35). There is a jealousy, fear, and suspicion amongst them, instead of such a loving spirit; a shyness in giving "the right hand of fellowship," such as the disciples manifested towards Paul, who were afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple, until one loving one—a Barnabas, "a son of consolation"—took him, and pleaded his cause before them (Acts ix. 26, 27). The cure for all these short-comings toward one another is intercessory prayer. Dost thou, O believer, see a fault in thy brother, in thy sister, in thy parent, wife, child, or husband, in any dear friend or acquaintance, or in the Church at large? Surely the remedy lies not in murmurings against, or complaints, or fault-findings, which tend to no edification; would it not more likely be found in the Scripture rule, viz., in "endeavouring to gain thy brother," according to Matt. xviii. 15; or in restoring one another in "the spirit of meekness," according to Gal. vi. 1, always considering thine own liability to err; or in praying "one for another, that ye may be healed," according to James v. 16? None can deny that, by the neglect of these admonitions, the angry spirit has tended much to dishonour Christ, to give the enemy a triumph, and to retard the advance of the visible Church, as well as the individual Christian's growth in grace. The worldly principle is at the root of all this. The religion of Christ is so much a fashion, that amongst the crowd of professors, the "mixed multitude," real believers are lost, so far forgetting their distinctive character, that it is often doubtful, even in the eye of charity, to which party they belong. O believer, let it be more thy business to declare to all around "whom you are, and whom you serve," to be a living epistle, known and read of all men. And, if they who are children of one mother in Christ, who belong to that one body which acknowledges "one Spirit, one hope of calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all" (Eph. iv.); if such look narrowly and condemningly on one another, should a child of God be offended if he is regarded with contempt by the world and his worldly relations? Jesus "came unto His own, and His own received Him not;" "neither did His brethren believe in Him." Did He lead His disciples to expect friendly treatment from a world whose friendship is, in the Scripture estimation, "enmity against God" (James iv. 4)? If you forget so far as to think so, consult His word, where He sets forth the divisions which He, who is the Prince of Peace, introduces among families (Luke xii. 51, &c.; John xv. 18, &c.) Would it be a good sign, think you, of your state, that the world which persecuted your Lord should caress and flatter you? Is there not rather a woe denounced against those of whom all men speak well? (Luke vi. 26.) A tempered zeal and activity in the cause of Christ becomes *His* disciples, who are exhorted to be "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord" (Rom. xii. 11). "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Eccles. ix. 10). They ought to observe "opportunity to do good unto all men" (Gal. vi. 10); but in busy activity about the affairs of others,

there is great danger to one's own soul lest it should suffer loss. Far from shrinking from the path of duty as marked out by Providence, we should diligently follow in whatever steps He leads—"following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth"—however painful it may sometimes be to flesh and blood. But there is an aptness, which we should carefully guard against, to mark out a path for ourselves, to cut and carve out work, and to meddle where the Lord has not called us; let us take care of falling in with the class whom the Scripture designates as "busy in other men's matters." According to our inclinations or natural dispositions, we are liable to mistake in this matter. Timidity, or reserve, or slothfulness, will make one get out of the way, or keep back from a work to which he is plainly called: as Jonah, who fled to Tarshish when commanded to go to Nineveh; as Moses, who, when God said to him, "Now therefore go," answered, "O my Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send;" as Jeremiah, who said, "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child." An ardent temper, an active habit, or a sense of self-importance, will, on the other hand, carry one the other way: as Moses, who would have fixed for himself the time when he was to appear as the deliverer of his nation; as Jacob, who took his own method of fulfilling the promise that the birthright should be his; as Peter, who desired Christ to bid him come to Him on the water. Let us observe diligently the intimations of Providence, and, mistrusting our own deceitful hearts, especially jealous of their dictatings, look up constantly for divine direction, for the Spirit's teaching—earnestly desiring that he would "prevent us in all our doings with His gracious favour, and further us with His continual help, that in all our doings, begun, continued, and ended in Him, we may ever glorify His holy name." In proportion as we observe this conduct, we shall be spared the bitter self-reproach, "Mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Verse 7. "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of Thy companions?"—Where art Thou to be found, blessed Jesus? Thy beloved one, perhaps in busy trifling, has lost the trace of Thy footsteps; she has strayed from Thee, not Thou from her, for Thou never leavest, "no, never" forsakest Thy loved ones. The lawful callings of life may draw off the soul from communion and fellowship with Jesus, if their ensnaring tendencies be not guarded against—spiritual sloth and carnal activity are closely linked together; or the soul may be feeding on other things than on Christ, "the Bread of life," the "true and living Bread," hewing out "broken cisterns that can hold no water" (Jer. xi. 13), surfeiting on novelties, running after ordinances, hunting after excitements, reading human productions whilst neglecting the Scriptures, engaged in the outer courts, whilst the "holy of holies" is seldom entered. What a losing game does all this prove! The soul, thus straying into foreign pastures, will acquire a sickliness, a leanness, which it will startle to behold when brought to view itself in the mirror of the word. The child of God may be left for a longer or a shorter time thus to follow his own devices; and it is well if, in the providence of his God, he be not permitted to fall into open sin, to bring a dark cloud over his profession, to cause triumph to those who, at every stumble that he makes, rejoice with, "Aha, so would we have it!" But, as God is faithful, and a covenant-keeping God, He will surely bring back His own; He will take them out of the mire, that they utterly "sink not;" He will, *when* He pleases, and *as* He pleases, rouse them to awake—it may be by startling providences, by a sense of the strengthening of inward corruption, or it may be the "still small voice" speaking in the conscience, in a

text, in the preached word, or by the Holy Spirit, which had never entirely left His temple (1 Cor. vi. 19), testifying of Jesus. However this may be done, it is well and safe when the believer is up and seeking Jesus, when she approaches reverently and confidently before the mercy-seat, thus beseeching Him that sitteth above it, "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest!" Oh, lead me thither, give me to eat of the "bread of life," and I shall hunger no more; give me to drink of the "well of water springing up into everlasting life;" then, blessed Jesus, I shall hunger and thirst no more! "Tell me where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon;" in the time when the sun waxeth hot—whether it be the sun "of persecution because of the word," from the enemy without, or the fiery darts of the adversary of the soul, presenting temptation within, or affliction and tribulation which threaten to wither up grace, unless accompanied by the refreshing dews of the Spirit: whatever tends to endanger the believer in body, soul, or spirit, in "mind, body, or estate," and render his condition here a barren wilderness. It is well to have from time to time some of these bitter experiences; they are the calls of the Shepherd to His sheep, inquiring, "What doest thou here?" exhorting, "Consider your ways;" reminding, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest." O blessed Jesus, teach Thy sheep to welcome every call, every dispensation that arouses them from "settling on the lees!" Whatever be the furnace in which they are at present lying, or whatever Thou mayest be preparing for them, only do Thou accompany it with Thy blessed presence, and then will there be a readiness to welcome it with, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." "Why should I be as one that turneth aside?" &c. As it is the Lord's prerogative alone to read the heart, so the sheep straying from the direct path, or lying down in other folds, must not think it strange to have her character and condition mistaken, that she is looked on with doubt and suspicion by the family of Christ. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the Scripture rule for our judgment of one another; there is no greater subject of humiliation to those who are spiritually minded than the falls of Christians, which give "occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme," cause stumbling to the weak, sorrow to the tender-hearted "members of that one body," and dishonour to Christ, "the Head." Oh, let us learn from a sense of infirmity in ourselves to regard with much charity and tenderness our tempted brethren; and when we fall, and find no sympathy, let us away to Christ, our great High Priest, who can "be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," who, "in that He hath suffered, being tempted, is able to succour them that are tempted."

Verse 8. "If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents."—Here the Saviour answers directly this prayer. It is not always thus. God often seems to shroud Himself in thick darkness, to cover Himself "with a cloud that prayer may not pass through," and not to appear for His children's deliverance until they have been left for a time to have a full view of their own corruptions and deceitful hearts, leading them through snares and pitfalls. He knows when to answer prayer, and apportion the time of waiting to the circumstances and strength of the offerer. Thus, perhaps, a weak believer may have more joyful experiences of this kind, or those in most critical and trying circumstances, than others whose faith is stronger, and whose constant experience is rather that of long and tedious waiting. Nevertheless, my soul, be assured of this fact, that whatever thou dost long after and pray for, though "the vision tarry, it is for an appointed time; it will surely come, and will not tarry:" and

"therefore, though it tarry, wait for it." Nothing is lost, but much is gained to the soul, by patient waiting. "If thou know not, O thou fairest among women." What an encouraging answer! "Black" indeed, "but comely," is the soul that is united to Christ! Here is no word of reproach for past neglect; but, pardoning every day her iniquity, and passing by her transgression. "He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy." He knoweth her frame, and, remembering that she is but dust, condescends to lift her out of that parent dust to which her soul perpetually cleaves. His eye penetrates the dark covering of "the tents of Kedar," and beholds the "curtains of Solomon," "all glorious within;" the inwrought work of the Holy Spirit, even the needlework of the "finger of God," the holiness corresponding with the holiness of the calling wherewith she is called (1 Pet. i. 16). "Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock," &c. This seems a parallel with Isaiah xxx. 21, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way," &c. Comparing spiritual things with spiritual, what a correspondence is observed; scripture answers scripture, and the heart in which the Holy Spirit dwells can testify also to the correspondence between that which is written and the dealings of God with itself: as here, for example, she had been turning "to the right hand and to the left," when, brought to a sense of her backsliding, she goes to her Prophet and High Priest for instructions. His answer is a direction of the way in which she should go, according to the above-mentioned promise. And what is the way in which she is to go? How are her backsliding steps to be reclaimed? An important subject this for examination! for which of the flock does it not concern? which of them has not stumbled or fallen either in doctrine or practice, if not in both? Jer. vi. 16, offers another parallel with our text. "Stand ye in the ways, and see," &c. These "old paths," these footsteps, may be the ordinances of the Lord's own appointment for the strengthening and nourishing of His sheep. They follow their divine Shepherd, and, observant of the way of duty, in all liberty of spirit, "go in and out and find pasture." There are the private closet ordinances of the washing of the feet from daily and hourly defilement (John xiii. 10); the feeding on the "continual bread" of Christ (2 Chron. xi. 4); the sitting at the feet of Jesus, to hear His word (Luke viii. 35); the daily anointing of the Holy Spirit; the continual coming under "the droppings of the cross" for forgiveness; the diligent prayerful study of the word, and meditation therein; diligent watchfulness against sin within and temptation without: all these and many more which will commend themselves to a spiritual mind. There are also the public ordinances, the observance of which is commended and exhorted to by the Holy Ghost (Luke i. 6; Heb. x. 25); "As we have opportunity also, doing good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith" (Gal. vi.), whether in temporals or spirituals. In mutually "exhorting one another," and so much the more as seeing the great day of the Lord's appearing being at hand (Heb. x. 25). Especially does it become "the bride" to seek to win souls for Christ (Rev. xxii. 17). How much mutual benefit is conferred and reflected back in this way! In seeking the welfare of others, one's own heart is comforted and refreshed; and the "well of living water" from which a draught is assisted to the lips of a thirsting soul, often gushes forth its reward in streams of life and joy through the often fainting spirit of the sympathizing offerer. Oh, it is blessed to be in the hand of our God "cups of consolation" (Jer. xvi. 7); "to comfort the feeble-minded," and to "support the weak" (1 Thess. v. 14); to present to the mourning and heavy-spirited "the oil of joy and the garment of praise" (Isa. lxi. 1); or by a faithful reproof "to warn the unruly" (1 Thess. v. 14), or convert a "sinner from

the error of his way" (James v. 20); for "a faithful ambassador is health," and "a word spoken in season, how good is it!" (Prov. xiii. 17; xv. 23.) Social intercourse amongst Christians often too proves a refreshing ordinance, according as the presence of their Lord is felt to be among them. He makes gracious mention of such meetings, whether for prayer or conversation (Matt. xviii. 19, 20; Mal. iii. 16); and on one occasion in his personal history we have an instance to this effect (Luke xxiv.) When two humble disciples "talked together" by the way, in a strain of sadness, of those things which had happened, it came to pass that while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near and went with them, and whilst "He opened the scriptures" and expounded "the things concerning Himself," their hearts burned within them. These are some of the outward ordinances, by the observance of which, according as the Lord leads, our souls may be often restored under infirmities. And do Thou, O gracious "Shepherd of the sheep," guide Thy flock into the true pastures; and do Thou appoint over Thine house overseers who shall take heed to the flock, and feed the Church which Thou hast purchased with Thine own blood!

Dublin.

ELT.

OUR GOD!

HENCE it is that there is not a leaf—no, not a line—in this great book of the creation, wherein we may not clearly read the existence and perfections of the great and glorious Creator, and that even by the glimmering light of nature. For who is it that bedecked yonder stately canopy of heaven with those glittering spangles the stars? Who is it that commands the sun to run his courses, and the moon to ride her circuit so constantly about the world? Who is it that formed me so curiously in my mother's womb? Who is it that gives my stomach power to digest such variety of meats into chyle, and my heart or liver to turn them all to blood, and thence to send each particle to its proper place, and all to keep up this crazy carcass? Doubtless, these, and such like things, however ordinary or natural they may appear to us at present, are in themselves very great and wonderful effects that must, at first, be produced by some infinitely powerful and supernatural Agent, the high and mighty God, who is not only the chiefest of beings, but the Being of all beings whatsoever. I say, the Being of all beings, because whatsoever excellency or perfection is in any other thing, is eminently, yea, infinitely comprehended in Him; for He is not only the creature's perfection in the concrete, but in the abstract too. He is not only all-wise, all-good, all-mighty, &c., but He is all-wisdom, all-goodness, all-might, all-mercy, all-justice, all-glory, &c. And, as He is the ocean and abyss of all these perfections in Himself, so is He the fountain of them all to us; insomuch that we have nothing, not so much as the least moment of life, but what is communicated to us from this everliving God. And not only what we, poor sinful worms, are to have, but even whatsoever those nobler creatures the angels have, 'tis but a beam darted from this Sun, 'tis but a stream flowing from this overflowing Fountain.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

How unworthy is it for dust and ashes, kneaded together in time, to strut against the Father of eternity; much more unworthy for that which is nothing, and worse than nothing, to quarrel with that which is alone Being, and equal himself with Him who inhabits eternity.—*Charnock.*

THE JEWISH WITNESS FOR JESUS.

(Continued from page 317.)

AFTER some time spent in the diligent study of Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, it occurred to me that my abandoning the study of the New Testament was very unreasonable. Why should I hesitate to read it? I asked myself. If I am sure it is false, it can do me no harm; and if I am not sure it is false, is it not my duty to examine diligently if it be true? I reflected that Jesus of Nazareth came to Jews—to people who must have had the same difficulties and the same prejudices as myself; so I resolved to give the question of the truth of Christianity a fair and a patient investigation.

On returning to the perusal of the New Testament, I was much struck with the truthfulness of the whole narrative. The mistakes and unbelief of the disciples, the success or failure of their mission, the numbers who believed their report, or the numbers who rejected it, all appeared to be faithfully recorded as they occurred, without any calculation of expediency—any thought of making out a good case. Jesus of Nazareth appeared to have said and done exactly those things which an impostor would not say and do. Not one promise did He make to His disciples that was gratifying to the carnal desires of men; poverty, contempt, tribulation—this was the inheritance promised them in this world. “If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you” (John xv. 18). Nothing, surely, but an overpowering conviction that this was the true Messiah sent of God could have induced men to follow a leader who held out prospects so little inviting.

The Acts of the Apostles, which I now read for the first time, interested me powerfully. The resurrection of Christ, His ascension into heaven, and the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost conferred on the apostles, occupied my attention for a considerable time; and, after a strict and careful examination, I came to the conclusion that these wonderful narratives are as well established as any history in the Old Testament. The account of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus gave me more insight into the true nature of Christianity than anything I had previously read. Here was a man honestly zealous for the law, filled with indignation against those whom he thought were seeking to subvert it (Acts xxvi. 9—11). This man became convinced that Jesus whom he persecuted was indeed the Hope of Israel—and what a change took place in him! From being the zealous Pharisee, admired by the priests and rulers of the day, he became the despised Nazarene, branded by his former friends as a “pestilent fellow” and a “mover of sedition” (Phil. iii. 7—9).

As I came to understand the doctrines of Christianity more clearly, I was struck with the superhuman wisdom of the epistles. Such a deep insight into the evils of the human heart—such an ample exposition of the remedies for those evils, and yet such a distinct recognition of man's natural aversion to the remedies, and incompetence to overcome this aversion by his own unassisted efforts.

The more I examined into the truth of Christianity, the more did the question appear to be narrowed into a small compass: Jesus of Nazareth was either the promised Messiah, or an impostor and deceiver. The New Testament is either a revelation from God, or an invention of lying and wicked men. After mature deliberation, I was forced to come to the conclusion that Jesus is the Messiah, and that the New Testament is, equally with the Old, the word of God.

But this conviction, so far from bringing peace with it, seemed at first to increase the trouble of my soul tenfold. All the hatred and prejudice with which I had

been accustomed to view Christianity, instead of being subdued, were rekindled in full vigour, and my heart shrunk with aversion from that which my understanding was fully convinced was true. I need not dwell long on my state of mind at this period: those who have experienced it need not be told its anguish; and to those who have not, the account would be unintelligible. "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man that is in him?" "The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

One day I cast myself on the ground, and wept bitterly before the Lord, entreating Him that He would give me to feel what Paul experienced when He said, "Being justified by faith, we have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1). Long did I continue my supplication, remembering that Elijah, when on Carmel, sent seven times before he received the answer to his prayer, but still no peace came. Suddenly these words of Jesus came into my mind: "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name" (John xvi. 24). I cannot describe the reluctance I felt to pray in the name of Jesus, and yet I saw how inconsistent this reluctance was with the belief that He is the Christ, my Saviour. The struggle of that moment can never be forgotten. At length I was enabled to cry out, "Lord, I believe that Jesus is the Messiah, the Redeemer, the King of Israel, who was wounded for our transgressions, who was bruised for our iniquities. For His sake, have mercy on me, and give me peace." No sooner had I offered this prayer than my burden was removed. The peace of God that passeth all understanding entered into my soul. I felt that I was redeemed from destruction; that God loved me; that Christ died for me, and washed me from all my sins in His own blood; that guilty and sinful as I was by nature, I was now "justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24).

I am well aware how much of enthusiasm may appear in this—not only to Jews, but to those who, while professing themselves to be Christians, have never yet seen the necessity of a radical change in the heart and affections, which must take place in every man before he can become a child of God. But the mode in which this change is spoken of in Scripture—being "born again," "becoming a new creature"—surely implies something much more than an increased attention to the performance of outward worship and the duties of social life. And I would solemnly and earnestly entreat all who may read this, whether Jew or Gentile, diligently to examine whether these things be so—whether indeed it be true that "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3).

The enjoyment of inward peace was soon followed by outward trial and affliction. I felt it right to inform my beloved relations of the change that had taken place in me. Those whose affections cling round their home, and who fondly remember the protectors of their early years, may conceive my feelings on receiving the reply to my communication of which the following is an extract:—"Thou wicked one, may thy name be blotted out! Thou hast united thyself with the assembly of the wicked. Thy father and grandfather, with all thy relations, will go together to the grave of thy sainted mother, and announce to her the sad tidings. Cursed be the day wherein thou, wicked one, seed of the serpent, wast born! Woe is me, for the Lord has sorely afflicted me. Thy name shall henceforth be blotted out, and no more named by us: and may the hottest judgments of the Almighty fall upon thee, because thou hast forsaken the God of Israel, and joined thyself to idols." This was indeed bitter, but it was a part of the promised inheritance, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." I could from my heart bless them which cursed me thus, and pray for

them who thus despitely used me. Many years have elapsed since my change took place, of which I have endeavoured to give an account, and during all the time I can testify "that goodness and mercy have followed me." The truth that at first brought peace, has, day by day, become more precious to me. Like my brother Paul, I can say, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: to the Jew first, and also to the Greek" (Rom. i. 16).

THE SOWER.

[The following lines were suggested by the farewell of an old and valued minister, who said at the close of his sermon, that the seed he had sown would be "reaped by another," and that he committed us "in prayer to God's keeping," trusting to meet us again in "the better land" to which he had so long striven to point us.]

'Tis the seed-time of the future,
And the sower knoweth not
What shall be the gain of harvest,
When his labours are forgot.

Until then, in faith and patience,
He must share his Master's lot;
Known to many, yet a stranger,
For the world esteems him not.

From the morning till the evening
Must the sower labour on;
While the day of life is waning,
Till its weary hours are gone.

Other hands may reap the harvest;
He must leave the fields he trod;
Speak a parting benediction,
Leaving all in prayer to God.

Not until the Hope of ages
Ends the sorrow and the strife—
Till the Morning Star arises
O'er the troubled sea of life;

Not until the golden harvest
Gathered by the angel band,
Raises songs of adoration
In that holy, happy land;

Not until their notes of rapture,
Ringing through the azure dome,
Tell redemption's finished story,
In the everlasting home;

Not until the Master calls them,
Who endured the heat of day,
Who have borne, though faint and weary,
Precious seed along the way;

Not till time and death have perished,
Shall they reap their rich reward,
Shining as the stars for ever
With their risen reigning Lord.

When the veil is rent asunder,
And they see as they were seen,
Will they own in praise, for ever,
What their glorious work has been.

Until then the clouds must settle
O'er the horizon cold and grey,
Till the coming morn awaketh,
And the shadows flee away.

Till the resurrection glory
Mantles over land and sea,
And the web of life's long story
Brightens in eternity.

Till the sower and the reaper
Meet in yonder glorious home;
Till they drink life's shining river,
Flowing from our Father's throne.

In Jerusalem, the happy,
Till He bids their labours cease,
Theirs the brightest crowns of glory,
Theirs the rest of perfect peace.

L. S.

DR. CUMMING'S LAST PROPHECY.—A few weeks since he laid before a Newcastle audience certain deductions of his, which pointed to 1867 as the close of the present economy. He said he believed that the last desperate battle-field would be near Jerusalem, and that France and Russia and England would be the combatants.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

DEAR children of God, scattered up and down in this waste howling wilderness, one here and another there—hidden flowers under time's decaying leaves—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ our Lord. As with God's open word before us, we once more greet you in Christian affection, and meet you in prayerful meditation, we feel that the dove-like Spirit has dropped the following seed of experimental truth into the heart, viz.:—*Oh the happiness resulting from a sense of pardon before God.* Ah, friend, we cannot tell how soon it may please the Lord to call from earth to eternity; but what matter if we are on the rock, living under a sweet assurance, I am a pardoned man or a pardoned woman before God? "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Let me feel in uncertainty as to my doom, and I am in perpetual gloom; but let me feel that my sins are forgiven, and I walk about in this world of change a happy man in the Lord, whose pilgrimage ends in Paradise, and whose crosses terminate in a crown. *

Then, beloved, this precious word PARDON shall be the theme of our notes at this season; a word so suitable to a poor hell-deserving sinner: and I know of no more notable instance of its development than that recorded Luke vii. 36—50. Truly does it show us, as we shall presently hope to prove, that there is in Jesus

MERCY FOR A MAGDALENE.

"*Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.*"—LUKE vii. 47.

The touching narrative may be condensed as follows:—Our dear Redeemer was in Galilee, and a woman who is emphatically described as "a sinner," when she knew that Jesus had gone into the Pharisee's house, came out of the city, followed Him in with an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with ointment. Simon the Pharisee seeing this imagined that he had obtained a decisive proof that Jesus was not a prophet, because he had admitted into His presence this sinner. Our Lord showed that He was more than a prophet, for, without the Pharisee uttering a syllable, He read his inmost thoughts, and said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had *nothing to pay*, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And He said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged. And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven. And they that sat at meat with Him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also? And He said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." Beloved, think first of

THE CHARACTER OF THIS WOMAN.

"Behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner."—LUKE vii. 36.

This is a deep-dyed word—"a sinner;" one who has transgressed the law of God; worthy only of condemnation; a slave of the devil; one heaping up wickedness against the day of wrath. We cannot imagine a more emphatic word. Evidently the inspired prophet had the sinner before him when he wrote, "And God saw the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thought of his heart was only evil continually." A *sinner*—it is a word only to be cancelled by another, viz., a *Saviour*. But this poor woman had discovered she was a sinner, and had felt the fact; hence she became a *seeker* after Jesus: for when she heard that the Redeemer sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, she brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at His feet behind Him weeping. She became a valiant venturer, who feeling her need said within herself, If it be not according to the law of etiquette to go into the Pharisee's house, I cannot help it; go to Jesus I must. I know He is there; this is sufficient for me: and if I perish at His feet weeping, I perish. Penitent one, it is the wrong place to perish; it is just the spot for a poor sinner: for Jesus came not to save the righteous, but sinners—and none ever perished at His feet. There was, too, a significant earnestness about this woman's conduct that tells us she felt her case to be one of great need. She disregards the Pharisee's feast; her whole bearing being towards Jesus. Whoever may be present is nothing to her, it is Jesus she wants; so she creeps behind His feet. Beloved, God must be at work with the soul whenever there is a stirring after Jesus. Beginnings are with Him. "When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee."

"It is the Lord reveals,
To sinners what they are;
And all the souls His Spirit seals,
Shall in His mercy share.

"When He this work performs,
He melts the sinner's heart;
Then stamps the likeness on us worms,
Which never shall depart."

Let us proceed to see how He melted this poor one's heart, which we shall behold in tracing out

THE CONDUCT OF THIS WOMAN.

"She stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with ointment."—LUKE vii. 38.

"She stood at His feet behind Him weeping." She came to Jesus with a broken heart and a weeping eye. Something had caused the pent-up springs within to gush forth. What was it? Oh, beloved, was it not surely the sight of Jesus? Did she not see in that loved face the smile she sought? Did she not touch Him who was well called "the Friend of sinners?" Hast thou been there, too, dear reader, with a broken heart and weeping eye? "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." Jesus did not despise that lowly one. None ever sought Him in vain. And then *"she began to wash His feet with tears."* She shed so many that there was enough fell to wash Jesus' feet. Oh what a sign of genuine repentance! Her past career must have been called up before her; *"her sins many"* must have pressed sorely upon her: and now mercy had melted the frozen heart, and it burst in copious weepings at the sight of a Saviour full of love and compassion.

Reader, hast thou bathed the feet of Jesus with showers of penitential tears? Dost thou recollect the time when alone with Him thou didst pour out thy whole heart before Him? Does not the conduct of this woman remind thee of thine own? Do not her weepings call to remembrance thine? And then "*she wiped Jesus' feet with the hairs of her head.*" A woman's sign of beauty, which, alas! it is to be feared she had used to decoy the thoughtless and unwary; but which she now desires to devote to Jesus. Happy change of life and desire; old things are passed away, and all things had become new—new hopes, new desires, new love, new joy. What a wonderful thing is the new birth. Conviction is one thing—creation another. And then we are told "*she kissed His feet.*" Here was a token of love—genuine, heartfelt love! Ah, beloved, we cannot see him now, and yet, strange paradox to many, faith sometimes sees Him who is invisible, and clasping his person in her embrace, in holy ecstasy of love and joy kisses His feet, and exclaims, "My Lord and my God."

And then, further, "*She anointed His feet with the ointment she had brought in the alabaster box.*" In eastern countries, where the shoe is sustained by sandals only, and the feet are thus exposed to the rays of a fierce sun and irritating dust; after being well washed, nothing is more refreshing than the application of a cooling ointment. Well, in this act of tenderness and thought she had done all she could to show her new-born love for her Lord. Oh, beloved, would not we have given all we possessed to Jesus, when the lips of faith kissed His feet, and we claimed Him as our Redeemer and Saviour?

"Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet—
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more."

Now notice, beloved,

THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS CONCERNING THIS POOR WOMAN WHO WAS A SINNER.

"*Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.*"—
LUKE vii. 40.

The Great Searcher of hearts knew the ungodly thoughts that were passing in the mind of the Pharisee; and now, to his shame and confusion, bears such a testimony as convicts the Pharisee and comforts the sinner. Read from verse 39 to 47. How completely do they give proof of the truth of Mary's exclamation, "He hath put down the mighty (Simon the Pharisee) from their seats, and exalted them of low degree (this poor woman who was a sinner); He hath filled the hungry with good things, while the rich He hath sent empty away."

And then, beloved, another feature in our Saviour's testimony is very precious; He said, "*She loved much.*" Her love was not the cause of her receiving pardon (as some have wrongfully declared), but the effect. Jesus had admitted her into His presence, smiled upon her, and spoke kindly to her, therefore she loved Him. Yea, more than this, He had inwardly revealed Himself as her Saviour ready to pardon, therefore she loved much. We have but for a moment to weigh this assertion to see its truth. Who is there that dare say his love was the procuring cause of pardon? Where was my love and yours, reader, when yet in our sins? Nowhere to be found. But when Christ was revealed as your Saviour, then sprung forth ardent love in such abundant flowings that you thought "though all men forsake Him, yet will not I." Thou

hast been sorely tried and tempted since then. But thy lamentation is that thou dost love Him so little. And oh how thou dost pray that this expression might be true concerning you—*she loved much*. Well, be it so; sweet desire to be cherished by all possible means. Still, amidst thy fluctuations Jesus is faithful. It is His undying love that will do to rest upon, not thine; and, as dear Dr. Hawker says, “Those whom He *loves* He never *leaves*.” My soul, feed upon that fact to thy comfort and joy.

And now having thought of the character and conduct of this poor woman; of her coming to Jesus with a broken heart and a weeping eye; of the manifestation of her humility in standing at His feet; of her true repentance in her copious tears; of her self-dedication in her wiping His feet with her hair; of her true affection in kissing His feet; and of her tenderness in anointing them with ointment; as well as having pondered over Jesus’ own testimony concerning her, think now of

PARDONING LOVE AND MERCY SEALED HOME.

“*Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.*”—LUKE vii. 47.

“*Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.*”—LUKE vii. 50.

How joyous to a sinner bowed down under a sense of guilt to receive an assurance of sins forgiven; and that, too, from the very lips of Jesus.

“*Her sins, which are many.*” Beloved, we have but to take a survey of our own personal history to see how completely this expression portrays our own case—“*thy sins, which are many.*” My brother in Christ—my sister in the Lord, does it not heartily grieve us to think of them; but yet turn faith’s glass away from man’s misery to Jesus’ mercy, then do we see that, though our sins were many, His mercy was more: there is not one that is not covered by the blood of Jesus, for His blood cleanseth from all sin. So then I will label joyously and gratefully my life’s history with this title—“*Sins many—blood more.*” “Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back” (Isa. xxxviii. 17). No captive in his gloomy cell ever hears with more joy that word “forgiven” announced in his favour, than does one who has felt the burden and guilt of sin, and now hears the voice of Jesus, saying, “Loose him, and let him go.”

Oh, beloved, shall it not nerve us in entering into life’s further fightings, to see engraven upon our shield of faith “SINS FORGIVEN?” I will flash the golden letters in the face of the tempter, and tell him mighty grace and precious blood has done it all. And then, if this fact should cheer us in life’s combats, so when we come to the gloomy valley of the shadow of death, and at the brink of Jordan look down into its depths, we shall enter the parting waters pardoned sinners, and ministering spirits will remind us of the soul-inspiring words of our treasured roll—“Son or daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.” And, beyond all this, when death’s drippings are shaken off in front of the pearly gates, oh, shall we not obtain admittance into the celestial city, there to ascribe all to the precious blood of Jesus, which, though our sins were many, has cleansed from all, and secured an inheritance for every blood-bought soul?

Beloved, may you and I be strengthened in this assurance; for oh, how sweet it is amidst life’s unceasing engagements to feel—Well, I have received forgiveness of sins. And because of this to argue with one’s-self, Why then should I care so much for this earthly thing or the other? Why should I overburden myself with the thick clay of the wilderness? I have hold of Jesus; I have felt the efficacy of His blood, which cleanseth from all sin. I am a pardoned man;

no condemnation awaits me. This is God's own declaration by His servant Paul. I will go on steadily in my lot, waiting and watching. "Go in peace," said our dear Redeemer; as if He would have said, Do not be fretting, doubting, or distrusting; but live in the peaceful assurance that sins pardoned will lead to eternal joy and happiness.

Well, beloved, it does appear to me that one of the most desirable things on earth is to be inwardly possessed of the assurance of pardon before God; and a man can never be truly happy here unless he has a firm ground of hope of happiness hereafter. Let me go about the daily duties of my calling with this assurance, and I am happy in the Lord; but let me be living in perpetual misgivings as to my eternal destiny, and constant misery of mind must be the result. And I would argue thus: I have been by faith where this poor woman, who was a sinner, has been—namely, at the feet of Jesus. Like her, I have wept out my confession on account of sin, and have in some little way testified of my love to Him. I have felt the efficacy of His precious blood applied by the Holy Spirit, and heard His voice exclaiming through His word, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." I believe it—why should I not? I believe this very case develops mine; and I take it, and its results, as applicable to myself. "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief."

So, in conclusion, my dear brother or sister in the Lord, my earnest prayer for you and for myself shall be that the Lord would strengthen our assurance that we are pardoned and accepted by Him; for from such an assurance springs happiness that the world can neither give nor take away. Such an assurance is not presumption; no, if rightly based and humbly grasped, it is God-honouring: it is what Jesus Himself would have us believe—it is what the Holy Spirit would have us enjoy.

May the Spirit so press home these thoughts upon your heart, that you may gain a deeper and more lasting satisfaction upon this point than ever you have realized before; this is the fervent wish of your soul's continued well-wisher,

Bury St. Edmund's.

G. C.

LEAVES FROM THE HEALING TREE AND STREAMS FROM THE GREAT RIVER.

"And hast loved them, as Thou hast loved me . . . for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."—JOHN xvii. 23, 24.

THE love of God is an endearing theme to the "remnant according to the election of grace." God is love, and salvation is the fruit of love; and, oh, lovely and luscious fruit is the salvation of God and the Lamb.

Saved! who can fully in this life understand the unspeakable privilege—poor, such certainly may be, so far as this world's goods are concerned, nevertheless, though "having nothing, yet possessing all things." Love is eternal, unchangeable, unwavering, and everlasting, because it pertains to God; in a word, "God is love." We have in our scripture—

I.—The objects of divine love.

II.—The nature of divine love.

I.—The objects of His love are described in the chapter from which our leading text is taken, as the gift of the Father (verse 2), the redeemed of Christ (verses 4 and 19), the taught of the Spirit (verses 6, 8, 14, and 26), and

these are the distinguishing features of the children of God and the striking characteristics of every member of the mystic (and not more so than real) body of Christ. He teacheth to profit even of sin to compunction, repentance, and humiliation of soul, confession with the mouth of that which in Divine light, and under Divine power, is distressing and burdensome. But the work of the Holy Ghost does not stay here, it goes on to perfection; which, although not realized here in the wilderness, is consummated in the glory-world, of this the scriptures are testimonial, and our faith grasps the savoury truth with a tenacity that no earthly dispensation or temporal circumstance can shake to its total wreck or overthrow.

He that convinces of sin convinces of righteousness, or having revealed our transgression and the righteous nature and character of Jehovah, and our utter incompetence to retrace our sinful steps and bring ourselves into the favourable notice of God on the ground of merit, sequels this experience by opening up, and blessedly applying to the heart the appointed, executed, accepted, and glorious work of the God-man Mediator, leading the soul into the precious mysteries of adoption, justification, and redemption, *in and by* the Lamb of God, who in living magnified the law, and in dying redeemed His people there, even from its curse and condemnation.

The objects, then, of this love are those to whom God would, and does, sovereignly show mercy. As implicated by sin, both by nature and practice, as any of Adam's race, yet saved—as undeserving as all, and yet powerfully rescued from well-merited destruction, by purpose, through blood in power.

II.—The nature of this love.

1. ETERNAL.

“His love from eternity fixed upon you.”

Or, “from before the foundation of the world.” Revelation declares that God was occupied about salvation prior to His creative fiat going forth. Yea, God's Son was set up as the Head and one Mediator of the one body, the Church, before “the beginning;” hence His love of His people is dateless. Again, it is ENDURING.—I have loved you with an “*everlasting* love;” it continues through all time, is manifested in and towards those of whom God's thoughts were, and are, peace and not evil, to give them a desired end. And “having loved His own, He loved them to the end.” Divine purpose and divine practice are in consonance the one with the other.

2. It is also UNCHANGING—knowing neither ebbings or flowings. Creature love fluctuates, but His is ever the same; nothing can prejudice it or alter it, He abideth faithful, although unfaithfulness occupies the maximum of the page of our lives. It is certainly an unspeakable mercy for us that we have fallen into the hands of God and not of man; if the latter had been our lot we must have perished, but with God there is forgiveness, that He may be feared. Then we will sing, and with our hearts too—

“Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be,
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.”

3. It is FRUITFUL.—It begets love in the heart in which it is shed abroad. It gives *confidence*: I may go to Him, tell Him my secrets, implore His help, and make known my requests, because He loves me, and He will return answers

of peace into my bosom, give me light in dark days, and deliver me from the maliciousness of Satan, the evil of the world, and the dominion of sin. Blessed, truly blessed, is such a portion, and those who are so privileged can say, "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

4. His love is also **EXCESSIVE**. It exceeds our ruin by nature, our sins by practice, continued wanderings, hardnesses of heart, lukewarmness of spirit, and laxity of feeling. It is higher than them all, for "He rests in His love and hateth putting away;" He is better than our fears, and far exceeds our hopes. Change, place, circumstance, dispensation, frame, or feeling, are altogether inadequate "to sever my soul from His love;" because He cannot deny Himself, nor alter His purpose, or reverse His decree. He loved, and chose His people with a perfect acquaintance of all they would become and do, and so no fresh knowledge can be added to the mind of the Omniscient Almighty One; if such could be, it would be a demonstration against His Godhead. "He is in one mind, and who can turn Him?" His knowledge is perfect, His mercy great, His love full, His grace free, and His salvation a finished one for all who by the Holy Ghost are brought into a felt sense of their need of such a Saviour as God's Christ, who alone can save the soul and present it faultless before the throne.

Hoxton.

W. C.

THEY'RE DEAR TO GOD.

Oh, that when Christians meet and part,
These words were graved on every heart—
They're dear to God.

However wilful and unwise,
We'll look on them with loving eyes—
They're dear to God.

O wonder! to the Eternal One,
Dear as His own beloved Son;
Dearer to Jesus than His blood,
Dear as the Spirit's fix'd abode—
They're dear to God.

When tempted to give pain for pain,
How would this thought our words
restrain—

They're dear to God.

When truth compels us to contend,
What love with all our strifes should blend—
They're dear to God.

When they would shun the pilgrim's lot
For this vain world, forget them not;
But win them back with love and prayer,
They never can be happy there,
If dear to God.

O how return a brother's blow!
The heart whose harshness wounds thee
so

Is dear to God.

Oh! who beneath the Cross can stand,
And there from one hold back the hand—
Dear to our God?

How with rough words can we conflict,
Knowing each pang our words inflict,
Touches the heart once pierced for us?
The hearts we ring and torture thus
Are dear to God.

For is there here no strength in love—
The love that knits in joy above
All dear to God?

Shall we be there so near, so dear,
And be estranged and cold whilst here—
All dear to God?

By the same cares and toils oppress,
We lean upon one faithful breast,
We hasten to the same repose;
How bear or do enough for those
So dear to God!

ALAS, what is this earth men are so greedy of, and will get, though by blood and sweat? What is this whole earth, if we had the entire possession of it, if compared with the vast heavens, the seat of angels and blessed spirits? It is but an atom to the greatest mountain, or as a drop of dew to the immense ocean. How foolish is it to prefer a drop before the sea, or an atom before the world.

ALWAYS ON THE MOUNT.

THE secret of being really on the mount is having been with Jesus in the valley. The disciples were not brought up the mountain to see Jesus, for Jesus was with them in a desert place eight days before He took them with Him to the mount (Luke ix. 20, 28). The mountain is a resting-place, not a growing place. If God's children will watch they will find it is generally before or after trouble that they are on the mount, showing it to be rather for support both for body and soul than for profit; like as a father would give his child rest after or before a long day's schooling.

In nature nothing thrives on the mountain top. The fruits grow and are gathered in the valley, and are brought up to the mountains to be eaten and enjoyed; and every child of God that is really on the mount is partaking of some of the fruits that Jesus purchased for him, and which he has picked by His side in the valley, and therefore he must have something to relate of Christ, and how he got there, since he could not have been at the top without having come up from the bottom.

It was a rare occurrence for Christ to call up His disciples to the mount; we only read of His doing so twice before His resurrection, and then only once to them all, where you will notice He sat with them: showing, as we have observed, it was a resting-place (John vi. 3). The other time only three of His disciples were with Him (Luke ix. 28). It is a great mistake, therefore, to suppose Jesus is not with us, because we are not in a joyous frame through His not manifesting Himself to us. He was with the disciples when they were seeking Him and talking of Him, showing how every seeker has Him at hand, whether for providence or grace (John xx. 19, 21, 22; xxi. 5, 6). And, if one friend rejoices the heart of another through speaking on God's word, what is this but Jesus by His Spirit speaking to them? "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" The disciples made this remark after Jesus had left them, showing how the savour of the word was caused by His presence, though unknown to them at the time. And observe also that the moment of revelation was the moment of His leaving them—"Their eyes were opened and they knew Him, and He vanished out of their sight." Many a child of God now longs to see Jesus, and to hear Him speak while He is actually with them all the time; but what is wanting for their comfort is for Him to turn the light on, if we may so speak, not as a detective to find them out, but for them to find out their Lord, and the moment of His doing this is often the moment of His departure, showing us we are here for schooling rather than for enjoyment. The parent in nature takes his child to school, and there leaves him till holiday time, with the exception perhaps of an occasional visit now and then; and this is rather the case with the younger children than those of maturer years. The parent does this for their profit; and will the Lord of glory act less profitably by His children? Oh, then, may we seek to be learners in Jesus' school, living more by faith than by sight; for His glory rather than our pleasure. Our Lord is our example in this, as in everything. "He pleased not Himself." And He is also our sympathizer; for how greatly did He feel the pang of separation from His Father (Mark xv. 34): and we read of but two visits from His Father during His sojourn on earth (Matt. iii. 17, and xvii. 5).

Red Hill.

OBSERVER.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

"And they shall call them, The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord: and thou shalt be called, Sought out, A city not forsaken."—ISA. lxii. 12.

BELoved, what an unspeakable truth to know "In me ye shall have peace;" and yet, after so many demonstrations of the truth, we appear to be more fond of seeking peace where it never can be found; and, because we cannot find it in ourselves, we are at times ready to quarrel with our best Friend. "Ah," saith a poor child of God, "I want it in here." "No," saith Christ, "*it is in me.*" Let me ask this question, Are you and I believers? If we are, we are believers in Christ; and we have not a grain of peace but what we have in Him; and I am perfectly satisfied with God's peace; I am satisfied that Christ is that, and I am satisfied that Christ is mine. I never now think of seeking for peace in myself, for I have got it in Christ. But, say some, do you intend then to do away with our enjoyment, and the feeling of it? Oh, no; I say nothing of the kind. You cannot live without feeling, and you cannot have feeling without life; and just take notice of another thing, that your feelings are not your life, but they spring from your life, and Christ is that. God the Father never gave us anything out of Christ. Our most glorious Lord brings us into life blessedness, and gives us an experience and a dear feeling of it; but it is not to believe in ourselves, by or through ourselves, but as we are in Christ; and we have no standing, blessedness, happiness, comfort, nor peace, only as we are in Christ. This is a standing mercy amidst all you have been enumerating up in your song of praise; where your *all* is when in troubles, trials, temptations, exercises, afflictions, casting downs, and walking in darkness: but these things do not touch *our peace*; there it is, where I want the Lord to bring you, and not for you to be kicking up such an uproar, trying to make yourselves appear singular, and to think no person exercised like you are. If Christ is precious, you will live above your feelings in Christ your all, and you will see emptiness stamped upon everything short of Christ. As I find these things very precious, so I speak to you of them; and, if God opens the secret, you will live happy in the same mercy. Where? In Christ. How? "In peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." I know this is not very acceptable to a great many religious people. Oh, say they, he always lives in peace. Yes, and I cannot live out of peace, for I cannot live without Christ; for all is death out of Him: there is not a grain of life in anything out of Christ. I want you to be more familiar with Christ; and may God the Spirit open more and more to you of the precious blood, salvation, work, and righteousness of Christ. But there is another objection, and that is, you do not touch my experience. Beloved, you must have something higher than your experience, if you want to live happy; then you will find the experience of it good, for it worketh hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, "because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Now for our text: "*And they shall call them, The holy people,*" &c.; and you may depend upon it that God never calls His people by a wrong name, nor by a name without a meaning; nor does God record one name concerning His Church in all the Bible, but that name not only distinguishes them, but is fraught with blessedness according to God's mind and will. I have often thought, and perhaps yours will correspond, that in the Church of England, in which I was brought up, they have what is called the Catechism, and the first question in it is, "What is your name?" Oh, say you, I am a sinner. But are you one of God's holy

people? Is that your name? Have you the name of child, offspring, son or daughter, the dearly beloved of my soul, my sister, my spouse, my love, my dove, and my fair one? Then you are asked, "Who gave you that name?" No child hath a name given by himself; and saith Christ, "I will write upon them my new name, and I will write on them my Father's name: I will write on them the name of the city of my God; and I will make them pillars in the house of my God, and they shall go no more out for ever." But allow me to look at the context. This chapter, according to the wisdom of God, appears to be divided into three parts, but without any separation. Now look at the first five verses, and the fulness of them you will never comprehend to all eternity. Now, saith God the Father, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." I believe this to be God the Father's declaration concerning our most glorious Christ, and in particular reference to the incarnation of the Son of God; and in these words we have the opening of the heart, mind, will, pleasure, love, grace, mercy, and purpose of God the Father respecting our precious Lord Jesus. Mark the intensity of the expression, "*For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace;*" or, I will not hold it back; or, I will not keep back my peace; "*and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest*"—as if the Lord would only rest in the Church's rest, who rest only in Christ and salvation—"until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness." What righteousness have we short of Christ? And Paul, by the Holy Ghost, on this important subject saith, "The righteousness of God, witnessed both by the law and the prophets." Who is it? Our glorious Christ, God incarnate; for "when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law." "*And the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.*" Now you know God's salvation is always a light to poor Gentile sinners; God's salvation is always a lamp to the feet, and a light to the path: it is both lamp and light. We have no need to call it a lantern; for there are no lanterns in God's Bible; but there are lamps. David was very familiar with the Lord, and I hope you know what it is to do as he did. He asked the Lord to light his candle; in the original, *light my lamp*. Some people, however, are so nice that they are afraid they shall offend God if they make too familiar; but I will tell you another sweet truth: "Lord," saith he, "open Thou my lips, that I may show forth Thy praise." Beloved, these are among some of our chief mercies, *until the righteousness thereof go forth*; and we must go forth also: we cannot remain in the old places we once were in; but "*go forth,*" as Jeremiah tells us, "in the dances of them that make merry." "And the Gentiles shall see Thy righteousness, and all kings Thy glory." I have thought of it hundreds and hundreds of times, that none but kings behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. If we have been indulged with a sight of this glory, we must have been made kings and priests unto God and His Father. Mind your royal dignity, and not be giving of it up to the moles and the bats. "And thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name." Now I cannot look at this verse, beloved, without using Paul's language: "But I speak concerning Christ and the Church;" for I believe Christ is spoken of here as well as the Church, for He had a new name given Him by the angel; "And thou shalt call His name Jesus." Our dear Lord told the disciples that hitherto they had asked nothing in His name. Ah, say you, that which I have asked for amounts to nothing. Do not call God's bounties nothing; the prayers you pray, if taught by the Holy Ghost, are not nothings. "Hitherto thou

hast asked nothing in my name." They had been asking in the name of the Messiah; but now you must ask in my new name, that is, Jesus: "and whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, He will give it you." It appears they were so circumscribed by their national traditions, that none but the Jews were to ask for anything in the name of the Messiah; little thinking that the Messiah was promised to the Gentiles. But you must go out of your old system, and you must ask now in His new name, which is Jesus; and in this name you and I, Gentiles, approach a throne of grace, to find mercy and obtain help in every time of need. "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shalt thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee." O my soul, my hearers, can you take the fulness of this into your hearts; Jehovah *delighteth in thee*? Why, it will raise you up out of self, sin, and death, if the Lord drops it into your heart. What? *That the Lord delighteth in thee.* If you were to go to hell, and you were one of His, God would delight in you there. I know this is speaking too free and strong for some; but, if it is the Lord's intention to give any of us over unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, the Lord will still delight in us. Ah, beloved, amongst the high-flying professors of the day, I find very few that know this secret of being given over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, and that God will eternally delight in us; so that you will not grieve for the life that may be destroyed, but you will rejoice in that which no destruction can touch. It seems astonishing at times where God will let us go to, for Satan just to set the whole course of nature on fire, that God (so to speak) may extinguish it with love, blood, and salvation. A thought has just struck me, and it is this—that Christ and the Church have but one name; and, if you look into 1 Cor. xii. 12, you will there find what the Holy Ghost saith, "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ." Thus the members and the Head, have but one name. What is it? *So also is Christ.* I awoke this morning with these dear words, "The disciples were first called Christians in Antioch." Now what is it to be a Christian? I answer, to be Christed, to be rooted and grounded in love, to be in union with Christ, to be one with Christ, to have the life, nature, and name of Christ; and there is no real Christian outside of this. But, to return, "*for the Lord delighteth in thee*", and thy land shall be married. I know dear old Herbert saith—

"I am married to Christ—most astonishing thought!
How can a poor sinner believe it!"

Yet believe it he doth; and the Holy Ghost saith, "Thy Maker is thy Husband, the Lord of Hosts is His name." Now there is no law in England that will arrest the wife for debt; but the law comes upon the husband: then mind your standing. If you belong to Christ, your Husband is responsible for your debts; your Husband is the paymaster. The law does not recognize the wife, but the husband. The law lays hold of the husband, and demands the debt of him. And so it was with our most glorious Christ: He paid our debts in sweat and blood, and all the Church are free. Now, after the Father had given us His mind so full concerning Christ, in the 6th verse He saith, "I have set watchmen upon thy walls." Now it is recorded that if any one went round, and found one of these watchmen asleep, he always set fire to his garments, and never attempted to awake him; and I have thought that John had his eye on this when he saith, "Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garment." "*I have set watchmen upon thy walls.*" But most of the watchmen in our day

appear to be digging at the foundation, to level the walls, instead of walking on them; and you will remember it is said in Rev. xxi. 14, "The city hath twelve foundations." Oh, no. What then? The *wall*; therefore it is our privilege to walk on this wall; and, as the Lord hath set His watchmen there, they are not to hold their peace day nor night: and, if you look into Psalm cxxxiv. you will find what they say, and what they answer one another. But this old-fashioned way of watching is going out of fashion now, for the watchman now must not speak loud, lest they should disturb the inmates: they must make no noise. But they are not on the wall; they do not go at God's command, nor do they praise the Lord one to another. Now saith the Lord, "*they shall never hold their peace day nor night.*" We will now come to look at the 10th verse: "Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people." Who is He that did this? No one but Christ; and, bless His glorious name, He went through the gates; and, like Samson of old, He took the gates and posts, and carried them to the top of the hill, bar and all. But what gates are these? In Psalm ix. we are told that they are the gates of death—the death that buried all the Church; and He went right through the whole of it, and there is not a grain of death left; and He hath raised us up together, and made us sit together with Him in heavenly places. Take notice of the next mercy: "Gather out the stones." This plainly sets forth what was standing in the old dispensation—the two stones that were always in the ark; but when our most glorious Christ came, what was typified by them we see all fulfilled in Him: there are no stones now; the law that was in the ark and the stones are all gone; and the child of God, who has the eye of his understanding enlightened, sees the whole complete in Him, finished in Christ, and abolished by Him and in Him for ever; so that we are not now under the law contained in stones; we are not taken away, and the stones left, but the stones are taken away, the reproach is rolled away, and He hath turned away ungodliness from Jacob. There are no stones left to gather out; there is nothing left to condemn a child of God; it is all fulfilled and completed by Christ; and the Holy Ghost declares, "He brought in everlasting righteousness." As the stones are gathered out, there is a standard to be set up for the people; and, if you will look into the 11th chapter, you will there see that this standard is Christ; and "to it shall the Gentiles seek, and His rest shall be glorious." Eternal praises to His name, He is lifted up!

We are now just come to the words of our text, "*They shall call them, The holy people.*" Now, beloved, to preach this out fully, I know will be questioned by some that are attempting to live by their corrupt experience; and no doubt they will quarrel with me before I have finished. I have been thinking (and I drop the hint) that there is a distinction set forth in God's Bible which is most blessed to know, and that is, the distinction between our nature and sin; and it is no small mercy, beloved, to know; and thus it is recorded: "In me (that is, in my flesh,) there dwelleth no good thing." But it is no part of me. What then? "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." The house is one thing, the dweller is another. Now, beloved, sin is no part of our nature; our nature is in union with Christ, and Christ was never sinful; He was always holy. As you are led to consider this, you will understand something of the importance of our text; and there is also a distinction between the flesh and spirit: for you will find, as long as you are in the wilderness, that the flesh will remain flesh, and will never act contrary to it; and that the spirit is spirit, and will never act contrary to the Spirit; and, therefore, you will be led to say with Paul, "With the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin;" and then you will be led to live happy in Jesus Christ. But whilst

you are attempting to amalgamate what God hath separated, you will never live happy, but will always be in trouble; and something will be out of the way, according to your disordered mind. Now I know some of you are very much cast down at times concerning the motions of sin that work within. Yes, say you, I feel it. Yes, and you put it down to yourself. It is no such thing; it is the motion of sin in you, endeavouring to bring forth fruit unto death; and this is the mercy to know, "*It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.*" Ah, say some, this will give licence to live in unrighteousness. Quite the contrary; for, if God demonstrate that truth in the heart, "you will give Him glory, and again repeat His praise, and say Amen."

(To be continued.)

STRAY THOUGHTS.

HOW THE THINGS OF CHRIST ARE RIGHTLY SEEN.—"He shall receive of mine and show it unto you" (John xvi. 14). What the child of God has seen and does see rightly of Jesus Christ, he owes to the blessed Spirit, who shows Christ's wisdom, righteousness, grace, blood, truth, and finished salvation. This man cannot do. How differently the things of Christ appear, when seen as they are presented to the mind by the Holy Spirit, from what they do when brought before us by man.

COVERING CHRIST'S FACE (see Mark xiv. 65).—This was done by Christ's enemies; and do not Christ's enemies try to do the same now? Has not the face of the Bishop of Rome more attractions to some than that of Him who is the Shepherd and Bishop of souls?

ESSENTIALS AND NON-ESSENTIALS OF RELIGION.—What are the non-essentials? Are there any such things? Is it not easier to say what the essentials are, than what the non-essentials are? Are there not many things essential which many persons consider non-essential? Who is to judge in such matters? The reply is, What saith the Scriptures?

THE BIRD'S SONG AND THE CHRISTIAN'S.—Birds do not all sing alike; and would it not be wrong for those that sing well to blame those that cannot sing as well? So with God's children; all of them cannot sing alike: some sing in the major key, some in the minor key. Some birds sing as long as the light continues. How like some Christians!

The way to prosper in what we do is to have the Lord's consent in the doing of it. "Do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Christ lives in those who die in Him; and for such to die is gain.

God can overthrow what Satan and men do; but they cannot overthrow what He does. When Saul of Tarsus fell as he was going to Damascus, it was not from grace, but into grace.

Shall God the Father and God the Son succeed in their work, and God the Holy Ghost fail in His? Shall we write "finished" upon the work of the Father and the Son, and "unfinished" on the work of the Holy Spirit? If the Spirit's work is to fail, how can the covenant of grace, of which He is a party, be "ordered in all things and sure?" The disposition and ability to walk in God's commandments come from the Spirit—"I will cause you to walk in my statutes." The work of the Holy Spirit is no more contingent or conditional than that of the Father and the Son.

BRUISES CURED.—The poet says, "'Tis love that bruises me." Love-

bruises will be sure to heal in God's good time and way. The bruise which the law makes can only be healed by Gospel plasters, applied by the hand of the Good Physician.

Those who expect forbearance from God should show it to man.

Are not some men like those dogs who cannot be spoken to without growling?

Some persons, when reasoning about religion, do so as philosophers, and not as sinners saved by grace.

"Have thou nothing to do with that just man" (Matt. xxvii. 19). So said Pilate's wife. And does not Satan, in effect, say the same to sinners? And oh, how he succeeds! Anything or anyone but Christ! Does he not also sometimes tempt ministers not to have anything to do with Christ in their sermons? But a sermon without Christ is worth just nothing.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.—All preachers take their texts from the Bible, but all do not take their sermons from it. In these days of declension from the truth, oh, how few do! It is better to hear one Gospel sermon in a year, than one hundred of an anti-Gospel kind. It is better and safer to hear an uneducated man preach the truth, than to hear an educated man preach error. It is better to preach the truth unpaid, than to be well paid for preaching error. One difference between true and false ministers is, that the former begin and end with free grace; while the latter often begin with free grace and finish with free will, or *vice versa*. A grain of free grace is worth more than a ton of free will, and will go farther in a dying hour. It is better to have a small place for preaching the truth, than a large one for preaching error. A true minister of Christ would rather make his church or chapel smaller for the preaching of truth, than larger for the preaching of error. Where one pound is subscribed for the building of places for the preaching of truth, how many are subscribed for the erection of those for the preaching of error!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY NATURAL THINGS.—The thrush, when it sings, holds its head up, opens its mouth, and generally gets high up on some tree. So with the child of God: when he is walking upon his high places, with his eyes looking upwards, and his tongue touched with a live coal from off the altar, he can then sing with the prophet, "Lord, I will praise thee;" and with David, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" And even sing in the night, like Paul and Silas when in prison.

Noticed some rooks on the tree tops, busy with their nests and making a noise, as though they wanted all passers by to notice them. How much like proud persons! What a bustle they would have made if a person had got up into the tree, and pulled their nest to pieces. And what a stir Satan makes when he is disturbed by a stronger than he! How he then caws! Hark at him!

Saw a large tree near a mill. The little sprigs on the lowest branches were hanging downwards, while those on the highest were pointing upwards. So with the child of God: sometimes his thoughts and affections are in a downward direction, looking at what is temporal; at other times they are soaring aloft, looking and meditating on what is eternal. The old man always bends downwards, while the new man looks upwards.

Saw a donkey kneel and roll in the dust. Thought it was an emblem of a person who, just after bending his knees in prayer, gets rolling in the dust of open sin. Observed that he knelt down much more willingly than he got up, for a boy who was near had to make an effort to get him to rise. Is not this too much like we are?—more inclined to get into the dust than to get up out of

it. The animal looked clean before he rolled in the dust, but oh, how differently afterwards! So with us: before rolling in the mire of open sin, our character may appear clean, but, after doing so, how changed is its appearance!

While standing in a lane waiting for a friend, observed the different fields around. One contained corn; in another the seed was just springing up; another was a grass field; and, no doubt, on the same farm there were other fields which the farmer had broken up, and in which he intended to sow seed. In all this could be seen an emblem of the Church of Christ—the heavenly Husbandman. In some part of His husbandry the wheat is almost ready for the sickle; in another, the seed is just springing up; in another, the ground is being prepared by the Holy Spirit for that incorruptible seed that liveth and abideth for ever. The farmer forms the purpose of putting in the seed, before it is actually sown. So the heavenly Husbandman formed the purpose, in eternity, as to the places where and the persons in whom He would sow “the seed of the kingdom.” When we see the plough and harrow employed in the field, it is an evident sign that the farmer is about to sow some sort of seed in it; and when we feel in our hearts that God’s Holy Spirit is breaking up the fallow ground—“turning the world upside down”—knocking down, rooting up, and cutting up our false notions and pride, and bringing us to feel as the prophet, “Woe is me, for I am undone,” it is a clear proof that God intends to put seed there, which shall be a plant of His own right-hand planting, which no power can uproot.

Observed a high wooden bridge which crosses over a railway. There were many steps to take in order to go over it, and every step taken one way led upwards; and every one taken the other way led downwards. So with the children of God, and the children of the wicked one: each step the former take leads them higher, while each taken by the latter leads lower. Thought also of the manner in which persons go over: some, strong, young, and healthy, ascend with lively and quick step; while the cripple, weak, and infirm are obliged to take their time. It would be cruel to hurry or to blame such because they do not move faster. Sometimes these poor creatures feel almost ready to faint; the knees tremble, and a little thing would them down. And, oh, what a difference there seems to be in the pace in which God’s people travel in the good old way! some seem to go halting or cast down; others can walk; others are sinking, and can only cry, “Lord, help;” others run and do not feel weary, and others “mount up with wings as eagles.” Blessed be God, all go surely, although “not with equal pace.”

THE LARK.—Heard a lark singing most beautifully. Thought of the child of God who sings, as his thoughts and affections soar heavenward, “Whom have I in heaven but Thee?” “My mountain standeth strong. I shall never be moved.” When the sky begins to get black with clouds, the poor lark quickly comes down, and gives over singing. It is so with the child of God; he is not in the key for singing when he feels as the psalmist, “My soul cleaveth to the dust;” or with Jacob, “All these things are against me;” or with Job, “My days are spent without hope;” or with Jeremiah, “Surely against me is He turned.” But although he seldom sings under such circumstances, he cries and groans; and it is his mercy to know that his heavenly Father “hears the sighing of the prisoner.” The lark does not sing when upon the earth; neither does the child of God when his mind is set on earthly things instead of heavenly. The lark does not soar and sing in stormy, cloudy weather; nor is it ever seen going up, or heard singing, at night. It is often so with the child of God, when he is passing through “the dark and cloudy day,” “tossed with tempest and not comforted.” When in the dark night of desertion, you may hear him groan,

but rarely will you hear him sing at such times. Dead larks cannot rise nor sing; nor can those persons who are "dead in trespasses and sins" mount up in theright direction, till quickened by the Holy Spirit. The singing of the lark often affords pleasure to those who hear it; and it often gives pleasure to one Christian to hear another sing the praises of the Lord, especially if he can sing them in the night season. Satan may give songs to his children by day, but God has given to His children "songs in the night," although it is not very easy to learn such songs. The Lord Jesus, when on earth, sang with His disciples; and will it not be the privilege of His redeemed family to sing with Him for ever? Then will be fulfilled Christ's precious declaration, "In the midst of the Church will I sing praise unto Thee."

Dursley.

F. F.

"CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Belmont, May 12, 1864.

DEAR SIR,—I trust the Lord will long enable you as an instrument in His hand to comfort Zion. Your piece in this month's Magazine seems almost written to me; for the way in which the Lord has led me of late has been dark and mysterious to my finite mind. And oh, how have I questioned the Lord's dealings with me, as being for my good and for His glory; but He will work, and none can hinder Him. I have thought He was dealing very hard with me to take one thing after another; but He has only taken away what He first gave, and when He hath humbled me at His feet, and not till then, can I say with Job, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." I will not ask the Lord for this world's wealth, for it will not bring happiness with it, but greater anxieties. May the Lord give grace to live upon Himself, who cannot lie; "As thy days so shall thy strength be." And may His grace prevent me from prying into futurity, but to say in confidence, Jehovah-jireh. Before my breakfast this morning these two lines came with such power and sweetness—

"And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread."

God, in the order of His wise providence, known only to Himself the why and the wherefore He hath taken me aside from His people; but this I know, that none can teach like Him—"He led them about, He instructed them." And it is the same now as in the days of old; for God cannot change, or I must be lost to all eternity. "Cast down, but not forsaken."

May the Lord abundantly bless your labours is the humble plea of yours truly,
M. V.

AFFLICTIONS do not draw carnal men to God.

All final and total apostates were always unbelievers, whatever reason might have induced them to make a religious profession, and thereby deceive others, and perhaps for a while themselves.—*Borrows.*

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

[DEAR SIR,—Please to allow a place in your Magazine for the following extract from the works of the Rev. W. Perkins, of Cambridge University, 1612. His sound doctrine and true experience will commend itself to the afflicted and tried people of God—for none else will receive it. T. S.]

"A DECLARATION OF CERTAIN SPIRITUAL DESERTIONS, SERVING TO TERRIFY ALL DROWSY PROTESTANTS, AND TO COMFORT THEM THAT MOURN FOR THEIR SINS.

"Desertions are of two sorts—eternal and temporary. Eternal desertions are those whereby God, upon just causes known to Himself, forsakes His creatures wholly and for ever. Thus the devil and his angels, and that part of mankind which is prepared to destruction, are forsaken. He giveth them no Saviour, for Christ is only the Redeemer of the elect, and of no more. Christ makes no intercession for them; He hath wrought no redemption for them; He reserveth them to eternal damnation for their sins, which is a total separation from God, and the accomplishments of all other desertions.

"God exerciseth wicked men and reprobates in this life with divers particular desertions. He bestoweth all sorts of benefits on them, as on His own servants, but yet so as that He withdraweth that part of His benefit which hath the promise of life eternal annexed to it in the word. He bestoweth on them many worthy properties of faith—as, first, a knowledge of divine truth in the law and the gospel; an assent to the said truth; a joyful rejoicing and boasting in speaking and hearing of it; an outward profession of it for a time; but He doth not bestow the inward assurance of His love and favour in Christ, with a sense and feeling of the same in the heart. Neither are the former duties of faith perpetual and sound in them; for the reprobate is not induced to them by any assurance of God's mercy, but by other sinister occasions—such as a desire of knowledge in divine mysteries; a delight in it; praise and commendation among men; the getting of wealth and honour, and maintaining the same; a desire to be at unity and concord with the nation or people where the gospel is preached. Therefore let every man look to himself, and labour to find in himself a true saving faith. He must strive to feel his extreme need of Christ and His merits; to be all in all out of himself in Christ; to be able to say that he liveth not, but Christ liveth in him by faith; to loathe his own sins with a most vehement hatred and to prize and value Christ, and the least drop of His blood, above a thousand worlds.

"Again, in repentance, God bestows on the reprobate, first, a sight of sin; a kind of sorrow for it; a confession of it; a resolution, for a time, to sin no more. But that part of repentance which hath the promise of mercy annexed—that is, the conversion of the whole man to God, He never giveth it to them. Lastly, God giveth to the reprobate His spirit, but so far as it shall not any whit regenerate or renew his nature, but only in the outward action repress the act of sin, so as thereby, without any inward change, he shall be as civilly just and upright in outward conversation as any in the world.

"Thus much of those desertions which befall the devil and his angels, and all reprobates. Now follow those wherewith God exerciseth even His own elect children. God doth not wholly forsake His elect, but in part; that is, for some space of time, and never beyond the compass of this present life. And to this

B B

purpose David, well acquainted with this matter (desertion), prayeth, 'Forsake me not over long.' This sort of desertion, though it be but for a time, yet no part of a man's life is free from them, and very often, taking deep place in the heart of man, they are of long continuance. David continued in this dangerous fall about the space of a whole year. Luther confesseth of himself that he lay three years in desperation, after his conversion. And common experience, in such like cases, can make record of longer time. God bereaveth His own children of outward prosperity—yea, He will load them with crosses; and yet He will make a good supply of patience. David is driven out of his kingdom by his own son—a heavy cross; yet the Lord ministered a humble and patient spirit, so as he was content to say, 'If the Lord thus say, I have no delight in thee, behold, here I am, let Him do to me as seemeth good in His eyes.' So Christian martyrs are bereaved of all outward safety, yet inwardly they are established by the mighty power of God, and, when most weak, they are most strong; and when they are most foiled, then they obtain victory. God takes away the feeling of His love and the joy of the Holy Spirit for a season, and then, in the room thereof, He kindles an earnest desire and thirsting, with groans and crying unto heaven, to be in the former favour of God—like David: 'I did think upon God, and was troubled; I prayed, and my spirit was full of anguish.'

"Again, God giveth His children a strong affection to obey His will, but He lets them fail in the act of obedience itself. This is that Paul complaineth of: 'I delight in the law of God concerning the inner man; but I see another law in my members rebelling against the law of my mind, and leading me a captive to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am!' God seems to forsake His elect when He hides His graces for a time. David often was in this case: 'Will the Lord absent Himself for ever? hath He shut up all His tender mercies in displeasure?' This comes to pass because the Lord often works one contrary by another. For instance, when a man's eyes are opened to see his sins, and his heart touched to feel the loathsome burden of them, and therefore bewails his wretched state with bitterness of heart, hereupon he presently thinks that God will make him a firebrand of hell; whereas, indeed, the Lord is now about to work a sound repentance, never to be repented of. The man which hath had some good persuasions of God's favour in Christ comes afterward, upon many occasions, to be troubled and overwhelmed with distressful and grievous doubtings of his salvation, so as he judgeth himself to have been but an hypocrite in former times, and for the time present a cast-away. But, indeed, hereby the Lord exerciseth, and fashioneth, and increaseth his weak faith. In one word, mark this point: that the graces of God, peculiar to the elect, are begun, increased, and made manifest in or by the contraries. A man in this desertion can discern no difference between himself and a cast-away; and the rather, if with this desertion be joined a feeling of God's anger; for then ariseth the bitterest temptation that ever befel the soul of a Christian man; and that is, a wrestling and struggling in spirit and conscience with the motions of a rebelling flesh, the accusations of the devil, which are often very irksome and terrible, and against the wrath of a revenging God. His hidden and spiritual temptation more tormenteth the spirit of man than all the racks or gibbets in the world can do. And it hath fits after the manner of an ague, in which God's own servants, over-carried with sorrow, may blaspheme God, and cry out that they are damned. Job was in this state, as he testifieth: 'Oh that my grief were weighed, and my misery were laid together in the balance, for it would be heavier than the sand of the sea. The arrows of the

Almighty are in me; the venom thereof doth drink up my spirit; and the terrors of God fighteth against me;' and that the Lord was his enemy; that He set him as a butt to shoot at. And David speaketh the same in the 6th Psalm. Hence it followeth, that when any that hath been a professor of the Gospel shall despair at his end, that men are to leave secret judgments to God, and charitably to indulge the best of them. For example, one Mr. Chambers, at Leicester, in his sickness grievously despaired, and cried out that he was damned, and after died. Yet it is not for any to note him with the black mark of a reprobate. One thing which he spake in his extremity, '*O that I had but one drop of faith.*' This must move all men to think well of him; for by this it seems he had a heart which desired to repent and believe, and therefore a repentant and believing heart indeed; for God at all times, but especially in temptation, of His great mercy, accepts the will for the deed. Neither is it to be regarded that he said he was damned; for men in such cases speak not as they are, but as they feel themselves to be.

"Desertion in punishment is when God deferreth either to mitigate or to remove the cross and chastisement which He hath laid upon His children. This befel Christ on the cross: 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!' This was the complaint of Gideon: 'Did not the Lord bring us out of Egypt? But now the Lord hath forsaken us, and delivered us into the hand of the Midianites.'

"Desertion in sin is when God withdraws the assistance of His Spirit a man is left to fall into some actual and grievous sin. And, for all this, no man is to think that God is the Author of sin, but only man, that falleth by Satan and his own lusts. In this desertion was the good king Hezekiah, of whom the Holy Ghost speaketh thus: 'Hezekiah prospered in all his ways;' therefore, dealing with the ambassadors of the princes of Babal, which sent to him to inquire of the wonder that was done in the land, God left him (namely, to the pride of his heart), in tempting him, that He might try out all that was in his heart. Noah, David, Peter, and others, were left to themselves to try them in like manner. The reason of such desertions may be this: the elect children of God are diseased with an inward, hidden, and spiritual pride, whereby they affect themselves, and desire to be something in themselves forth of Christ. And this sin is very dangerous; first, because when other sins die in a man, this secret pride gets strength; for God's grace is the matter of pride, in such wise that a man will be proud because he is not proud. For example: if any shall be tempted of the devil to some proud behaviour, and by God's grace get the victory, then the heart thus thinketh: 'Oh, thou hast done well; thou hast foiled the enemy; neither pride nor any other sin can prevail against thee. Such and such could never have done so.' And a very good man shall hardly be free from such kind of motions in this life. There is no greater enemy to faith than pride is, for it poisoneth the heart, and maketh it incapable of that grace, so long as it beareth any sway; for he that will believe in Christ must be annihilated; that is, he must be bruised and battered to a flat nothing in regard of any liking or affection to himself, that he may in spirit mount up to heaven, where Christ is, and, as it were, with both hands grasp Him with all His blessed merits, that Christ may be his all, and himself nothing. God, therefore, in great mercy, to remedy this dangerous corruption, lets his elect servants fall into trouble of mind and conscience, and if they haply be of greater hardness of heart, into some actual sin; and so declaring His wonderful mercy in saving them, He is fain, against His mercy, to bring them to His mercy, and by sin to save them from sin. By this means the Lord, who can

bring light out of darkness, makes a remedy of sin to slay pride, that invincible monster of many heads, which would slay the soul. Though this be so, none must hereupon venture to commit sin, lest in so doing they cast away their souls. For the godly man, though he fall into sin, yet it is against his purpose, and it makes his heart bleed; and the course of his life shall be always upright and pleasing unto God, because he is led by the Spirit of God. The ends for which God useth desertions are these. First, to make a man remember his past sins, to search them out, to consider them, and be heartily sorrowful for them. For this end was Job's trial: 'Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the sins of my youth.' Again, God deserts us, and causes us to suffer hunger, that we may know ourselves, and what is in us: 'And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart.' This trial by desertion the Lord useth for the manifestation of some hidden sin, that the godly may be more deeply humbled, and crave more earnestly pardon of that and other sins.

"In desertion, sometimes we must be given up to Satan, yet for no other cause but that the flesh may be killed, and the spirit made alive in the day of the Lord. 'And to the preventing of sin to come,' as Paul speaketh, 'lest I should be exalted above measure, there was given unto me a prick in the flesh, the messenger to buffet me.' The use that all good Christian hearts are to make of their desertions. First, if they have outward rest, and walk in the fear of God, and be filled with the joy of the Holy Ghost, let them not be high-minded, but fear, lest a forsaking follow. And if any who are in temptation and trial judge themselves forsaken, let them consider this wonderful work of spiritual desertions which God exerciseth upon His own children very usually; they shall find it to be a restorative against many a qualm and swoon of spirit and conscience into which otherwise they would certainly fall. Seeing God, for their trial, doth often withdraw Himself from them, let them again draw near to God, and press unto Him, even as a man that shivers of an ague is always creeping to the fire. Let the poor soul come near to God by the use of His word and prayer; for by His word He speaks to thee, and by prayer thou speakest to Him. As long as the children of God are in this life, God regardeth more the affection to obey than the obedience itself; for the perfection of a Christian man's life stands in the feeling and confession of his imperfections. God subdueth the pride of men's hearts, and humbleth them by countervailing the graces which they have received with the like measure of infirmities. By this means the godly are exercised in a continual fight against sin, and are daily occupied in purging themselves. Unmortified men and women are no creatures fit for God, and therefore they are to be soaked and boiled in afflictions, that the fulsomeness of their corruptions may be delayed, and that they may have in them some relish acceptable to God. Hence it followeth, then, that those which feel not the weight and burden of their sins are dead while they live. Therefore we are not to wonder that sin, being so heavy a burden, should be made so light a matter by carnal men; for it is a spiritual burden, and therefore no marvel though it be not felt of them that are all flesh and no spirit. This shows that the more a man doth feel the burden of his sins, the greater measure of grace and spiritual life he hath; and the less he feels it, the more he is to suspect himself that the grace of God wanes and decays in him. For corruption is not felt by corruption, but by grace; and therefore the more a man doth feel the burden of his own corruption, the more grace he hath. There is no man so beaten and buffeted with temptation as the penitent sinner that cries most bitterly for pardon of his sins, and sues unto the

Lord for pardon of his offences, and shall continue in the dislike of sin and Satan; then the enemy useth all means to bring that man to confusion, by all manner of temptations to molest him, and never affords this poor sinner any rest. Here some Christian conscience may reason thus: 'No man is so troubled with sin and Satan as I.' Answer: 'If pardon of sin and temptation go together, all is contrary. If thou hadst no grief for sin, no buffetings of thine enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil, thou couldst not be in God's favour, but under the power of Satan.' Now this great uneasiness, and the great measure of the spiritual temptations, is a sign rather of God's love; for whom God loves the devil hates; and where God works in love, the devil works in malice.

"The remnants of the old bondage under Satan must be grievous and irksome unto us, and we must bewail them bitterly. The Jews in bodily captivity wept when they remembered Zion. How much more should we weep when we feel the law of our members rebelling against the law of our minds, and leading us captive to sin? And we must pray to God that He would stablish us by His free Spirit."

TWO HYMNS BY DR. RYLAND.

(Never before Published.)

O THOU, whose hand alone sustains
 So many vast affairs,
 Holding the universal reins,
 And marshalling the stars:
 Archangels on Thy care depend,
 And meanest insects too:
 There's nothing can Thy power transcend,
 Nothing escape Thy view.
 A worm so guilty, and so mean,
 Is not beneath Thy care;
 By Thee each circumstance is seen,
 And Thou canst hear my prayer.
 Unsought, unasked, Thy sovereign grace
 A Saviour did provide;
 To ransom an apostate race,
 That Saviour bled and died.
 And have I heard the joyful sound,
 And seen the heavenly dawn?
 My soul in Jesus rest has found,
 To Him divinely drawn.
 Shall I not cast my care on Thee,
 To Thee my all resign,
 Whose wisdom will perform for me
 Thy merciful design?
 Through toils and dangers, wants and foes,
 Thy hand shall be my guide;
 What else is best, Thy wisdom knows,
 Thy goodness will provide.
 Nothing for Thee can be too hard,
 Nothing too great, too small;
 Be Thou my shield, my great reward,
 My God, my all in all.

O THOU, whose providence divine
 Fulfils Thine own decrees,
 And overturns the schemes of men,
 Or prospers if it please:
 Controlling all, by none controlled,
 Thine arm is ever strong;
 All wise, most holy, just, and kind,
 Thou canst do nothing wrong.
 Worm as I am, a rebel once,
 But now subdued by grace,
 I glory in Thy sovereignty,
 Thereon my bliss I place.
 In Thee delighting, to Thy care
 I would my way commit;
 Thou orderest every step I take,
 For Thou hast pondered it.
 "Into this world to do Thy will,
 And not mine own, I came;"
 So said Thy Son, and may His grace
 Teach me to say the same.
 Body and soul redeemed by blood,
 O God, are both Thine own;
 I lay them at Thy footstool low,
 Before Thy sacred throne.
 My outward ways, my inmost thoughts,
 Direct, succeed, prevent;
 Give, or withhold, or re-assume,
 And make my heart content.
 Nothing I absolutely ask,
 Except more grace to be
 With Thy good pleasure satisfied,
 And swallowed up in Thee.

OBITUARY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A. T. B.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

WE never remember, during our connexion with this work, to have taken up the pen with a more trembling hand than on the present occasion. In fact, a feeling of incompetency to do anything like justice to the object we have in view, has led to the postponement of the attempt, month after month. It is not that we desire to exalt the creature; for what she was she was by *grace divine*; but A. T. B. was so pre-eminently the subject of that grace, and, in her sufferings through her very protracted affliction, it was so beautifully and blessedly exhibited, that we cannot but heartily wish it had fallen to other hands to testify of her. One thought, however, reconciles us to the undertaking this labour of love; it is, that if *we* do not, no one else will. And we are too anxious that at least a few facts connected with the long illness and death of A. T. B. should be published, for the edification and encouragement of the Church of God, rather than that they should

*"Lie buried in forgetfulness,
And without praises die."*

Our acquaintance with the subject of this brief sketch commenced soon after our appointment to the parish where we have now been permitted to labour between five and six years. We never but once saw her out of her sick chamber. Here, even for years before we knew her, she had been almost exclusively confined, her maladies being of an internal and complicated character, baffling every effort of some of the most distinguished and skilful of the faculty.

Considering her energy of mind and habitual readiness to engage in works of benevolence connected with the parish and neighbourhood where she resided, her being laid so wholly aside from domestic as well as parochial duties, proved the severer test to her faith and patience. This was necessarily increased by the loss of her loved and devoted mother, when additional anxiety and greater responsibility would devolve upon herself.

She was, as we have intimated, a *great* sufferer, but we never remember to have met with but two whose *cheerfulness* under suffering was equal to hers. In fact, her placid look and frequently sweet smile would seem to divest her room of the usual appellation—sick chamber. Keen as were the sufferings it witnessed, it could scarcely be called the sick-room; we were wont to call it "the cheerful chamber." But all who knew A. T. B. will, we are sure, bear us out in the statement, that a leading characteristic was not merely amiability as such, but *meekness and gentleness* of the very highest order. This was a striking and remarkable feature. So manifest was this meekness and mellowness, that we used to think we saw in her a living embodiment and most encouraging illustration and fulfilment of these Scriptures: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee;" "Unto you it is given on the behalf of Christ, not only to *believe*, but to *suffer* for His sake;" "The cup that *my Father* hath given me, shall I not drink it?" "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil also?" "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

There was, too, another thought that seemed almost as a matter of necessity to press itself upon the attention, it was "the *growth* in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus her Lord."

Her Bible was emphatically her companion. Whether sitting up or reclining, it was invariably by her side; and seldom, if ever, did we visit her but she had some portion to turn to and comment upon. A sweet word had presented itself here, or precious light had broken in there; in the gentlest, most modest and unassuming manner was it spoken of: yea, the testimony was generally put forward in a way of inquiry, so entirely did she shrink from the veriest appearance of assuming anything.

A. T. B. had during a lengthened—yea, perhaps during the greater—part of her many years' illness, to contend, not so much with *darkness* as with *doubts*. She was seldom, if ever, rapturous or joyous. Hers was more a settled peace and precious tranquillity, than heavenly transports. We always thought there was much wisdom and fatherly kindness in this. We have often reminded her, that, in her extreme weakness and debility, she could not have borne over-much *joy* any more than she could have endured over-much *sorrow*. In addition to the passage of which we said just now we were wont to consider her a living illustration, "Thou wilt keep in perfect peace [margin, peace, peace] whose mind is stayed on Thee," there was another Scripture equally descriptive of her state, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

But we have said that we considered her to be more the subject of *doubts* than of *darkness*; that is, she had her fears and apprehensions as to what more she might be called to suffer, and she was fearful, too, lest she might become *impatient*. Dear sufferer! never surely did mortal endure affliction more patiently than by grace divine thou wert enabled to do: to God be all the glory! It was natural, however, that she should have her fears—we had them on her account—seeing that there were indications of a fatal, but very gradual wasting away, which, had it come to pass in the manner apprehended, would have been distressing to the last degree; but this the Lord mercifully spared both her and those about her.

She was emphatically a woman of prayer. We believe few knew more what it was to plead with God, and to wrestle fervently and ardently with Him, than A. T. B. Although personally a great sufferer, and, as we have said, confined for years to the sick chair or the bed of languishing, she was the subject of an anxiety and a solicitude of the keenest, tenderest kind; and, feeling the total inadequacy of all creature help, she was, of a sanctified necessity (if we may so say), compelled to resort to the Strong for strength. She wrestled, like Jacob, with the Angel of the everlasting covenant; she "looked to the hills whence cometh help;" she "looked again and again and again towards His holy temple." Her letters, from which we shall hereafter quote, will prove how her whole soul was imbued by love divine with the spirit of grace and supplication. She was the subject of a holy fervour and a divine invocation. It was not with her the half-hearted suppliant: she did not, like too many of us, ask in a sort of double minded, now earnest, now comparatively indifferent way, but it was the holy, earnest, importunate "watching unto prayer," of which she was so blessedly the subject. It was, in very deed, with her the "travailing in birth," in order that Christ might be formed in such and such souls the hope of glory.

We never remember visiting her sick room without personal profit. Christ was her one Object. If ever a retired sufferer could adopt the language of the apostle, "I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," A. T. B. was that character. We never remember "the world" to have been more completely excluded from the sick chamber than it was from hers of whom we write. Hence the spiritual advantage to be derived from visits to this privileged sufferer. For ourselves, we may say, that oftentimes

after spending many anxious hours in the study, in quest of a text for the Sabbath, we have at length closed the Bible, and resorted to the sick chamber, with the hope that through her the Lord might be pleased to speak some word. Nor has such hope been misplaced. It has again and again been realized, "that as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." Entering that sick room, after beholding the turmoil of the world, or feeling the contention of one's own spirit, a renewed sight of this patient sufferer has forcibly reminded one of the marvellous power of Jehovah in sustaining and tranquillizing at the very time He sorely afflicted, and laid low in weakness and weariness. Oh, how true it was in a modified sense with her, as in a larger sense it was with the Apostle, "I will shew (her) how great things (she) shall suffer for my sake." In very deed it was so; and though, as we have already said, she was so fearful of becoming impatient, we never saw a more tranquil or patient sufferer. Often was that placid countenance lighted up with a sweet smile, betokening the calm reposing upon Him whose word so graciously enjoins, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He will never suffer the righteous to be moved."

There are cases where the greatly-protracted sufferings leave one at a loss to conceive of a change that shall bring such sufferings to an issue. Both the afflicted, and those who wait upon or visit the afflicted, become inured to such a state of things. And where there is such cheerfulness or serenity, there is the less willingness to part with the afflicted. Such was eminently the case in the household of which A. T. B. formed so interesting and truly spiritual a member. Nor was the hope of her removal being at a yet distant day confined to her family. Others, in common with them, participated in the desire, that, if it were God's will, she might yet be spared as a silent though a suffering witness for Him. A voice of no common order spoke, and that loudly, too, from her sick chamber.

But, though the wish that she might live, at least for a time, so long and so ardently prevailed, yet there were certain symptoms of increased prostration and debility that seemed to run counter to that wish. We specially remember an early indication of this, when the kind lady who had for some years occupied the place of her sainted mother remarked to us, with tears, that she feared dear A. would soon take her leave of this transitory scene. She had that morning had an interview with her which tended to confirm her in that conclusion. From this time we watched still more closely the leadings of dear A. T. B.'s mind, and those leadings clearly bespoke her having heard the voice, "Thou hast compassed this mount long enough; come up higher."

As, in addition to her most devoted sisters, one of whom constantly slept in the same room with her, she had a kind-hearted, godly attendant, when prayer was about to be offered, she would invariably ring the bell, to summon her, in order that she, too, might participate in the sacred privilege of unitedly calling upon God. We think it would be well if this notable example were more generally followed.

Whilst on our way to A. T. B.'s house—the knock at the door of which she would instantly recognize—the Lord was wont oftentimes to give us a word for her. The last portion thus given was Isaiah xlv. 3: "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring;" and, as we quoted it to her, in her extreme weakness and greatly-increased debility, we could but see how, at that moment, and in that season of creature weariness and fleshly exhaustion, the Lord verified His word. It was evident, though flesh and

heart were failing, that "God was the strength of her heart, and her portion for ever." It was clear to a demonstration that "His blessing" was then and there upon the offspring of the spiritual seed of Jacob.

It would seem as though she had a premonition that this would be our last interview, for, though labouring for breath, and extremely prostrate, she sought to summon all her little remaining strength, in order to show her thorough heartfelt conviction, that God was faithful. As she, in measured tones and panting for breath, quoted the words "GOD IS FAITHFUL," she sought also to express a hope, that during her lengthened illness she had never been permitted to say anything that would imply a doubt of that glorious truth. It was evident that, in a holy jealousy for the Divine honour, she wished that to be her dying testimony, as indeed it had been her living one, "GOD IS FAITHFUL." We never read or think of that precious portion without reverting mentally to that death-bed scene.

This sweet Scripture was almost her last words to us. The next time we gazed upon that serene countenance it was sleeping in the sweetness of that repose which instrumentally derives all its virtue and blessedness from faith's calm resting upon the bosom of Jesus; into His hands and to whose kindly gracious care the dust of His redeemed is entrusted until the sound of the arch-angel's trump shall arouse it from its peaceful slumbers, and it shall awake up in His likeness, to be reunited to its glorified spirit, and body and soul be for ever with the Lord.

Since the principal part of the foregoing was written, the following has been placed in our hands, to which we gladly give insertion in these pages, as a further testimony to the sacred memory of the beloved A. T. B. :—

In the present day, when religious publications are so numerous, it may seem quite superfluous to add to their number, and truly the subject of this brief sketch would have shrunk from anything like publicity; so much did she dread anything being ever known of her, that she destroyed her diary, lest those near and dear to her should read or show it after her removal. Hers was the silent walking with God. But in these days, when the truth of God's word is assailed on every hand; when error is assuming so many forms; when there are those who would beguile the thoughtless and unwary, endeavouring to deceive the lover of this fleeting world, and draw aside (if possible) even God's children from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, by trying to undermine the foundation of our faith, by endeavouring to explain the Scriptures after their own carnal wisdom, rejecting part, receiving only as inspired what their puny understanding can explain; surely under these circumstances we may be pardoned if we venture to show how God's power was brought to bear upon one of His afflicted ones; and let the despiser of the truth of God's word only visit such an one, and hear their humble testimony to God's faithfulness to His word, and they must bow to the conviction of the Psalmist, "Thy word is truth." Then, reader, let these reasons suffice for bringing this subject briefly before your notice.

A. T. B. was early called out from an ungodly world. At the age of seventeen she was permitted to make a public profession, first, by the rite of confirmation, and then the sacrament, which she regularly attended for many years. Naturally timid and retiring, very few knew her anxiety to "adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things." She was the eldest of a large family, and her mother being afflicted and very delicate, the care of the house and children devolved upon her. Elder sisters little know how much influence they have, or they would try to exert a more holy one, not by taking undue authority upon

themselves, from which their younger brothers and sisters naturally rebel, but by love they may constrain them to much that is good and useful. Such an influence did our loved one possess, that she was looked up to and loved by all. She never coerced, but was so loving and kind, that her advice was sought upon all occasions; and her family will ever have reason to bless and praise God for placing over them such a judicious kind adviser. Never strong, her constitution received such a shock that, shortly after her beloved mother had fallen asleep in Jesus, she had a cough and all the premonitory symptoms of consumption. Her medical men thought it not altogether a hopeless case, and she was spared; although for twenty-three years the subject of constant care and anxiety to her family; her weakness often so great and taking so little nourishment, that at times her life seemed almost a miracle. She often wondered why she was spared, and asked, for what purpose was she living? Those near and dear could see why! to show God's power in maintaining His own work, quite irrespective of the outward means.

With what intense interest did she listen to her beloved pastor's unfolding the "unsearchable riches of Christ." Often after his departure would she say, "My Heavenly Father knew how much I wanted a word;" and would often beg that no other conversation might be introduced when her dear pastor was present, saying, "You can go to church—I have not that privilege." She took a great interest in the progress of the temporary and permanent church. Most deeply did she feel never being permitted to go to God's house; and, on our return from thence, often would her countenance beam with such pleasure, saying, "I have been with you in spirit!" and indeed, to the praise of the glory of God's grace, we must say she was fed by God's word. Oh, how powerful is God's word applied by the Spirit to the heart! How should we value it? Who can estimate its value—its preciousness? Language fails; but we may well say, "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." Sometimes when her beloved pastor was going from home, she would feel she was listening to him for the last time, but would not venture to express it to him, fearing she might distress him; and, when he was expected to return, she would say, "I have been thinking of dear Mr. —; I trust the Lord will watch over him." He would most kindly call very soon after his return. How did she welcome him. She felt she could only pray for him; that was the only return she could make for his constant care. She ardently prayed for a blessing on his labours, and that there might be a revival of religion in the parish.

How difficult is the task (adds the same writer) to "gather up a few of the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost;" but, in simple dependence upon that grace which made the dear departed one what she was, and to encourage some poor afflicted member of God's family, I will briefly relate a few of her precious sayings, first remarking that for many years the dear one had been afflicted, and often the subject of extreme weakness; but it was her privilege to walk with God. Shut out from many of the temptations of the world, God mercifully "shut her in," that He might magnify the riches of His grace, and make His own work more manifest in supporting and cheering His own afflicted child; and, to His praise be it spoken, she was a burning and a shining light; and those dear friends who visited her from time to time will not soon forget how cheerfully she was enabled to bear her long illness. Her sick room was not only lightened with the natural sun; but the Sun of Righteousness was there, in fulfilment of God's own gracious promise—this one especially being such a great source of comfort to her, "I will be to them a little sanctuary." God did indeed fulfil His word; and although, for the last four years of her life, pre-

vented going to God's house, she found "God a little sanctuary," which made her sick room so happy an abode. The last year and a half she never left her room.

One day, after reading Deut. xxxiii., she remarked, "What a precious verse is that, 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' Now we may know if God is our refuge. Do we go to Him at all times, under all circumstances, and feel Him to be a refuge? then underneath are His everlasting arms. How sustaining! I could not bear my sufferings if I did not constantly plead, 'Lord, help the poor worm.' That promise is most precious to me, 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob;' it comes down to my weakness and helplessness. Again, 'Look upon the Covenant;' 'Look upon the face of thine anointed.' Who is that Anointed One? Christ Jesus. How suitable for the poor sinner. God could not look upon us; but the Psalmist pleads, 'Look upon the face of Thine anointed.' And God looking through Jesus upon us, beholds us complete—comely—perfect; as though we had never sinned. The thought of these glorious truths may well lead us to plead with the disciples of old, 'Lord, increase our faith.'"

On one occasion, after one of her beloved pastor's visits, which she much valued, and when he had spoken to her upon that verse, "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake," she said, "I never understood the verse in that light before (he having said it was given her to suffer for Christ's sake); I thought it referred to persecution. Well, if I am called to suffer for Christ's sake, what a privileged position. Lord, make me willing to suffer." She was very fearful of becoming impatient, and would often request those around her to pray for her, that she might be willing to wait the Lord's own time. For a long time she was very gradually sinking, and one day said, "How slowly the Lord is taking down this frail tabernacle; so many are being taken before me." It was said to her, "Ah, dearest, you are such a comfort to us, to me especially; be willing to tarry the Lord's own time: soon you shall hear the still small voice, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.'" She suffered greatly from exhaustion, and sometimes would think the time drawing very near. She would then request that lovely hymn

"Ye angels who stand round the throne," &c.,

to be repeated. At other times she would have some hymn sung referring to heaven, such as

"Awake, and sing the song,
Of Moses and the Lamb;"

or,

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

On another occasion, reading Isa. xl., "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength," "How that describes my state, bodily and mentally. Does not God wonderfully and condescendingly come down to my weakness—faint—no might; I cannot pray, or think, or do anything: I am now living on the finished work of Christ." It was said, "Ye are complete in Jesus; nothing in yourself—complete in Him." "Yes, yes, that is my only hope." One day it was observed to her, "What made you so low, dear, this morning? You were not only much exhausted, but you seemed

unusually depressed. I could not ask you at the time, others being in the room." "Ah, when you see me cry sometimes," she replied, "you must not think me low; my heart is so overwhelmed at God's goodness to me. It is wonderful! Such a poor creature as I am. Often when I am thus weak and exhausted, God brings such beautiful promises to my mind. When you saw me so overpowered this morning, dearest, God whispered 'Fear not, for I am with thee.' Was it not good of God?" Again, "Do you remember what God said to His servant Elijah? 'Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for Thee,' was so powerfully laid upon my mind. The journey would indeed be too great for me; but God mercifully comes down to my weakness, and sustains me by His own loving precious word: and you know what I often tell you, dear, 'The scripture cannot be broken.'" That to her mind was an unanswerable plea for the fulfilment of God's word, "The scripture cannot be broken." At another time, "I have been very silent and sinful as regards speaking of God's love and faithfulness; and sometimes think that is one reason I suffer so much in my mouth—this tongue has been so silent. I have been afraid to speak, lest self should have the glory, not one all-sufficient Saviour. Now, if I had the power, I would that all the world could hear my feeble testimony—'God is faithful.' Tell your mothers, dear, at your meeting, not to leave the momentous concerns of their never-dying souls until they come on a sick bed; that is not the time to seek Jesus. What should I do now if Jesus were not mine and I His? my body is so worn with weakness and suffering. Tell them, as a poor lost sinner, I am permitted by God's free sovereign grace to live upon the finished work of Christ; that is my only hope. Nothing for the poor sinner to do. What could I do now, or at any time? No, Jesus has done it all. Never, dearest, give up your meeting; work while you have the opportunity; seek to live with eternity in view. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; knowing there is no device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, whither thou art going.' Tell your fellow-sinners of the love of Jesus. I wish I had done so more." Her sister replied, "When you had the power, dear, you did." "Ah, I have been too much ashamed of Jesus! What a false shame! I feel humbled to the dust. A Triune Jehovah entered into covenant to save poor sinners, and we, receiving all these precious blessings of that 'everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure,' silent, reserved, and refuse to speak of these glorious truths. Ah, dearest, you little know how much this thought grieves me. I have dreaded getting better, knowing how weak and inconsistent I am upon this subject; it is so difficult to introduce serious conversation even with Christians; and I feel it to be so sinful—such lamentable silence on the only subject that can comfort and cheer us in life and in sickness: it must be none but Jesus. In death, who beside His adored self can support and sustain?" One day, being much cast down and unusually depressed, she said, "If I should be deceiving myself, and after all be a hypocrite." It was said to her, "Impossible; you know you have no hope but in Jesus—His finished work. You know, dearest, you have no hope in yourself. Who taught you that? How exactly that sweet hymn expresses your feelings—

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling,' &c.

'Vile, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.'

Again, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ

Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' Is not that your deep heart-felt experience? Not for one year, but many, many years, you have been living upon Jesus, and have known Him as a refuge in every time of trial. Yes, dearest, you know this comes from Satan. God cannot change." She requested to be left alone; some time after, what a change was manifested in her countenance. It was said to her, "You have had a word?" Her trembling voice said, "I have been much comforted by that sweet verse, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth,' &c. What could the poor Israelite do? Look, and be healed. So must I, a poor sinner. Jesus says, 'Whosoever believeth.' I cast myself upon that precious promise." Again, "let us consider God's unchangeableness. His word assures us 'He rests in His love,' 'He hateth putting away,' 'Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.' Oh the power of God's word applied by God's own Holy Spirit." The cloud was removed, and there was never a doubt allowed to shade her mind from that moment. What a mercy! Free sovereign grace! Often after a season of severe suffering, when recovering sufficiently to speak, she would look up, and with a bright look would say, "I have no joy, but peace, peace. God is so good; 'He stays His rough wind in the day of His east wind.' What a mercy!" It may be asked, What was the cause of this constant peace? Indeed it was almost constant. She was continually endeavouring to praise God. The secret spring was her simple child-like dependence upon the word. "It is written," seemed to act as a soothing balm. God indeed gave her the spirit of adoption, according to His own gracious promise (Rom. viii. 15, 16); and it was the sustaining privilege of those who were much with her to behold her as "the clay in the hand of the potter," and that God loved His child too well to give one unnecessary pain. His power in sustaining the "worm Jacob" (which she constantly called herself) was so evident, that all were constrained to join in her desire to praise her Triune covenant God for having "loved her with an everlasting love." One night, being much exhausted, her sister said, "If you do not take some nourishment, you will sink, dearest." "Ah, to rise again—'He hath done all things well.'" Shortly after she tried to repeat a few lines from that beautiful hymn—

"Deathless principle arise," &c.

"Angels joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round my pillow bend," &c.

She said, "Do you think they are hovering round my bed now?" It was replied, "I do not think it so near, dearest." She said, "Soon He that shall come will come." One morning her father coming into her room found her much exhausted. She said, "Sinking fast—going home." Her sister said, "Not just yet, dearest." "Ah, you never think I am going." Her father said, "Are you happy, dear?" "Very happy—very happy. Soon He, Jesus, will come, and not tarry." Shortly after she said, "I long to hear the hallelujahs of the redeemed; if I had power, I would now sing hallelujah. I want to praise Him now. My dear, I have not a fear. You know what a doubting creature I have always been. How sinful to doubt such a God. I dare not doubt. Should not this encourage you, dear? I hope you will try not to doubt such a God. God is faithful. Oh that I could record what a faithful God He has been to me. He has delivered; He doth deliver; He will deliver. Oh praise Him! praise Him!" The last night she said to her sister, "When thou

passt through the waters I will be with thee—through the rivers," &c. It was finished for her. Again, she made an effort to say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil—for Thou art with me—Thy rod—thy staff, they comfort me." "Jesus is with you, dearest?" "Yes, do not speak." Her sufferings were so intense, she could not bear the tiniest whisper. It was evident the whole time she was engaged in prayer, her hands frequently raised. When spoken to she entreated not to be disturbed. At another time she requested the hymn—

"Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near," &c.

to be read to her. She often tried to say, "Praise the Lord," and asked to have a psalm read. The 145th psalm was read, with occasional breaks, to see if it were too much. She said, "Go on, that is not all." Again, "Praise the Lord, O my soul." Her last expression was, after kissing her beloved father, "God bless you." She shortly after breathed her last. She did begin her song of praise here. Amen! Hallelujah!

Reader, from the little that has thus been recorded, may it not well stimulate the desire that you may be found in Christ as the dear departed was; and that "ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises?" Be it also ours to remember, that "yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

REVIEWS.

Sermons by the Rev. Frederick Silver. London: W. H. Collingridge.

THE deep-thinking sermons of this now very venerable servant of God cannot but be acceptable to the people of God.

Sermons Suggestive. By the Rev. JAMES HOLLINS, Incumbent of St. Clement's, Bristol. London: W. Macintosh.

THIS extremely neat volume contains sixteen sermons, a glance at which bespeaks their being prepared with considerable care. They embrace much thought—are, as they should be, scrupulously jealous for their strictly scriptural character—and, as implied by the title, "suggestive" of still more extended reflections.

Man's Righteousness Condemned; the Righteousness of God set forth. A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Peter, Oldham Road, Manchester. By the Rev. F. WHYLOCK DAVIS, M.A., Rector. Manchester: J. Heywood; M. Bremner and Co.

A CLEAR statement of doctrine, interspersed with much earnest, affectionate appeal. The sermon is well worthy of being circulated far beyond the precincts of the preacher's own parish.

Useful Hints for the Nursery. By Dr. R. C. CROFT. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row.

IN this little *brochure*, which all heads of families would do well to possess themselves of, the symptoms of the various ailments peculiar to childhood are briefly set forth, with suggestions for their treatment at the onset, by following which time will be saved, and the relief and cure made more easy and certain when the patient is taken in hand by a professional man.

Contending for the Faith. A Sermon preached at St. John's Church, Tunbridge Wells, on Sunday Evening, May 1, 1864. By the Incumbent, the Rev. T. W. WESTON, LL.B. Tunbridge Wells: Henry S. Colbran.

It warms one's heart to read such a sermon as this; it is clear, solid, truthful, outspoken. There is no mistaking the testimony. The trumpet gives a certain sound; and, whilst the honour of Jehovah in His Trinity of Persons, is steadily kept in view, the edification, caution, and encouragement of the Lord's people is also a leading object of the preacher.

A History of the Christian Church, from the Nativity of our Lord to the Reign of Constantine the Great; or, during a period of Twenty-five-Years. By the late EBENEZER SOPER. London: Houlston and Wright.

THIS volume is the result of considerable labour and research, and was prepared very much with a view of meeting the Romanists upon their own, as they think, privileged ground of antiquity. Before the MS. was sent to the press, the author was called into another world. It was his dying wish that the work should be published. It is a book worthy of a thoughtful perusal.

Morning Dew; or, Daily Readings for the People of God. By ISABEL CHARLOTTE GARBETT. With a Preface by the Rev. Edward Garbett, M.A., Christ Church, Surbiton Hill, Surrey. London: Houlston and Wright. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

THIS book is, as its title implies, a help to scriptural thought and reflection for each morning in the year. It consists of a selection from "the writings of the choicest ancient and modern divines." The work embraces a great variety of subjects; the pieces are judiciously-selected; and each morning paper, of about a page in length, is introduced with an appropriate text.

Tracts for the People. New Series. By the Author of Nothing to Pay. London: W. H. Collingridge.

SINCE our former notice of these Tracts, we have read an additional score of them, or thereabouts; and so struck were we with the telling way in which they put the truth before the reader, that we thought we could not do better service to our poor parishioners, than by ordering 5,000 for their express use, Mr. Collingridge having consented to place them in our hands, for the purpose, at a greatly-reduced rate. We wish they could be scattered broadcast through the length and breadth of the land, there, under God, to do their own work in their own special way.

Christian Work: a Magazine for Religious and Missionary Information. London: Published at the Office of "Good Words," 32, Ludgate Hill.

THIS is a monthly publication, commenced this year. As a record of the progress of truth, it contains much that is full of interest, and of deep importance. Two articles in particular are entitled to a careful perusal; that on "Bible Women," and "Romanism in London." The latter depicts in sad, but we apprehend in far too truthful a manner, the fearful progress Popery is making in the Metropolis. Nay, may we not attribute our present undecided, vacillating state as a nation, to the influence of the wide-spread Jesuitism with which both the Church and the community at large are leavened? There are thousands, and we believe tens of thousands, in these lands, seeking to betray us. Every Tractarian, or semi-Papist, is a traitor to his Queen and country.

GOD hears no more than the heart speaks; if the heart be dumb, God will certainly be deaf.—*Brooks.*

TRACTS BY THE EDITOR.

The Bristol Tracts; or, Thoughts for the Tried and the Tempted. Parts I. and II. Nos. 1 to 24.—London: W. H. Collingridge, and all Booksellers.

In a recent advertisement we stated that we had been often requested to republish the first articles of the *Gospel Magazine* in a separate form. After much consideration, we have come to the conclusion to do so. So many years have passed since they were written, that they come even to our own mind with a freshness as though altogether new. Multitudes who were readers of the *Gospel Magazine* when these articles appeared have long since passed away; others will have forgotten them. Moreover, by republishing them in an entirely new form, we calculate upon their finding their way into distinct and equally new channels. Another consideration that has weighed with us in the matter is the immense variety of tracts of a miscellaneous character that are continually issued from the press, whereas there are comparatively few which are strictly intended to "feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." The *Gospel Magazine* is a family magazine—its papers, almost without exception, are addressed to the household of faith, in all its varied branches, and with a special regard to all the multifarious stages and exercises through which its members are passing. It is hoped, therefore, that these tracts will meet a want, and that in these days of supineness, superficiality, compromise, and confusion, these little messengers will be found to carry "the certain sound" to the hearts and consciences of God's living family, travelling as they are onward and homeward through a waste howling wilderness.

The parts before us—which are the first two of the series—contain the following:—

Part I.—Our Motto: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God"—Spiritual Sloth—The Psalmist's Cry and Consolation—Slumbering and Sleeping—Counsel and Comfort—St. Paul's Congratulations and Counsels—Conflict and Criticism—The Feet of Jesus—The Sin-burdened—Nearer Home—A Spiritual Hurricane—Anxiety about Ways and Means.

Part II.—Looking for Christ—The Unity of the Trinity in Salvation—The Dumb Spirit and its Teachings—A Covenant Ordered in All Things and Sure—Weak in Myself, but Strong in the Lord—Christ and His Church Inseparable—God Unchangeable—Jesus and the Woman of Samaria—"And the Lord Shut Him In"—Retracings and Refreshings—Divine Guardianship and Goodness—Old Spots—Pleading for Others—A Sunday at Astley, near Manchester—The School of Grace and its Teachings—Ephraim and the Prodigal Son—Mary at the Sepulchre—Under a Cloud.

Each tract (except in the case of double numbers) may be had separately at one halfpenny each, or, sorted, at three shillings per hundred. We shall feel obliged by our readers kindly encouraging this undertaking, both by ordering the tracts themselves, and recommending them to their friends. A single tract may be enclosed in a letter, with a sheet of note-paper, free of additional charge for postage.

• THE Bishop of London has discovered eleven parishes in the darkest part of his diocese, with only one clergyman to each parish, although these eleven parishes contain nearly a quarter of a million of people.

THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 93,
NEW SERIES. }

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

{ No. 1,185,
OLD SERIES.

THE ETERNAL SAMENESS OF CHRIST, AND THE ETERNAL
SECURITY OF HIS PEOPLE.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

"Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore,
Oh, for grace to love Thee more."

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—HEB. xiii. 8.

How often has been found in experience the truth of the Lord's blessed word, as spoken by Hannah, in the lesser as well as in the larger sense of the word, "The Lord killeth and maketh alive; He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; He bringeth low and lifteth up" (1 Sam. ii. 6, 7). And by these renewed visitations and fresh proofs of His watchful care and tender, loving interest, how greatly does He endear Himself to the souls of His people. It is like putting His hand a second time to the work, and coming anew over all the mountains of sin, unbelief, and infirmity, in order afresh to manifest His divine faithfulness and superabounding mercy. How sweet it is when He thus again opens up some of the old paths; when darkness is found to disperse before the renewed dawn of light; bondage gives place to liberty; and slavish fear yields to true spiritual affection, and the putting up afresh the precious claim of Abba, dear Father.

And, in themselves considered, what comparatively trifling circumstances will sometimes lead to this sweet and blessed experience, when the soul exclaims anew, "I found Thy word and I did eat it; and Thy words were unto me the joy and the rejoicing of my heart." Oh, how additionally dear does the Lord thus become, and on this wise these renewed manifestations are the additions to, and following up of former and precious unfoldings of His rich grace and mercy; so that another scripture is thus fulfilled, "They shall eat the old, because of the new:" that is, the *new* manifestation shall lead back in sweet review of the *old*.

A certain day had been a day of sharp conflict; and this had arisen (as conflict commonly does) from *anticipation*. It matters not what the trouble may

be—in itself great or small, mighty or minute. It is what *the Lord* would have the test and the trial of faith to be based upon, is to constitute that test or trial, come when or where it may, or be in itself what it may.

Moreover, it not unfrequently happens with regard to trial, that Satan takes advantage of former trial, and old associations, to renew fear, raise doubts, and stir up unbelief. He does so by leading the mind to dwell upon the trial in the abstract, without connecting therewith the sense of divine sustaining under the trial, and divine deliverance out of it. These trials and exercises Satan trades upon, working at the same time upon the unbelief and natural forgetfulness of the human heart. And the enemy's assaults in this wise can only be repelled by the Holy Ghost, who (at the moment in the conflict which He sees fit) comes in in His own divine way, as the dear and blessed Remembrancer, putting fresh power into old deliverances, and as it were eclipsing old trials and blunting the sharpness of new exercises, by lighting up the whole course of one's pilgrimage with the celestial rays of the Sun of righteousness; coming again in light, and love, and power; Jesus again stepping forth upon the tribulated waters of life, as He did upon the Sea of Gennesaret, rebuking the winds and the sea, and causing one of His own divinely-commanded calms to be felt through the whole soul. Oh, how is He thus endeared, when the soul realizes His gracious acts. Sometimes He seems to be asleep, and thus unconscious of or indifferent about the storm that is raging above, until at length His poor terror-stricken disciples go and succeed in arousing Him with a "Master, carest Thou not that we perish!" There is a certain impetuosity and impatience about the appeal, as well as at least a measure of reflection upon Him, in their very mode of address. But He bears with this. He knows the struggles; He is aware of the conflict; "He knows their frame, He remembers that they are dust;" and, therefore, having "waited" the fittest moment "to be gracious"—with the storm at its height—the ship being now well nigh full with the waves that beat on and over her—all but swamped; then they cry—and then He hears! He rises "and rebukes the wind and the sea, and instantly there is a great calm." Had He appeared before, that deliverance were not nearly so great, nor so timely, nor so glorious; nor would the ejaculations of His disciples have been nearly so emphatic, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

Again, how sweet was His visit, when He drew near to His disciples, after they had been "toiling in rowing," with a "Children, have ye any meat? They answered Him, No. And He said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast, therefore, and now they were not able to draw for the multitude of fishes. Ah, reader, how easy it is for the Lord's poor fishermen to fish, and to find too, when *the Lord* gives the word. It is "a toiling all night and catching nothing," until *Jesus* gives the word. And how sweet, in spite of all previous fleshly strivings and fleshly disappointments, to be able, though it be with the "sentence of death" upon the promise and the act, to say, "Nevertheless at Thy word we will let down the net."

Now, dear reader, we want you to see, and ourselves increasingly, how divine sovereignty and divine mercy, goodness, and love are to be seen in all this.

We may simplify what we have said, in regard to old trials and new interpositions, by an appeal to your own experience. We have said how Satan takes advantage, by causing us to dwell upon the trial, to the exclusion of the support received under it, and the deliverance subsequently from it.

See it thus. A dear Christian mother, say, has borne sundry children, and the time of nature's sorrow is again at hand. She becomes again the subject of ten thousand gloomy fears as to the issue. She reflects upon the prostration—

the anguish—the fact that there is but a step betwixt her and death. She loses sight, for the time being, of former support and previous deliverances. She forgets how timely and how sweet was the Lord's home and heart-spoken word, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." She forgets the sweetness and the timeliness of the Good Physician's assurance, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." She forgets for a season, that there was a time when (Hezekiah-like) she "turned her face to the wall, and prayed to the Lord." Creature-hope and creature-help failing, she, by a kind of precious spiritual necessity, was brought, by the power of the Spirit working with and by that necessity, to look to the Lord, and the Lord alone. And she went over in experience all that Hezekiah had passed through before her. There is the acknowledgment and the appeal—the confession and the cry. There was the besieging heaven. Faith's hand (however weak) laid hold upon the horns of the altar, and pleaded ardently and importunately the promise. As in the days of the patriarch, the Angel of the Covenant allowed Himself to be mastered by the "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me" of one of Jacob's spiritual posterity. The same Lord who was overcome by the importunities of the woman of Samaria, and was compelled to cry, "O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt," is overcome anew by one of the same pleading and importuning race. She pleads, and she prevails. She has the earnest of deliverance before that deliverance is actually vouchsafed; but so condescending and so gracious are the Lord's communings, and withal so complete and comprehensive are His deliverances, that when once His child has been permitted thus to wrestle and to conquer, "the bitterness of death is past." In other words, the sharpness of the trial is o'er; the conquest is virtually obtained; and the residue (so to speak) of the trial is passed through in such a sensible looking to and leaning upon the Lord, as positively to have neither fears nor faintings. The language of such an one is, "He strengtheneth me with strength in my soul." Oh! how wonderful and how blessed is that strength. Omnipotence perfected in human weakness.

But, alas! though all this be a reality, and a blessed reality, too, yet how is there, as in Abraham's case, a "returning unto his own place" when "the Lord ceases to commune with Abraham." The Lord's living one is brought to feel the truth of Hart's words—

"When Jesus with His mighty love
Visits my troubled breast,
My doubts subside, my fears remove;
And I'm completely blest.

"But, ah! when these short visits end,
Though not quite left alone,
I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone."

If there be a faint recollection of the past, and if, as we have already intimated, the children the Lord has already given stand as witnesses of His faithfulness and condescension and power, yet the remembrance avails not for the trial in anticipation; and there is mercy in this—in order that the Lord may be again sought, and again proved in His own endearing character as "a very present help in trouble."

There may be, and there will be, in the interval between the past deliverance and the prospective trouble, renewed ground for discovering human baseness and fleshly ingratitude, yet such, when the soul is prompted anew by the Holy Ghost, shall only contribute to fresh acknowledgments and renewed appeals. These, in turn, shall touch the tender sympathies of His loving heart, and instrumentally draw Him forth again into renewed manifestations of grace and

favour. This also shall throw fresh light upon that precious word, "I the Lord change not; therefore ye, the sons of Jacob, are not consumed."

Oh, how sweet, dear reader, is the contemplation of divine faithfulness; how blessed the discovery for one's self, and in relation to one's own personal experience, "Though we believe not, He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself." How sweet, in spite of all one's lip-and-life backslidings and shortcomings, to feel assured, upon the ground of what *He* is, and not what *we* are—

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He'll never—no, never—desert to his foes!
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

We have cited one case. Numberless might be quoted in illustration of the self-same truth, and as exhibiting the self-same experience of divine condescension and mercy.

There are business trials and family responsibilities. A time of anxiety has been in prospect. Important engagements have been entered into. A certain amount has had to be paid by or on a certain day. The like has occurred again and again. Each such occurrence had stood connected with some marvellous display of divine interposition, and marked proof and evidence of divine watchfulness and loving interest. But, when such seasons have been recurring prospectively, because every way in which it was presumed fresh succour could arrive has been closed; because there has been no prospect of help—no door of deliverance opening—therefore such deliverance has been called in question. A thousand gloomy forebodings have been the consequence; and these have been the more formidable, because past triumphs have led to the bolder and the more unreserved testimony on behalf of God and truth. Hence the fall and the failure would seem to be the more conspicuous and the deeper marked. Unbelief plays upon this; the poor captive for the time being is plied with a multitude of dark and gloomy suggestions. Sense and reason seem to have the mastery, whilst faith would appear to have given up the ghost. It is with the soul as it was with the disciples of old, "It was now dark, and Jesus had not come to them." Ah, reader, it is painful work when Satan and the soul come in contact, and Jesus is absent as to manifestation. Oh, what havoc does the accuser of the brethren make then! But when, in His own time, and in His own sweet and always timely way, Jesus comes again, oh, how greatly is He endeared thereby! He is felt to be the same Lord, exercising the same love, and bringing to bear the same precious tenderness and compassion. Manifold and mighty as were His past helps and deliverances, it is found that His means are by no means exhausted. The fountain of mercy, grace, and goodness, both in providence and grace, are found still to be ever-flowing and over-flowing. He comes in again with His own sweet argument, "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name; ask, and receive, that your joy may be full." "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." He opens His hand again as largely and as liberally as though He had never given a groat before. His communications endear Himself. They tend to increased familiarity, and to renewed dependance. Thus, the line upon line—the line upon line—in rich and heartfelt experience, serve to open up all the blessedness involved in the expression, "Thou hast known my soul in adversities."

Reader, is it not so? It matters not what may be the particular line of teaching in the special lessons set before us; all being under the wise and gracious direction of our loving Instructor, issues in the same results.

Oh, then, for grace to say, notwithstanding all our faintings and all our fears—

“His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink :
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.”

Finally, dear reader, let our trials or our necessities be what they may, or come they from whatever source, how sweet is the promise, “My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” What myriads have lived and died in a simple dependance upon, and drawing from that promise, and yet there has not been, nor is there the semblance of, a flaw or a failure. The promise is as sure and as safe as God Himself. Again, how precious is the consideration, “Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things before ye ask Him.”

Now, beloved, be it yours and ours unceasingly to connect with these precious assurances what the Lord says with regard to the fulfilment of the promise: “*When* thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; *when* thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.” Do mark the time—the “*when*.” Not a moment before, but assuredly at the needed time. You have the same truth blessedly set forth in 1 Cor. x. 13: “There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also may a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.” Observe the testimony, “*with* the temptation *also*,” or, as Tyndale and others render it, “in the midst of the temptation;” then, and not till then, comes the “*also*”—the way to escape. It is needed then, and then (though not until then) it shall most assuredly be vouchsafed. Yes, as in Abraham’s day, beloved, when he was about to be taught somewhat of the faithfulness of Jehovah-jireh, so in our day,

“’Tis just in the last distressing hour
Our God displays delivering power :
’The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.”

Bonmahon (Co. Waterford), Aug. 8, 1864.

THE EDITOR.

“THE SECRET OF THY PRESENCE.”

PSALM xxxi.

THE secret of Thy presence, Lord,
None but Thy saints can know;
To me, this secret oft afford,
While I remain below.

When Thou art present all is well;
The storm is hush’d to peace,
And pleasure inexpressible
Bids every murmur cease.

Welcome Thy blessed will is then;
My will’s resigned to Thine;

I feel the happiest of men,
And know that Christ is mine.

’Tis then I feel that grace is free,
When with anointed eyes
I view Thy favour unto me
With springs of fresh surprise.

Here in this secret bid me hide
(Thy presence is my bliss);
To keep me low and safe from pride,
There is no spot like this.

A. H.

WHO BEGAN?

"LET the inhabitants of the rock sing!" And plenty they have to sing about. Salvation full and free; a covenant ordered in all things and sure; Father, Son, and Spirit in eternal union, manifesting the riches of grace in the council of peace before the world began. These are the ancient things that the Church of God, when led into by the Spirit, can rejoice in, as the unfailing and abiding spring of her blessedness. But there are time-matters over which the children of God can rejoice, such as calling and quickening grace; the spirit of liberty to see their interest in salvation; the gift of access and nearness to the Father of mercies; pardon received; peace enjoyed: all this is matter for song to the grace-taught and liberated child of God.

But is the voice always in tune? Is there no interruption in the song? Can saints at all times sing the Lord's song in a strange land? We trow not. Believers now as of old, and of old as now, "are in heaviness through manifold temptations." Saints while in the wilderness here below have a mixed cup to drink of. It is filled with a bitter-sweet, and they know by divine teaching, that however pleasant the sweets may have been, the bitters have proved the most profitable. By them they have learnt humbling lessons which prepared the way for safe exaltation. By them they were taught to prize the mercy-seat, the sweetness of the word, and the value of deliverance. But at such times the believer knows that although the matter for praise remains unaltered, the song for a time ceases, and the child of God hangs the harp upon the willows. How is this? exclaims the youthful and unexercised believer. How does this comport with the word which enjoins us to "rejoice evermore?" In answer, we would say, if the believer always rejoiced, then there would be no need of the injunction. It is just because the saint does not and cannot rejoice always, that the Spirit of God by the word speaks to the living family in the language of encouragement, and says, "Rejoice evermore."

We live in days when the old cry may be revived, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." An old godly woman being questioned by a conceited young minister on the subject of religion, was asked how many Persons there were in one God? "In our old minister's time," she replied, "I always heard there were three; but since you came amongst us we must believe there are only two, for I have heard of no Holy Ghost for a long-full while."

Satan's drift now is to set aside the work of the Spirit, and put man, unrenewed or religious, to do the work of the Holy Ghost. Divines in our day take the letter of Scripture apart from the Spirit's operation, and, in the vanity of their minds, imagine that when *they* speak the word it is enough. It is written, "Where the word of a king is, there is power;" and here lies the secret of success—*authority*. If God speak in and through the word, there will be blessing; but the word without the Spirit has no effect upon the heart, whether it be in nature's darkness or regenerated. The notion rife in our day is, that Scripture in the hands of the creature is sufficient, and the application of the Gospel hangs upon the will of the sinner. The Holy Ghost's power and divine operation are left out of the account altogether. But, "it is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing," was our Lord's declaration, which dashes to shivers all the work of man's hands, and makes him, after years of acquaintance with God, stand as a poor beggar before Him, a debtor to mercy for the will and the power to approach God. "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from above," is the first start and the closing confession of every God-taught

sinner; and this is the essence of grace in the soul. Systems may wrap the weeds of error round the head; false doctrines may bewilder the mind, and cloud the clear testimony to truth; but, when the heart of the living child comes to be dealt with, and the vital question is to be answered, Who began? systems, errors, false notions, all pass away, and the soul stands in felt nothingness before God, with the honest confession, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory." The believer, standing in the light of God's presence by the power of the Spirit, has nothing to boast of in self, nothing to trust in. By various exercises of soul, arising from sin and sorrow, the poor child of God is taught this lesson. He is brought into low places, where, reduced to this extremity, he cries out, "The hand of God is against me." "If it be so, why am I thus?" Here God must come to the rescue and bring deliverance. And this He does in a twofold way—by the word of promise, and by an act of power. The interval may be long between the promise and the performance; "but in the end it shall speak, and not lie:" for there shall be a performance of those things told by the Lord. The sweetness and efficacy of the promise in bringing relief to the mind, is a fruitful source of endearing communications between the father and child. If God speak home the promise, "The Lord God will help me" (Isa. l. 7), the soul shall confess with the psalmist, "I am helped" (Psalm xxviii. 7). But there is no self-acting power in the soul to produce or increase this timely help; "it is according to the measure of the gift of God;" and the instructed child, as it passes through the stages of the new life, from youth to age, finds out its utter helplessness, the sovereignty of God in His supplies temporal and spiritual, the worth of the mercy-seat as a place of redress and divine intercourse, and the use of the word as communicating the mind of God to the heart. All this is learnt, not in the sunshine of happiness and spiritual joy only, but also, and mostly, in the night-time of painful exercise. Burdens heavier than our faith can lift drive us to a Burden-bearer, and make us feelingly find out our weakness, empty us of all self strength, and teach us to run to where alone we can get help. This sort of heart divinity is common to the whole Church of God. But man is naturally imitative, and, in the matter of religion, is prone to follow where others lead. Hence error soon finds recruits, and a goodly army Satan has at his command. But, however in the judgment God's people may differ and be led astray while here in the body, of this we are quite sure, the glorified saints are all united in the same truths, and sing the same song, "Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, be glory and dominion for ever." Here we have a compendium of the Five Points, sovereign election, total depravity, particular redemption, effectual calling, final perseverance. No Arminian note disturbs the harmony of heaven, and none but a Calvinist's heart finds a home in that glory-land. The work of Father, Son, and Spirit is realized in experience by all the living family of God here, whether or not they can intelligently explain their views. They all put the crown on Immanuel's brow, and this is the essence of Calvinism; and this no thorough Arminian can do. Let the first who began have the crown; and, if man begins, he can surely finish, so the praise is his due. "Well done, Christ, better done I," is but the plain language of the Arminian, however he may wriggle out of the sequence. But "let God be true and every man a liar." The fallen sons of Adam have lost the will and power to turn to God. Man, through the pride of his heart, will not seek after God. "They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." But the true cause of man's repugnance to what is commonly—but most erroneously—termed

"high doctrines," is that he has never been taught the low doctrine of man's fall. It is a feeling sense of our total depravity that endears the doctrine of grace, makes sovereign election a precious and necessary fact, gives to the Author of effectual calling His full praise, sees in the blood of the Lamb a personal atonement for all sin, and rejoices in the fact of a secured salvation that neither men nor devils can overthrow. The answer to the question, *Who began?* settles the point of man's impotency and God's sovereignty; and the enlightened believer, taught by the Spirit his own worthlessness and Christ's preciousness, gladly puts the crown on the Redeemer's brow, and feelingly confesses, "Salvation is of the Lord." L.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

BELOVED, however gracious the Lord has been in times past, do we not feel that we want, day by day, hour by hour—nay, moment by moment—fresh manifestations of His grace, and renewed discoveries of the Person and perfections of Jesus? Oh, how powerless we are without the help of our God! We do feel this as once more we take up the pen to communicate what the Lord is pleased to unfold; and the cry of our heart is, "Lord, come! Our desires are after Thee; bid us outpour only that which shall savour of Thee and profit seeking souls. And now, with the word of God open before us, we alight upon a subject which just aptly fits into our feelings—viz.,

HEZEKIAH'S FAITH IN THE HOUR OF NEED.

[Read 2 CHRON. xxxii.]

"*With him [i.e., Sennacherib] is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God, to help us.*"—2 CHRON. xxxii. 8.

What a precious assurance in a time of great peril! Sennacherib, king of Assyria, had entered into Judah, and determined to annihilate Hezekiah and his people; but, after using all consistent means to be in a state of preparation for his antagonist's movements, Hezekiah, as a man of faith in a covenant God, who, he believed, was over-ruling all, thus addressed his people: "Be strong and courageous, be not dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him: for there be more with us than with him. With him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God, to help us, and to fight our battles. And the people rested themselves upon the words of Hezekiah king of Judah." And well they might, for they were wise words—words that directed the people to the true source of strength, and to One who had never failed them, nor never will fail those that put their trust in Him. And what was the result of Hezekiah's confidence? Sennacherib appealed in vain to his gods; three times, in his high-flown and self-confident address to his people, does he exclaim, "Who is able to deliver out of mine hand?" And, not satisfied with such vaunting statements, he wrote also letters to rail on the Lord God of Israel, and speak against Him. But Hezekiah prayed and cried to heaven. And now which prevailed—the praying prophet or the self-sufficient king of Assyria? Mark the words which follow. "And the Lord sent an angel, which cut off all the mighty men of valour, and the leaders and captains in the camp of the king of Assyria. So he returned with shame of face to his own land. And when he was come into the house of his god, they that came forth of his own bowels slew him there with the sword. Thus the Lord SAVED Hezekiah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem from the hand of Sennacherib the king of Assyria, and from the hand of all other, and GUIDED them on every side."

Beloved, how precious these two words, "saved" and "guided"—the result of trusting in the arm of God. Oh, may I not take up the language of Hezekiah, and say to you, and to my own soul, "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid nor dismayed?" He is the God that will "*save*" and "*guide*." No weapon that is formed against His people will prosper. They shall come out of all their battles more than conquerors. Greater is He that is for them than all those that are against them. And may we henceforth, in all the affairs of life, more implicitly trust a covenant God, and, in every time of peril or adversity, may Hezekiah's confidence be ours. With those that oppose is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God, to help us.

"His is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
His is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay."

Pray to be delivered from leaning on "an arm of flesh," and for an *increase of faith* in an overruling God.

But now, beloved, no man will ever truly lean upon God who has not experienced

THE NEW BIRTH.

[Read JOHN iii. 1—14.]

"*Ye must be born again.*"—JOHN iii. 7.

Beloved, let us think of what it is really to be born again, and how we may know whether we have passed from death unto life. Dear Lord, assist our further meditation, that we may be comforted and strengthened in the faith. Some trembling, doubting one, it may be, will read these notes; let them, O God, be the means of bringing such into joy and peace in believing. We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen.

The apostle Paul, in writing to the believers of the Corinthian Church, says, "Examine yourselves whether you be in the faith." And no question can be of greater moment than this, "Am I born again?" because our dear Redeemer Himself emphatically declared, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Nor is such a change a mere reformation of conduct—a cleaning of the outside of the cup and platter; the force of the expression "*born again*" is, *born from above*; and Scripture (God's holy word) declares this vital and necessary change is nothing short of a new creation (2 Cor. v. 17); newness of life (Rom. vi. 4); a spiritual resurrection (Rom. vi. 4—6); a new heart (Ezek. xxxvi. 26); a new spirit (Ezek. xi. 11); putting on the new man (Eph. iv. 24); the inward man (Rom. vii. 22); circumcision of the heart (Deut. xxx. vi.); partaking of the divine nature (2 Pet. i. 4), and the washing of regeneration (Titus iii. 5); and is effected by the will of the Father (John i. 13); by the person of Christ (1 John ii. 29); by the renewing of the Holy Ghost (Titus iii. 5). We know that insisting upon such a change of heart is unpalatable in the present day of profession; but without it no man shall see God. "Having, therefore, Scripture authority for asserting the vitality of this important change, now, how may I know whether I have passed from death unto life?" should be the earnest inquiry.

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

Now, wherever this mighty change is effected, there will be, first, prayer. A poor sinner, who, waking up to the knowledge that he is on the wrong road, becomes conscious that if the present evil course is persisted in, eternal destruction must be the issue, and he begins to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" The answer to his earnest inquiry comes, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "But," he says, "I can't believe; I try, but it is of no use. What is to be done?" If God is at work with his soul, in his extremity he will fall down on his knees, and begin to cry to God. Here is the cry of the heart, here is prayer for a gift—faith being the gift of God. He is thus wrestling for a blessing (although he may not know it). Then there is discovered further to him his condition as a sinner; he sees his sins as a vast mountain before him, he feels the full burden of his guilt, and he acknowledges at the footstool of mercy, "O God, I have sinned!" Now comes, secondly, *penitence*. A sense of his true condition in the sight of a righteous God squeezes out that cry of the heart, "Lord, be merciful unto me, a sinner!" He now confesses his sins, turns them out before God, and the sight of their enormity causes him deep anguish of soul. Such a sight convinces him that nothing he can do can atone for his guilt; and thus the hidden yet certain workings within bring him, thirdly, to *poverty of spirit*. He feels that he is, to all intents, a bankrupt; that he has not wherewith to pay a farthing towards this accumulated debt. And now is he humbled and crumbled in the dust of self-abasement, and he further cries, "Woe is me, I am undone!" This state of things may last some time, and the poor soul, like Bunyan's pilgrim, carries all the while the burden upon his shoulders. But, the set time to favour Zion arriving, an invisible hand leads him to Calvary, and the purpose of the suffering of a crucified Saviour gleams upon his darkened pathway, while with the sight comes the knowledge that this is the One he has been groping for; he has been feeling after Jesus, if haply he may find Him; and now he does find him, and, amidst his tears of contrition at the foot of the cross, off rolls his burden from his back, and he hears a sweet voice exclaiming, "I have blotted out thy sins as a cloud, and thy transgressions as a thick cloud." Now he realizes, fourthly, *pardon*—a sense thereof flowing into his soul; a drop of the precious blood of Jesus has fallen upon the mountain of his sin, and it has melted like wax at the presence of the Lord. He now discovers that the God he is dealing with is a God ready to pardon and ready to save; that, while he is a sinner worthy only of condemnation, Jesus is that Saviour who came not to save the righteous, but sinners, of whom he is chief. And now he rests no longer on creature merit, but pleads before a Father's throne the blood of Jesus, and gains, fifthly, *PEACE*. A peace of mind which passeth understanding takes possession of his soul; where all was tempest, now 'tis a calm; the Master is in the boat, and has said, "Peace; be still;" and the poor sinner lifts up his head, a wonder to himself—astonished with a great astonishment.

And what is the result? First, praise. A song of thanksgiving bursts from his heart, and, like Hannah of old, he exclaims, "Mine horn is exalted in the Lord. . . I rejoice in thy salvation."

And will all this lead to licentiousness, as some dare to assert? Absurd! such a man must and will be brought, secondly, to *precious fruits*. Not that he can of himself do anything more to merit further displays of God's goodness than before. Where, then, will be his fruit? Scripture answers the inquiry: "In me [*i. e.*, Jesus] is thy fruit found." And such will be the fruit of the Holy Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance, against which there is no law. Yes, there will be

love—love to Jesus ; faint often, glowing sometimes, destroyed never. Love also to the brethren : “ By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” *Joy*, especially in connexion with the means of grace and the reception of divine truth, sealed home by the power of the Holy Spirit ; as the apostle Paul says to the Thessalonian Christians, “ Ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost.” Long-suffering : suffering long and patiently for Christ’s sake—partaking with Him of His sufferings, as well as sharing with Him His joys ; refusing this world’s esteem and fame, and choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. Gentleness : no longer that lion-hearted sinner, defying the commands and will of God, but one subdued into a lamb-like spirit, to sing and to desire—

“ Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild ;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child ;
From distress and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.”

Goodness—not creature goodness—he has none ; he knows and feels this ; but the Spirit of God disposes him to acts of sympathy and kindness, and he lives no longer to himself, but, being bought with a price, he labours for the good of others, that in all things Christ may have the glory. Faith in God, as a God of providence as well as a God of peace ; brought to believe that if there is an earnest seeking after, first, the kingdom of heaven, all things needful for the body shall be added. Meekness : receiving the word with meekness, and exhibiting before men a meek deportment, as a follower of the lowly Jesus ; showing out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom. And, lastly, temperance : equally balanced, not swerving to the right hand or to the left ; using God’s blessings without abuse ; desiring that every blessing may be sanctified, and bring honour to his Master’s cause.

Such points are the DEVELOPMENT of the new nature ; and we dwell upon *that* word because the work of thus unfolding is not done all at once ; such clusters of fruit are not found until after much digging, uprooting, and dunging about, as well as the felt warmth of the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in His wings. Still, such are the inevitable buddings forth of the new nature, and by such evidence we do know that we have passed from death unto life.

May the Lord grant that the examination of these points may cheer some trembling ones, and lead them to say, “ Well, then, if these things be so, I am a child of grace, for I know I have experienced them. Dear Lord, I am thine ! ”

Pray for clearer evidences of your adoption, so that you may feel assured you have passed from death unto life ; and for grace to testify, by lip and life, that you have experienced this *mighty change of heart*.

And now, where this precious change has been effected, there should be

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

[Read EZRA iv., and connect it with EZRA vi.]

“ *Ye have nothing to do with us.* ” —EZRA iv. 3.

Such was the answer of Zerubbabel and the people of Israel to the adversaries of Judah, who had offered to join them in building the temple : “ Ye have

nothing to do with us." "Oh, but," they said, "let us build with you: for we seek your God, as ye do; and we do sacrifice unto Him." But, no; the firm reply of this man of God was, "Ye have nothing to do with us." Then comes out the true character of the enemies of God: "The people of the land weakened the hands of the people of Judah, and troubled them in building." And to such an extent did they carry their hostility, and so did they prevail, that "the work of the house of God ceased at Jerusalem" (verse 24). Ah! but it was only for a time. Let patience have her perfect work, and faith still look on, and good shall come out of apparent evil. So was it in this case. Years roll away, it is true, but eventually God raises up instrumentalities, not merely to permit the building of the temple, but to advance it; not merely to command, "Let the work of this house of God alone," but to decree that the people of Judah were to have all that they had need of to build the temple. So that the temple, after all, is finished, and the Feast of Dedication kept.

Beloved, the greatest profit of soul and peace of mind is gained from decision of character. When invited by the world to join in any unsanctified engagement, let this be your language, "Ye have nothing to do with us," nor we with you. If tempted to enter with them on a God-dishonouring pursuit, ask, "Can I plead for God's blessing upon this? if not, I have no business here." And, on the other hand, if they insinuate themselves into your society, and try to lower your standard, and reduce your tone of spirituality, shake yourself at once from the amalgamation; for "to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." "Can two walk together unless they be agreed?" can sensuality and spirituality unite? Oh, no! May there, then, be in your character and mine a clear coming out from the world; whatever it costs us, it must and will work well; and though, from maintaining this separation, all may appear against us, the Lord will eventually honour them that honour Him.

"He that overcomes shall stand
As a pillar at God's hand,
And, with marks of honour graced,
In his temple shall be placed."

Pray for grace, that there may be a more marked decision of character; and for patience, to wait the Lord's own time for the accomplishment of His will.

And now this decision of character will often lead to much conflict. Let me point you, as a sweet help, to some of

JESUS' LAST WORDS.

[Read JOHN xiv.]

"Let not your heart be troubled."—JOHN xiv. 1.

How the last words of a departed friend are treasured up by fond relatives. The weeping widow, oh, how she hangs upon her husband's last utterances; and the bowed husband, how he thinks over those last memorable words of that one who was dearer to him than his life. But here we have, in this and following chapters, the last advice of that best beloved, the Lord Jesus Christ. Note His gracious words: "*Let not your heart be troubled.*" They were troubled, and well they might be; for while sitting at supper (the last supper they would have on earth with their dear Redeemer) Jesus had told them that one of them should betray Him: "He it is to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it. And when He had dipped the sop, He gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon." And not merely this, but he had also declared that one of them should

"deny him." "Peter said unto him, Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thy sake. Jesus answered him, Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, The cock shall not crow, till thou hast denied me thrice."

And then there was another thing that troubled them; for Jesus had declared that He was about to go away from them, and that where He went they could not then follow Him. Oh, here, then, was enough to make the disciples of our Lord grieved in spirit and downcast in heart. But how soothing and gracious the words of their Lord: "Let not your heart be troubled." It is true one shall betray me, and another deny me; so be it. I go for an express purpose. Be comforted, for my errand is to prepare a place for you in yonder "house of many mansions." Farewell, but receive this my legacy: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

May these memorable words of our Redeemer comfort our souls in moments of disquietude, "Let not your heart be troubled." Why should it be? all is ordered, and well ordered, for you.

"Not a single shaft shall hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

Oh, away with thy tremblings and tears! He has but gone that the Comforter might take His place. Nor is He an unconcerned spectator; for "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He *ever liveth* to make intercession for them." He knew that trial and tribulation would mark the career of the children of God, but oh, how gracious and full of meaning His words: "Let not your heart be troubled." Yes, Christian, as dear "E. B. M.," in one of her sweet lays, sings—

"Tribulation *must* attend thee,
'Tis the children's portion here;
But thy God will still defend thee,
And in *every strait* appear.

"Sing we, then, our Father's praises,
While in thorny paths we tread;
He will soon to glory raise us,
Through our blessed Covenant Head."*

Pray for grace to bear up under trial, believing it is the appointment of a loving Father, and for faith to recognise Jesus as your High Priest before the throne, ever living to make intercession for you in every time of need.

Beloved, we have penned these few hints just before leaving home for a continental trip. Pray for us, that we may have journeying mercies, and return laden with fresh news of Jesus. "All my fresh springs are in Him."

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

FELLOWSHIP.

"*Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.*"—
1 JOHN i. 3.

A DEAD person can have no fellowship with a living one. A sinner dead in sin can have no fellowship with the living God. It was impossible for Lazarus to have fellowship with his two sisters, Mary and Martha, while he was in the grave; but after Jesus raised him from death to life, he was able to commune

* If our friends want precious leaflets for circulation, they could not do better than get some of these sweet lays of Mrs. Moens, 47, Bath Row, Birmingham.—G. C.

with them. So with the sinner who has been raised from death in sin to a new life in righteousness. And, till that change has taken place, he is not in a fit state to have fellowship with God or His people. Reader, in what state is your soul? Dead in sin or alive in righteousness?

A person cannot have fellowship with one whom he does not know. The sinner, by nature, is unacquainted with God; "alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in him" (Eph. iv. 18); "without understanding" (Rom. i. 31); and "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14).

Nor can any one have fellowship with an individual with whom he is at enmity. The sinner by nature is under the dominion of the carnal mind, which is enmity against God; and while in this state he cannot have fellowship with Him. Reader, is this your condition?

A man does not like to have fellowship with a person in whom he has no confidence. So with the sinner; he has no spiritual faith in the Lord, and consequently has no fellowship with him: for where there is no faith there can be fellowship. Reader, do you belong to those "children in whom there is no faith?" Or are you amongst those who are blessed with faithful Abraham?

A man cannot have true fellowship with one he does not love. Man by nature hates God. (See Rom. i. 30.) And before he can love God he must have what Caleb and Joshua had, namely, "another spirit." Reader, do you love God or hate Him? There can be no fellowship with God without love to Him.

What, then, is fellowship with God? It consists in walking in the light (1 John i. 17). "If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth" (1 John i. 6). Again, "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" (2 Cor. vi. 14). Note Dagon and the ark (1 Sam. v. 2, 3). Again, it consists in walking with God, as Enoch and Noah; in being enabled by the Spirit to cry, "Abba, Father" (Rom. viii. 15). In "walking in love;" in "walking in the truth" (2 John 3). In holding frequent intercourse with God; in hearing what He says to us, and in knowing that He hears what we say to Him. In feeling that He claims me as His—"Thou art mine;" and that I can claim Him as mine—"Thou art my portion;" "Thou art my God." In feeling that God is our light, our salvation, strength, portion, refuge, rock, safeguard, and strong tower—our Father, Friend—our all in all.

How is fellowship with God effected or brought about? Is it produced by an act of the sinner, or by an act of God? The conduct of the father towards the prodigal son beautifully illustrates the way in which this fellowship is produced, and also what precedes it. First, the prodigal son felt a want—"I perish with hunger." Then he resolves to "go to his father." There was no fellowship all this while. "But when the father saw him, he had compassion on him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." It was the father's affectionate embrace, and his gracious words about bringing forth the best robe and killing the fatted calf, that produced the fellowship. In the prodigal's case, a sense of danger, want, and guilt, preceded fellowship with his father; and is it not often so with God's children now? How the father's conduct melted the prodigal's heart, overcame his soul, and took away for a time, it may be, the power of utterance.

The first time that a poor sinner is favoured with fellowship with God, it frequently leads him to wonder and adore. Joseph's brethren had no loving fellowship with him till he made himself known to them and said, "I am Joseph," &c.; and oh, what a scene followed! What a power attended those

few words, "Come near, I pray you," &c. Saul never had fellowship with the Son of God till He said, "I am Jesus." Does not this show that the manifestation of Christ to the soul is necessary to produce fellowship with God? The person who enjoys fellowship with God will say with the spouse, "He brought me to the banquetting house," &c. (Sol. Song ii. 4). He knows that he never would have found his way to the banquetting house, if the Lord had not brought him there. In the best sense of the term, the believer, while enjoying fellowship with God, is "faring sumptuously every day."

No man can have fellowship with the Father without at the same time having fellowship with His Son Jesus Christ; it is therefore impossible for one who denies the divinity of Jesus Christ to be in fellowship with the Father. Such a person has never been called by God the Father into the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord (1 Cor. i. 9). There is no fellowship with either of the divine Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity in mere natural religion, which has its origin in the creature. A religion without fellowship with God in the Trinity of His Persons, may be compared to an engine without steam to move it, to a body without life, or to the earth without the sun to shine upon it. All natural and artificial religion stops short of fellowship with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Fellowship with God the Father, with God the Son in His sufferings, with God the Holy Ghost, is the high and holy privilege of the Lord's people. In fellowship with the Father, they feel His love; in fellowship with Christ, they feel His grace; in the fellowship of the Spirit, they commune with Him (2 Cor. xiii. 14).

Note some of the blessed effects of this fellowship:—

1. *Heavenly mindedness.*—The language of such is, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better;" "Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Reader, if while you are in the world the spirit of the world rules in you, depend upon it that you are not in fellowship with God.

2. *A sensible enjoyment of God's favour.*—The language of such is, "The Lord is my Shepherd." "My Lord and my God." "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" It is true a person may be possessed of grace without being able experimentally to adopt this language at all times; but a child of God who is living in fellowship with His heavenly Father, can, at such a time, feelingly and experimentally use such blessed assertions. Reader, are you in the enjoyment of this blessed privilege now? Can you say, "Truly our fellowship is"—not was—"with the Father?"

3. *Christian unity.*—"If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another" (1 John i. 7). What unity existed amongst those who were converted on the day of Pentecost! It is said of them, "They continued daily with one accord in the temple;" aye, and out of it too, for it is added, "and in breaking bread from house to house." Oh, what a lack of Christian unity there is in the present day, notwithstanding that professing Christians of different denominations meet together on the same platform, and join together for the sake of furthering the same objects; but, where there is no fellowship with God, there can be no real union with His people. Such unity may be compared to two iron bars, the ends of which are brought in contact with each other: if a person were to hammer them before putting them into the fire, he would not get them to unite; although they would be touching each other, yet they would not be really united. Such unity would be of a very cold kind. But put the two ends into the fire, and make them red hot, and then

strike them, and they will unite and keep united. Enlightened reader ! is not the baptism of the fire of the Holy Ghost, absolutely necessary to produce real unity amongst Christians ?

4. *Humility*.—What an illustration of this we have in the experience of Abraham, who, when in fellowship with God, said, "I am but dust and ashes;" and in that of Job, "I am vile;" likewise in that of Isaiah, "Woe is me, for I am undone;" also in that of Paul, "Chief of sinners." "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."

5. *Courage to do what is right and pleasing to God in the face of danger*.—See what is said in Daniel about the three Hebrew children; and in the Acts about Stephen. Was Peter in fellowship when he met with his fall, and acted the part of a coward ?

6. *A desire and aim to please God in everything*.—You do not like to offend a person with whom you are in fellowship, nor yet to hear him spoken against. So with the child of God. Lot's righteous soul was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked. Ask a man to sin who is living in communion with God, and what answer will he give you ? Will it not be like Joseph's, who said, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God ?

7. *It will check and tend to subdue the spirit of wrangling*.—Those who are living in fellowship with God, are walking in love; not merely walking after it. Depend upon it, where there exists a spirit of discord, there is but little fellowship with God.

8. *Resignation to God's will*.—Was Jonah living in communion with God when he went to Tarshish ? Kicking against God, being displeased with His dispensations towards us, prove that we are not living in communion. The language of those who are living in communion with Him is, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him;" "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good;" "Thy will be done."

9. *Love to God's ordinances*.—Your poor brother there has not been to a prayer meeting for some time past; he does not enjoy reading and studying the Scriptures—has lost his relish for secret prayer. Ah, he is not in happy fellowship with God. Who are those who are most regular in their attendance on the means of grace ? Why such as are living in the closest intercourse with God. Such find the ordinances indeed green pastures to their souls; and can say with the psalmist, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

10. *Forgiveness of our enemies*.—If Stephen had not been in fellowship with God when being stoned to death, he would not have cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

11. *An insight into the will and word of God, which otherwise would not be the case*.—Only one of the disciples leaned on the bosom of Christ, and he saw and heard what the others did not—namely, the crucifixion of the Saviour, and the dying sayings which He uttered.

12. *Victory over our enemies, whether inward or outward, in life or in death*.—How many of God's children whilst in fellowship with Him, have, when living, been enabled to say, "Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ;" and when dying to say, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The believer's fellowship with God is, from various causes, often interrupted here; but in heaven nothing will occur to hinder his communion: for "in His presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Dursley.

F. F.

A FEW DAYS IN OUR OLD PARISH—BONMAHON (CO. WATERFORD).

AFTER an absence of six years, it is our privilege, in the good providence of our God, once again to visit this spot, endeared to us by a long residence, and by very many associations.

In 101 (the current number) of our broad sheet, *Old Jonathan*, we have given sketches and a description of this bold and interesting coast. That work was commenced in this village between eight and nine years ago. We look with peculiar interest upon the building whence it first emanated; and within whose walls Dr. Gill's extensive Commentary, and sundry other works, were printed. Now that that vast undertaking is completed, we regard with amazement—yea, with adoring wonder—the whole proceedings. We never saw more clearly that it was the work of God, and that by His good hand alone, we were enabled to accomplish it. None knew, as we were compelled to know, the immense responsibility which it entailed, and how often we were almost overwhelmed by, we may say, a horrible dread of defeat.* But, thanks to our good and gracious God, He stood by us and strengthened us, and, finally, enabled us to accomplish that which *He* put it into our heart to undertake.

Now that we are again on the spot, and enabled calmly to review the whole, we are reminded of many facts in connexion with the work, that call for our warmest gratitude and thanksgiving. Very many of our readers may not be acquainted with the circumstances; we therefore very briefly review them. Soon after the commencement of the work, and when we had just discovered that it would involve an expenditure of some hundreds of pounds more than

* Now that the Commentary is completed, and has been long out of print, there are one or two circumstances to which we may allude. We were engaged in bringing out the work in an Industrial School, among novices, and in the midst of Romanism, with the deadly hate and antagonism of the priests; and this, too, in a remote Irish village, nearly 400 miles from London, from which the materials had to be brought. Now we not only laboured under these difficulties and disadvantages, but we had other things with which to contend, and to which we durst not at the time make the slightest allusion, lest such allusion should prove to be *suggestive*. We refer to our fears lest the proof-sheets should be tampered with, *after* they had been finally revised for the press. Sometimes in order to retard the work, by some undiscovered hand, a bolt, a pin, or nut would be removed, and thus the whole machinery stopped until such missing part could be replaced. The hand that would do the one would be guilty of effecting the other. For example, it was happily discovered on one occasion, that just as a certain sheet of the work was going to the press, the passage containing the names *Gog* and *Magog* had been tampered with; and (*after* the proof-sheet had passed from the reader's hand) *dog* and *mad-dog* had been substituted. Let the reader imagine such things to have been practised, and what necessarily must have followed but the absolute ruin of the work? We were liable to this; especially (as we have since found) one person engaged in the work, and who was in our confidence, was at the very time a member of a Ribbon lodge. Of this we have been assured; and this very individual had been introduced to us and recommended by a neighbouring clergyman. That man proved to be (after a seven years' servitude with us) the deadliest and the most dangerous of our enemies. Such a fact reminds us of the striking language of the Psalmist, "If it had been an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it; but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance" (Psalm lv. 12, 13).

It is remarkable that during our present visit to this village, two respectable, truthful, out-spoken Roman Catholics have, apart and without the knowledge of each other, said to us, "Did I not warn you against that man? I knew he was not sincere. I knew at the time he was no friend of yours." Long before we left this locality, two clergymen in distant parishes gave the same testimony respecting that unhappy young man's parents, and likewise a brother. But we now see that all was in the loving purpose, and by the divine permission of our God, and that with a view that we should be ultimately fixed in a larger and more important sphere of labour.

D D

what we had calculated, we trembled for the issue. We feared we should be ruined, and bring discredit upon the cause of God. Under these feelings, we said to the late ever-to-be-dearly-remembered Captain Clifford, "We never in our life had any thing to make us pray so much." His answer was, "That is the best feature in the work." "It is all," said we, "in the Lord's hands." The very next post brought us word that dear Miss WAX had died and left us a thousand pounds, which fact getting into the English papers, gave confidence to our undertaking, and instrumentally insured us success. Oh, what a timely interposition was that! But for it, we cannot conceive the result. It was that, as a means, brought about the desired end, though, of course, on our part, it was the very farthest thing from our thoughts.*

Oh, reader, how should facts like these stimulate us to look to and hope in the Lord. How all-sufficient is He; how condescending and how gracious. Oh, for more childlike faith; oh, for a more simple trust! As the poet expresses it,

"Oh, for a more becoming faith,
To credit what the Redeemer saith."

How ashamed we may well be when we reflect upon the weakness of our faith, and our ever-constant readiness to call in question the kindness and the tenderness, and the faithfulness, and the all-sufficiency of our God. To think, reader, that, after such astounding displays of His goodness and mercy, we should still be so ready to dispute His wisdom, and to call in question His ever-constant mindfulness of His word. How well may we add, in the contemplation—

"And are we, wretches, yet alive?
And do we still rebel?"

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell."

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily we're constrained to be;
May that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee."

As expressed in the paper in the *Old Jonathan*, to which we have already referred, we were surprised on our journey out from Waterford to this place—a distance of fifteen miles—to witness the want of progress. There is evidence of going back rather than of advancement. Houses are falling into decay, and the land is running waste. The peasantry of Ireland seemed bent upon emigration, notwithstanding the frequent warnings that it is for *war purposes* they are wanted in America. Since we have been in this village, a letter has been received from a woman who emigrated some twelve months ago. She said, she obtained a house, after her arrival on the continent, and succeeded in letting lodgings, and boarding her own country people; and was thus enabled to do well. By a recent draft, however, she has been deprived of every one of her lodgers, and thus her means of support has failed. We have no doubt this is but one of the numberless cases that might be quoted.

The day after our arrival a missionary meeting was held in the school-house erected by the contributions of our readers. That building has long been sacred in our memory. Some of the happiest seasons we ever experienced in preaching, we enjoyed there; and that, too, when we knew not but what at any moment we might be shot down. Nothing could exceed the calmness and the peace and the utter indifference about human results which the Lord was pleased there to vouchsafe to us. We never could have believed it possible,

† Whilst preparing copy for the "Bristol Tracts," we have been looking over the volume of the *Gospel Magazine* for 1861. There the facts to which we have adverted are detailed. In reperusing them, we are filled with adoring admiration and amazement. If the reader should be in possession of the volume, we would ask, as a favour, that he would turn to it.

had we not realized the fact. It gave us a most blessed insight into our God's all-sufficiency, and enabled us likewise to understand RUTHERFORD's wish to die a martyr's death.

Dear reader, let the Lord call you to whatever His wisdom may devise, you have nought to fear. If you belong to Him, you shall realize the truth of His word, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be."

It is blessed to be brought into circumstances wherein to prove the divine faithfulness and the wisdom and the power of our God; yea, it is so blessed, beloved, to be enabled to say, "Thou which hast shown me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side."

Old spots and former associations are helps to remembrance in this respect.

What, however, has most excited our wonder and amazement is, the way in which the Lord has ratified and confirmed His word with respect to enemies. Our readers are already familiar in some degree with what we had to encounter here. They know the deadly conspiracy formed against us.

But where are our opponents now? To our perfect astonishment, we find that in this comparatively short space of time they are gone. On three several occasions, when in extreme bitterness of soul, through the spleen and deadly hate of our enemies, the Lord applied with much power two passages from the 37th Psalm, and one from the 46th Psalm. They served at the time to stay the mind, and to give us to "hope against hope." But oh, how little did we then think how soon the word of the Lord was literally to be fulfilled. Our soul is humbled in the very dust in the contemplation. "The wicked plotteth against the just, and seeketh to slay him. The Lord will not leave him in his hand, for He seeth that his day is coming." "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." Oh, how literally has this been the case, and, as already intimated, we are amazed in the contemplation. It seems almost an impossibility in so short a time; so multiplied and manifold as the cases are. The facts, too, are so patent to all, that numbers of the poor Roman Catholic villagers, during our present brief sojourn among them, have been the first to testify of the reality. Whilst they have offered the heartiest welcome upon our return among them, they have been the first to speak of the total failure of those who sought our injury and destruction.

We testify of these facts, not in self-praise, God forbid—for to us "belongeth shame and confusion of face," on account of our own individual sins and shortcomings; but we speak of them in acknowledgment and admiration of the mercy and goodness and faithfulness of our God; and that we may help to encourage others to look to Him and to trust in Him. In the language of the Psalmist, would we say, "Trust in Him at all times; ye people pour out your hearts before Him. God is a refuge for us." Oh, the sweetness of that word from the 46th Psalm, as applied under the circumstances to which we just now adverted, "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

During our present visit it has been our privilege to minister to our dear former and much-loved parishioners in the self-same little church; and we have again talked to them, too, of divine faithfulness, and goodness, and mercy, in the dear old school-house, whence some who once worshipped within its walls have been translated to worship our God and Father in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We are at this moment seated in the little summer-house upon the cliff-brow,

erected at the expense of one of our beloved correspondents, a former visitor to this place. Some who met us, as a little group of friends in this lovely spot, have since gone the way of all the earth; others are far removed. Every thing seems to indicate change and death but the place itself. The cliffs are the same: the fields are the same; the beautiful Comeragh mountains are the same; the headlands are the same; the sweet picturesque bays are the same; the rocks the same; the vast expanse of ocean is the same; the sound of "the eternal wave," as it rolls in and majestically breaks at the base of the cliff upon whose summit we are seated, is the same. But, what is more, our God is the same—yea, the "same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Ah, yes; here is the comfort—here the strong consolation. Yea, how happy is the consideration that—

"Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Our Jesus is the same."

What a mercy and what a comfort is this. It cannot but be depressing in one sense to contemplate the calling away of one and another and another whom we once respected and loved; but how sweet the consideration, whensoever and wheresoever permitted to entertain it, "They are not dead, but sleep." Not dead, but gone before! Gone home! Have preceded us a little in the race! Have taken possession of *their* crown, as in due time, through the exercise of the self-same boundless love and compassion, we hope to take possession of ours. Oh, what inconceivable love! Oh, what heights and depths and lengths and breadths of mercy, to arrest poor sinners, to maintain poor sinners, and to bring poor sinners thus far onward and heavenward; to feel, too, with regard to those who have gone before, "that they without us cannot be made perfect;" that it should be said of each of us, dear reader, if we belong to Jesus, poor and worthless, ill and hell-deserving as we are, "The Lord hath need of him."

Oh, what wondrous love! what boundless mercy! what divine compassion! Truly the ocean now spreading before us, as we write—the sea in its fathomless depths—is but a faint representation of that ocean of love without bottom or shore. Well, in conclusion, may we add, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." (1 John iii. 1, 2).

And now, dear old spot—Bonmahon, with all its mingled pleasing and painful reminiscences—farewell. Farewell church and schools; farewell, ye mountains, ye cliffs, and ye wide-spread waters; farewell—farewell, ye dear, dear people. May we meet at last where farewell is heard no more; where there shall be no more curse, no more night, no more sea, no more death; where the inhabitant never says, I am sick, and where the people who dwell therein are forgiven their iniquity. May we meet, beloved, in that blessed inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; in that blissful region which hath "no need of the light of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof;" where God Himself shall wipe away all tears from off all faces.

"Oh, glorious hour, oh, blest abode,
We shall be near and like our God;
Nor flesh nor sense shall e'er control,
The sacred pleasures of our soul.
Bonmahon (Co. Waterford).

"There shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy."

THE EDITOR.

LEAVES FROM THE HEALING TREE, AND STREAMS FROM THE GREAT RIVER.

"But I said, How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations? and I said, Thou shalt call me, My Father; and shalt not turn away from me."—JER. iii. 19.

HEAVEN'S ultimate inhabitants shall be those who were adopted eternally by Jehovah. The setting apart by the Lord of a people for His praise, witnesses to His love, and is an unsearchable blessing to those who are so highly and graciously distinguished above the rest of God's creation. Love and grace sovereignly disposed is the delight of those who by the Holy Ghost are regenerated and converted from the regions of death and darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, Jesus Christ—the Lamb slain as a ransom for many, and who by His death bore away the sins of the grace family. The love of God in Christ Jesus passeth knowledge, and it will ever have the saint's admiration. Adoption is eternal; and known only to God are those whose names are written in heaven. Hence He determined upon a way of openly manifesting His grace children, to the praise and glory of His name. The salvation of the elect and His dignity—praise and respect to all His attributes—were ever linked together. Therefore He says, speaking of them as a saved people, "They shall shew forth my praise." Notice—

1st. *The question put*: "But I said, How shall I put thee among the children," &c.—thou who art born in sin and shapen in iniquity, going astray from the birth, and delighting in those things which my holy nature loathes, and concerning which I have said, "nothing that is unclean" can enter where I am? Dead in trespasses and sins, and led captive by Satan at his will, are all men; and, as such, dead to all that is good, and alive to all that is bad. However can such characters, then, be saved from hell, and be saved to heaven? Certainly only in and by God's way, conceived in His mind, secured and settled by His purpose or determination, and sovereignly administered to those towards whom He would show mercy, for whom Jesus Christ as Mediator was set up, in the fulness of time to be revealed from heaven and manifested in the flesh, to make an atonement for sin—the sins of the elect world. Jehovah-Jesus was set apart eternally for a purpose, took our nature for a special end, and died that He might redeem a people for Himself for ever.

2nd. *The answer given*: "Thou shalt call me, My Father." At first sight of the Lord's question, it would appear He was at a loss what He should do to bring about His eternal designs and His loving intentions towards His children. Did He expect anything from them? or look to them to supply the condition or meet the contingency? No! He was prepared for this extremity, caused by the sin and guilt of those whom "He determined to save." First, He set them apart; then He made the way, even Christ, "the Man of His right hand," who by His blood was to mark the path to the city which hath foundations which this people was to walk in. But they were dead; how could they feel, act, or exercise any faculty or power to reach this path, or enter this only way to life eternal which they were destined for by God's purpose? "They shall call me, My Father." Here is the difficulty met in a moment. He that devised salvation through His mercy could not be thwarted. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, THEREFORE with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." To call God Father is evidential of life, and life imparted is the first *manifest* step to "

glory inheritance. Here, then, is the work of the Holy Ghost. He quickens, gives the soul a knowledge of sin and of holiness, and this twofold sight staggers the sensible sinner to distraction: a felt disease, and no physician apparently near; hell raging in the heart and conscience, and nothing present to allay its flames. The soul now is as a potsherd. Its moisture is turned into the drought of summer. The grace it is now the subject of has perished up all its creature righteousness, carnal confidence, and fleshly pride, and its cry is, "Whither shall I go from Thy presence?" If I stay here, I must sink into Tophet." Presently a ray of heavenly life is darted into the poor distressed heart, even hope by which the soul cries, "Lord, have mercy; Christ, have mercy;" and so it is exercised until the mouth, filled with the cry for mercy, gets its request granted, and is brought to

"Weep to the praise of the mercy it's found."

This mercy is manifested, first, as we have just stated, by a ray of hope, and then an indulgence of that hope, even that the salvation of God in and through a precious Redeemer may be found by him; and so he goes on until the Lord the Holy Ghost brings him to the cross, and enables him by precious faith to trust his soul, with all its felt sins, upon that dear Saviour who by His one offering hath perfected for ever the one Church, the one body, of which He is the Head; and then it advances in the knowledge of sin put away, debts paid, long contractions of guilt cancelled, and righteousness brought in, and now put on him, enabling his soul to experience the unspeakable blessing of justification in the sight of and before God. Now he lisps, Abba, Father, by the witness of the Spirit in his heart and conscience; and so now he is the subject of that promised grace of our text, "Thou shalt call me, My Father;" or, in a word, they shall be brought manifestly into the family of God to which they were appointed before all worlds. Saving grace in the heart enables the soul to recognize *gracious* parentage, which is alone the privilege of spiritual Israel, who are of the circumcision of faith, heirs of the kingdom, yea, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ.

3rd. *The promise made of persevering grace*: "And shalt not turn away from me." Neither will He turn away from them to do them good. Exceeding great and precious promises are recorded in God's word for the encouraging of sometimes fainting and desponding Zion. They hold on because He keepeth their feet; are well looked after, for His eye neither slumbereth nor sleepeth; securely kept and supported, because underneath are the everlasting arms; yea, blessed from above, whose blessing is irreversible; for He blesseth, and none can curse; He curseth, and none can bless. Then "happy is that people who are in such a case."

"Though our Adam-fall in nature
Seem'd to make e'en grace at stand
How to put us with the children,
How to give the goodly land;
But the plan Himself had formed,
Ere like sheep we went astray:
'They,' said God, 'shall call me Father,
Nor from me shall turn away.'"

Hoxton.

W. C.

The more we perceive of the beauty, and purity, and holiness of Jesus, the more by contrast shall we see of our own deformity, defilement, and ignorance.
—Rev. W. Borrow.

MEMOIR OF W. M.

[We have no doubt about the annexed account being read with peculiar interest and profit. At the time our dear brother, the Rev. J. De Renzy (the Curate of Monksland), read it to us, we were walking round the beautiful cliffs of Bonmahon, and contemplating the wide-spread ocean. Just as he read, the wind began to get up, and the sea to rise. A vessel was moored hard by, but, calculating on the exposed nature of the coast, and the variable state of the weather, was lying at anchor with her sails only partially furled. Upon the least change she would drop her moorings or raise her anchor, and be promptly under weigh for sailing. This she did as we looked on. We thought (as our brother read) how that bark resembled him of whom he read, and how like that vessel was to each waiting soul, who, with sails unfurled, and vessel trimmed, is only waiting the great Captain's signal to let go the world's frail hold or anchorage, and bear away upon the great ocean of eternity.—Reader, how do matters stand with you? Is your frail bark in harbour, and, anticipating no change or danger, have you, as the sailors say, made "all snug?" or, sensible of the absolute uncertainty of all things here, and knowing not but what at any moment you may receive sailing orders, are you in readiness?—your stores on board—your sails shaken out—each man at his post—and prepared to let go your moorings or haul up anchor at a moment's notice? Oh, blessed position to be in waiting for the Master's coming, sitting loosely to everything on earth, and living in comparative indifference to all the world calls good or great. Well may such sing—

"We've no abiding city here;
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a fear,
Who hopes a better rest to find."

EDITOR.]

W. M.—, the subject of the following memoir, was born in October, 1826. He was the fifth of ten children. The eldest and two youngest died in childhood. He was, then, the eldest son, and, from a boy, was treated as a head of the family, being consulted on every matter of importance. His eldest sister died, rejoicing in the salvation which is in Christ, in 1845. His younger brother was brought home in 1848, and, on his death-bed, affectionately and earnestly entreated the subject of this memoir to come to the Saviour whom he found so precious. His third sister fell asleep in Jesus in 1856. He was married in 1851, and at the time of his death had six children. His third sister, K—, was married to a clergyman of the Church of England, who, in this sketch, is called John. His second sister, a decided, deep-taught Christian, was, at the opening of this history, living in his neighbourhood, and visiting him daily. Early in life he was appointed to a situation in a public office, and by his aptitude for business, his application and earnestness, soon gained the favour of his superiors; and accordingly he rose, step by step, year after year; his sole, his great desire, being to attain a high position; and of this there seemed every prospect. But the Lord had better things in store for him. In 1857 there were signs of delicacy which made his friends anxious, but he did not attach importance to them. After some time, his medical advisers recommended a rest from business, and removal to the south of England. He went, and, after some short sojourn there, returned much improved. But a short application to business, and it was plain he was the victim of consumption. He continued to lose ground, and in the following year it was evident to those who were so anxiously noticing every change, that his sojourn here was to be very short. His sister, anxious most about his soul, requested the minister of the district to visit him. She watched most anxiously for it, but he did not come. Day after day passed,

and yet he came not. She was nearly distracted; and on Sunday, July 31, 1858, she called on the Rev. W. A——, and asked him to visit her brother; told him all her fears and her anxieties; and he, busied though he were, ministering to a large congregation, went to see the subject of this notice. If she were to have searched through the city, she could not have selected a man more distasteful to her brother, who seemed greatly annoyed at his coming, saying, "I wish you had not asked him; I do not like the man." The interview was that which would be between a faithful minister and a dying sinner who cared only for the decencies of religion: but the truth was brought powerfully before him, and the Holy Ghost accompanied the word spoken. On Sunday, August 1, on his sister E—— remarking how shocked she was at an observation made by a lady with whom both were acquainted, "that she saw nothing good in a sermon she heard, as it was all about Christ," he filled to tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, how awful to think of any sinner speaking in such a way of their only, only hope! What would become of us without Jesus? How could there be too much of Him?" And, after some remarks on our lost condition, and the suitability of the Saviour, he prayed most fervently that Jesus would take away his load of guilt. And when she was leaving him in the evening, he whispered to her, "Pray earnestly for me; I am so wretched, and so sinful!" This request he frequently made.

On August 25th he was visited by Dr. S——, in consultation with his regular medical attendant, and from that time gave up any lingering hope of a prolonged life which he may have cherished. His sister saw him soon after, and asking him how he felt, he replied, "Just waiting my time until the Lord sees fit to take me home." He then asked her to call for him next day, to take him into town in a carriage to have his likeness taken, to gratify his wife; and when she called, and asked him was he ready, he replied, "Yes, darling; quite ready for anything: encircled in the robe of Jesus' righteousness, neither death nor hell can prevail against me. Oh, I could not have imagined it possible I could enjoy such peace as I have now. The marvellous love of Jesus! I have been a dreadful sinner, but my sins are all washed out in the blood of Jesus—all, all forgiven!" On his father lifting him into the carriage, he said, "I have no strength; I am able for nothing; but I have a strength no time can ever affect—the strength of Jesus, encircled in the robe of His righteousness."

In the course of that afternoon, he spoke in the tenderest affection of his wife, and the heavy, crushing blow, his death would be to her; remarking how she clung to him, and depended so on him for everything; adding that it was not pride made him speak or think of the heavy trial, but his knowledge of her deep affection; and then said, "I have loved her as fondly as man could love—loved her for her very helplessness. For my sake, bear with her; save her all the trouble you can. Never lose sight of my little children; pray for them, and do what you can to have them trained in the ways of holiness." He then asked her to be with him the next day, to partake of the Lord's supper. To his poor wife, at another time, he said, "I am leaving you a heavy charge, and you are a poor, helpless little thing yourself; but do not despair on account of your helplessness; look to the Lord for grace and strength to bring up my little children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; if you train them in the right way, they will be a blessing to you, and you will be a blessing to them. Let 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee' be your motto." At another time, when speaking to her of her great sorrow, and praying she might be enabled to bear it, she opened the Bible and read, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," he smiled sweetly and said, "Ah, she is becoming a

good child ; the Lord will bless her and teach her. She is very precious to me. What shall I do if her poor little soul is lost ?" On being told not to fear, he said, "No, no ; I will trust, and not be afraid. The same grace that sought me out will, I trust, seek her." He told his sister E——, that when in treaty about the house in which he then lived, and into which he had only lately moved, walking one day to the landlord's, a voice sounded in his ears very distinctly, saying, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee !" That he turned to see if any one were near who could have spoken, but there was not. He said this made him "quite ill, and very angry ;" and that for some time he could not shake off the impression, but at length "Satan drowned it." He also said that, a night or two previous to Dr. S——'s visit, he was aroused in the night by a similar voice, saying, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee ;" and that he raised himself on his elbow to see if any one was there or awake.

About this time, he had a dream of passing through a narrow, dark valley, but in the far distance he saw the most exquisitely brilliant light. He asked his sister what she thought it meant, when she replied, it seemed as if it were a foretaste of David's sweet assurance, "Yea, though I walk through the valley," &c. This seemed to give him pleasure, and ever afterwards he particularly delighted in the 23rd Psalm. One time he asked why death was called a dark valley, and being told it was the entrance to an unknown world, and the separation of soul and body, "Oh, is that all ?" said he ; "that is not much ; absent from the body, present with the Lord. It is the entrance gate to heaven." At another time, asking why death was so often called Jordan, and on its being explained that it was the boundary between the wilderness and the promised land, it was added, that when the feet of the priests who bore the ark of the covenant touched the waters, they dried up, so that the people passed over dry-shod. The idea gave him great pleasure, and he frequently alluded to it afterwards, saying, "Jesus had deprived death of its sting, and that His people had nothing to fear. With Him they would pass over dry-shod." Frequently he would say of death, "It is nothing ; it is just falling asleep." On his expressing a wonder if any coming to Jesus could ever be lost, John x. 27—30 was read to him, and the remark made, surely he could have no greater security, he replied, "Surely not ; away with doubts." Once he asked, "Do you think there will be many finally lost ?" It was replied, "Wide is the gate," &c. "Then," said he, "why am I saved ?" "Sovereign grace alone ; nothing in yourself," was answered. "Nothing but sin. Oh, the wondrous love of Jesus !" was his reply. On some tracts having been sent to him, he said, "I want no treatises now ; I want to lay my sins on Jesus. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand." There were some few hymns he greatly enjoyed, and amongst his especial favourites was,

"My hope is built on nothing less," &c.

He had these read over and over to him, saying "they kept his mind from wandering from Jesus.

One day after breakfast he said, "I have eaten very heartily, I will say A—— (his little daughter) grace ; and putting his hands together, said, "Thank God for a good breakfast ; yes, and for all His mercies to me a poor sinner. But we will not have sin always to trouble us ; come, help me to sing, 'Oh that will be joyful.'" They did not join him when he repeated the first verse, and said the "joyful, joyful," over several times, as if he really enjoyed the foretaste of it. But seeing his wife cry, he said, "Why do you cry ? Why not help me to rejoice ? Are you grieving to see me so happy ?" His cousin,

a surgeon in the army, called to see him after an absence of some days from town; when W—— asked him, did he think him weaker? the other replied, there was but very little change in his pulse. W—— appeared greatly troubled at believing the other was not speaking truth; and said, "F—— is a nice fellow, I wish he did not think it necessary to tell professional lies." His sister K—— replied, that, though he was weaker, yet perhaps there was little change in the pulse. When he said, "For his sake I hope so; but I was comparatively strong when he last saw me." At one time when speaking of his great peace, he said, "How all-absorbing is the love of Christ; it is with me so engrossing, that in it I forget all else: forget that I am a husband—a parent." His wife said, "W——, do you not still love me?" He replied, "Dearest, I speak comparatively; let us meet where parting will be no more—where all is love. May the love of Christ constrain you all to meet me there."

On August 31 he took leave of his dear children; prayed that the Lord might be their Father and their Guide through life, bless them with His richest blessings, and keep them in the narrow way until they should join him in heaven. He was now very weak, and on this trying occasion was greatly exhausted. He thanked God who brought him through, saying, "Thank God it is over; Satan has worried me so much about it, I was afraid: but Christ is the strong one, and He has helped me." He then had his wife recalled to the room, and received her cheerfully; and asked her to read once more his favourite hymn,

"My hope is built on nothing less," &c.

Shortly after this all were round his bed, he being very low, when suddenly he roused up, saying,

"Glory, honour, praise, and power," &c.

On Sept. 10, on being asked by his sister E—— how he was, he replied, "Nearly home—sinking rapidly." On her leaving that evening, he prayed that the Lord might bless her, and make her strong, and enable her to be to many such a comfort and blessing as she had been to him. She said to him, "Would it not be better, darling, to be soon done with sin and sorrow, and for ever be with the Lord?" He said, "Yes, that will be far better; but it must be in the Lord's own good time." The next day he was very low, a violent fit of coughing came on, and from that time it was evident that death was rapidly approaching. Many times he asked with wonder, "Is it not strange that I should enjoy such perfect peace, and have nothing to do but rest on Jesus; or His promises and His love? even Satan now seems to have less power to annoy me." The next day Mr. A—— paid one of his many and profitable visits. W—— was delighted to see him, and told him of the perfect peace he was enjoying; and said that though Satan had made many assaults, yet he had come off more than conqueror through Him that loved him. On taking leave he prayed the Lord to bless Mr. A——, adding, "You were the means in God's hands of bringing the truth home to my poor soul." Mr. A—— expressed his thankfulness at having been made instrumental; and saying further, "But you and I will join in giving to Christ all the glory," W—— replied, "Oh yes, I said you were the means." He remarked, "I should like to have Mr. A—— with me always; he so comes to the point: he comforts and cheers me. I was greatly prejudiced against him, but I hope God has forgiven me that, as well as all my other sins." On Sept. 14 Mr. A—— again called, and asked him if he was still clinging to Christ? when he replied, "The poor flesh is now so weak I can only lie passive,

but I feel the Almighty arms holding me and drawing me to Him ; yes, *we* are clinging together." Mr. A—— inquired of him if he had any doubts or fears ? He seemed to wonder at the question, and said, "Is it about myself ? Oh then none, none ; and I hope you have none." Mr. A—— replied that he had none whatever ; but he wished to hear it from his own mouth ; and then asked, Was he able to trust the Lord not only for himself, but for those he was leaving ? he said in reply, "Yes, yes, fully." Mr. A—— said, "Jesus is with you now ; by and by you will be with Jesus." He smiled and said, "Yes ; but sometimes the by and by seems a long way off." On Mr. A—— taking leave he said, "It is so pleasant to hear the reiteration that my warrant to salvation is secure—all right, without a flaw in it. But how could there be a flaw in it ? It is the work of the omniscient God. It would not be pleasant to find a flaw, now at the twelfth hour." More than once, when speaking of the enormity of his sins, and the free electing love of God, he would conclude with, "Tell all the world that I am saved, so the vilest need not despair." Speaking of the change which the love of Christ had wrought in him, he said, "How wonderfully it expands our affections ; I feel that I love the whole world, and would like to bring every one to the Saviour I have found."

On asking why he was still left ? it was answered, "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter ; and then shall we learn the deep meaning of the things that have been : " when he replied, "Yes, yes, His own time is best, not one minute sooner." At another time, remarking the restlessness and weariness of his poor bones, Mal. iii. 3 was repeated ; and frequently after he said, "This fire is lasting a long time, purging out the dross." With a look of joy and triumph he once exclaimed, "Has He not done for my ambition ? Has He not fully satisfied it ? A crown of glory, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." The hymn "My rest is in heaven" was being repeated to him ; at the second line he asked, "Do you think I tremble ? I have no more fear than an infant has of being laid on the fire—perhaps I ought to fear." It was answered, "How could you fear with such a guide ; besides, you are expressly told not to fear." and Isa. xli. 10 ; John xiv. 27 ; and Heb. xiii. 5, were repeated : such a smile lighted up his countenance as none present can ever forget, while he exclaimed, "Oh, I never thought of it in that light ! how could I fear ? " He never wearied of hearing the word of God or his few favourite hymns ; and felt such a real enjoyment in prayer : and before the morning dawn he would say, "Is it too early to call John, that we may have prayer, it so refreshes me after the night ? " Speaking of his sister K—— having come to town to attend him, he would say, "She is an invaluable treasure, a perfect nurse ; I did not think I could have had the comfort and blessing of having her with me. How wonderfully the Lord has supplied all my wants, spiritual and temporal." On Tuesday he begged his brother would not leave him, but remain to see the last of him. During his three last days, in which we and he thought repeatedly that, as he said, the time was come, he would look round and say, "I am so glad to see you all there." Once when we thought him almost insensible, he said, "No room for a doubt, John." Again, when John paused, after repeating some portions of the word of God, "Go on, my dear fellow." Again, "What an awful scene must a death-bed be without the light of the gospel ! " Looking to his two sisters and only brother, he said, "You will soon be only a trio ; but how happy we shall be when we shall meet, a whole family in heaven, as I am sure we shall." He then spoke of the pleasure of meeting those of the family who were gone before him. On the 15th he told K—— not to leave his room again that night. About half-past ten o'clock the

weakness which had been so frequent and so like death the three preceding days, returned. All were watching him until about half-past one, when he again seemed to rally. K—— said, "I think you have gotten over this turn." He answered, "Yes, dearest, better; I think now if you turn me on my side I shall go to sleep." Just when turned he said, "It is not I that speak to you now, but the Spirit of God which speaketh through me—the vine and the branch." His wife immediately read John xv.; and stopping to make some remark, he said, "Ah, dearest, why these interruptions? go on." He repeated each word distinctly after her in his natural voice, till he came to the verse, "Greater love hath no man than this;" at which he raised his finger, saying, "That is it." These were his last words; and in less than five minutes his captive soul was free without a struggle or a sigh. On the 17th his friends committed the remains of the dear departed one to the grave, in the sure and certain hope of his resurrection to eternal life.

HEBREW RENDERINGS OF SCRIPTURE.

THERE is scarcely a word in the Hebrew language which is not expressive of a meaning far beyond what our translators have conveyed; and although we should be thankful for a translation so correct and honest, yet those who are acquainted with the original delight to dive into its hidden treasures. The Spirit of God can alone teach aright, and we are dependent upon Him for blessing and profit; but there is a height of grandeur, a depth of knowledge, and a breadth of instruction in the Hebrew language, which amply repay the few difficulties attending its acquirement.

Let us look at a few words: *seas*, or *waters*, *waves*, *billows*, *storm*, and *tempest*, words which, as believers, we have all more or less to do with, and still shall have, until we reach our desired haven. In Hebrew poetry these words generally represent the unrest to which we are subject in our passage over the ocean of life. The Hebrew word for *seas* or *waters* is derived from an obsolete root, to make a noise, *rage*, *roar*, as the billows of the ocean, so called from its tumultuous motion. "He sent from above," said David; "He drew me out of many (or great) waters" (2 Sam. xxii. 17). "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," is the Lord's promise to His Church" (Isa. xliii. 2). "*Waters* flowed over my head; I am cut off," said Jeremiah (Lam. iii. 54). *Billows*, in the original, is *breakers*, which break upon the shore, derived from the root to break in pieces; and *waves* from the rolling or welling up of the waters. "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me" (Psalm xlii. 7). In the 55th Psalm we have *windy storm*, which might be rendered *sweeping tempest*, or, according to Parkhurst (our spiritual lexicographer), *a moving or rushing along*, or *a wind rushing forward*. Such was the windy storm and tempest from which David hastened to escape: *tempest*, *a violent, turbulent wind*, or *whirlwind*—the same word as that occurring in 2 Kings ii. 1, and Zech. vii. 14.

But let us turn now to a few other words in Scripture, which come in upon us "like sunshine after rain;" and, first, *rest*—that one syllable of such a sweet sound to our restless souls. There are various words in Hebrew which express *rest*, as we have it in our translation; the following are a few:—The first time the word appears is in Gen. ii. 1: שָׁבַת, God resting from His work—ceasing from labour. The same word is spoken of a country when lying uncultivated (Lev. xxvi. 34).

Then we have מָנוּחַ, to lie down quietly and have repose—the rest which Job

longed for, and expressed by the same root. And it again occurs with much meaning in Gen. viii. 21: "And the Lord smelled a sweet savour of *rest* or *repose*."

יוֹסֵף is to lean or rest upon persons or things (props we all cling to); as Israel going down into Egypt, and *staying* or *resting* on horses (Isa. xxxi. 1); but "Thou wilt keep him in *peace, peace*, whose mind is *stayed* on Thee" (Isa. xvi. 3).

נוֹחַ has much the same meaning as the preceding root, with the addition of *support* and *refreshment*: Cant. ii. 5, "*stay* me with flagons," &c.

נָחַם, to *rest, cease, or stand still*: "Sun, stand thou still," &c. (Josh. x. 12). To submit quietly to Jehovah: Psalm lxii. 1, "My soul is *silent*, or *rests* upon God." Then we have *comfort*, which, when spoken of God, conveys in the original the idea of *mercy* or *relief*, and of man, *sympathy*. But, as if the Spirit of God would represent something even stronger than relief or sympathy, more composing and soothing, it is said, in the touching simplicity of Hebrew, *speak to the heart*. Thus, in Ruth ii. 13, we have the acknowledgment of that young Moabitess to Boaz, after he had said to her, "A full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose banner thou art come to trust," that "He had *spoken to her heart*." Again, in 2 Sam. xix. 7, when the people of Israel were ashamed, and afraid, and faint-hearted, because they had been led away by Absalom's rebellion, David is advised to "go forth and *speak to their hearts*." And when Sennacherib came against Judah (2 Chron. xxxii. 6), and the people trembled at his approach, Hezekiah *speaks to their hearts*, and says, "Be not afraid nor dismayed, &c., for there be more with us than with him." "*Speak to the heart of Jerusalem*," said the Lord to His prophet (Isa. xl. 1). They were precious words he was commanded to speak. Oh, beloved Christian reader, cannot you say there is no speaking like *speaking to the heart*? These weak, tried, tempted, frail, fainting hearts of ours—hearts that often tremble, and are moved "as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind" (and how do *they* move and flutter when the wind passes over, them?); "all the trees of the forest, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." But our Jehovah-Jesus, who once walked upon the waters, can alone say to the wind, "Peace; be still;" and there shall be a great calm.

H.

SOWING IN TEARS AND REAPING IN JOY.

"And Israel said, *It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die.*—GEN. xlv. 28.

In reading this particular part of Israel's history, I have often thought how much precious gospel is contained therein, and doubt not that many of God's dear people will fully bear me out in this who are themselves no strangers to trial and deliverance. There is a set time to favour Zion, and that time can neither be hurried on nor kept back by the creature. When the Lord's time has arrived, and He is about to effect a blessed deliverance for a poor sinner, He does not find that sinner in a willing, pliant condition. No, no; quite the reverse of that; they, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, will, Ephraim-like, oftentimes kick and plunge under it exceedingly, but the Lord has His own way of subduing the will. "His people shall become a willing people in the day of His power;" He will be sure to bring them over at last, so as most thankfully to accept that very deliverance which had been eternally ordained for them,

and which they from everlasting were appointed to obtain. Now, with regard to Jacob, the Lord had mercifully designed to indulge him with a sight of his dear and long-lamented Joseph, and also ordained that Joseph should put his hand on his father's eyes—that is, *close them in death*. And oh, how much of tender kindness is here manifested in the Lord's communicating this to the dear old saint, by which he had the soothing satisfaction that he should breathe his last, as every believer certainly will do, in the immediate presence of his "Joseph." But the means used for bringing about that purpose were anything but pleasing to poor Jacob. The famine raged in Canaan—yea, it was "sore in the land," so that he was compelled to send his sons to Egypt for corn, there being no alternative between that and perishing. The Lord's people are often brought into great straits—circumstances of peculiar trial; and they are as surely brought out of them. Such was the case with Esther, when she said, "And so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish." Her case, we see, was desperate, yet not singular. We may also notice the case of those poor leprous men so affectingly described in the Book of Kings. There we read that a great famine was in Samaria, and that city was at the time besieged by the Syrians, "And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate: and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there: and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." (2 Kings vii. 3, 4). Their case was indeed a desperate one. It was certain death to remain where they were, but in falling unto the host of the Syrians there was just the "who can tell?" and that was all. "If they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." Here was a case of dire necessity; and so with poor Jacob, when necessitated to send a second time to Egypt, Simeon being already detained there. Could he possibly have avoided parting with his Benjamin, he would certainly have done so; he evidently tried hard, but to no purpose. Benjamin must also go to Egypt, or no further support was to be expected from that quarter; so that the distressed parent was compelled to let his dear child go, saying, "If it *must* be so;" but oh, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." Poor dear old man! one can scarcely refrain from dropping the tear at this part of thy touching history; but how little didst thou then think what blessings were in store for thee, and just ready to burst upon thy sorrowful head. I do believe that many a dear exercised child of God knows something of that spot where, like Manoah and his wife, they could only "look on while the angel did wonderously." They have found, and the whole Israel of God will ever find, that the moment of extremity is God's opportunity for manifesting "surprising grace."

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

The dear old patriarch proved this to his heart's content: "Joseph is alive." The news, on first reaching his ear, seemed, as he thought, too good to be true; but "when he saw the wagons, his spirit revived;" then he could say, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."

And now, reader, do observe here particularly that there no longer needed, in this case, a *propelling* power; that could be well enough dispensed with, the

dear old man being now brought sensibly under the influence of a sweet *drawing* power, as "with cords of a man with bands of love." "Draw me," says the spouse, in the Song of Solomon i. 4, "Draw me, we will run after thee;" so that she is evidently made sensible of her own weakness and inability to move until endued with power from on high; and this, by the way, is a great point to be brought to, and is wholly the effect of divine teaching. The discipline is sometimes painful, but always safe, and the result is blessed; but, according to the idea of some people, we neither require *driving* nor *drawing*; the creature, say they, is possessed of a native power, and that it is entirely left to his own free will as to whether or not he chooses to exert it. So they tell us; but we are not obliged to believe it.

But to return to Jacob's history, which at this part especially is in my view remarkably interesting: I mean as regards his *willingness* to go down to Egypt. The heart and affections are already there, and there he longed to be in person, so that he might feast his eyes upon his dear Joseph. And now, I doubt not, he could weep to the praise of the mercy found, and *that* spot is a sweet one. And we may here remark, further, that all that was once formidable in the matter of going down into Egypt had been entirely removed by the Lord Himself, who had so graciously bidden His servant "Fear not;" and, as no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation, those comforting words are equally applicable to all the Israel of God in their journeying down to the Egypt of the grave, even to the end of time.

Just one thought more in conclusion. We have already noticed that the famine was sore in the land of Canaan; but what if that land had been suddenly inundated with all the good things—such as corn and wine, milk and honey—what would all that have done in diverting the aged parent from that fixedness of purpose in going down to Egypt, there to behold his dearly-beloved Joseph? Depend upon it, that endeared name was uppermost in the overcharged heart of the dear old saint; and so with the Lord's regenerated family. *Christ* becomes the one object of desire: less will not suffice—more they cannot have; for in possessing Him, they possess all things; "in grasping Him, they richly grasp the whole;" and so these "Jacobs" before they die are indulged with a faith's view of their "spiritual Joseph as the king in his beauty, and of the land that is very far off;" yea, they get a taste of "Eshcol's grapes," as the first ripe fruits previous to passing over Jordan; and that spoils their relish for meaner things, gives a distaste for worldly pursuits. They often long to be at home in their Father's house above, saying with the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest." And thus, "ere the silver cord be loosed" for their final departure from this vale of tears,

"They leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more;"

for though still in the world, they are not of it. "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord?" Yet a little while, and

"Soon shall ye hear Him say,
'Ye blessed children, come!'
Soon will He call you hence away,
To take His wanderers home."

Fletching.

H. H.

THE IVY ON THE WALL.

ONE of the walls of an outhouse was covered with ivy, which had grown luxuriantly for a number of years. An aperture had been made by taking out a brick for the purpose of ventilation, when in process of time a young shoot forced its way through into the inside of the building, and grew very rapidly. It so happened the inner side of the wall was whitewashed with lime, and though the new branch continued to lengthen out, putting forth vigorous leaves, and looking in every respect healthy, it most pertinaciously refused to adhere to the wall for support. "Well," thought I, "what can be the reason this shoot does not lay hold of the wall now it has grown such a length? Perhaps it is not furnished with the usual apparatus for so doing." But, on looking a little closer, I found it supplied with the hands or feelers by which it clings to anything. "Oh," thought I, resuming my cogitations, "it appears it will have nothing to do with so foreign a substance as whitewash. Why, then, did it come in here?"

And so the ivy shoot persevered in stretching itself out, carefully avoiding touching the whitewash, until a rude hand, finding it in the way, turned it back through the hole by which it had entered. Nevertheless I had learned my lesson, and was content.

The ivy clinging to the wall I compared to the Church of God laying hold by faith on Christ—the young shoot being an individual member thereof, firmly fixed to the root of the parent stem, which held by the wall, yet sometimes disposed to wander, seeking new paths for itself, straying away, "seeking rest but finding none," not daring to join affinity with the whitewashed daubs of this world, yet utterly incapable of turning itself back to the place from whence it had wandered. What would become of the poor soul were not a hand stretched forth to bring it back again, and reclaim the backsliding one? Although occasionally the method used seems rude and harsh, yet is it at the same time absolutely necessary.

*"Weary souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His."*

May the Holy Spirit who teacheth to profit keep our wandering feet in the narrow path, enable us to hold on by faith to the wall, our place of defence, our rock, our high tower, and prevent us from fixing our affections on anything short of Jesus, and Him only; then shall we bear fruit to His glory. "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob."

Manchester.

A LITTLE ONE.

While all the righteousness of all the moralists and Pharisees in the world, if imputed to one man, could not hinder him from being repulsed at the bar of God; so, all the sins, be they ever so numerous, which he may have committed, cannot condemn him, if he be found clothed in the Redeemer's righteousness.—
Rev. W. Borrow.

BROKEN CISTERNS.

JER. ii. 13.

THE scorching sun was flaming high,
The sultry air was hot and dry;
The foot-sore pilgrim, faint with pain,
The long-sought cistern toiled to gain.

The flaming sun grew hotter still,
And hotter still each sandy hill;
No juicy stem or blade of green
Bedecks the waste and barren scene.

No moisture in the burning air,
No cloud to tone the blinding glare;
No shrub, scant rock, or waving palm,
No gentle breeze or dewy balm.

But all around, above, below,
One fiercely smiting, fiery glow;
While sands, inflamed to furnace heat,
Torment and scorch his blistered feet.

With outstretched arms and straining
eyes,
At length he grasps the welcome prize:
The empty vault of fractured stone
But echoes back his stifled moan.

The hollow cistern's shattered side
Has freed the truant liquid tide;
It's splintered marble floor retains
No remnant of the hoarded rains.

The flaming sun, with mocking blaze,
Pours on his head its hottest rays;
And, mad with raging thirst and pain,
He turns to urge his quest again.

Rousing his heart to struggle still
To reach the stream o'er yonder hill,
He faintly fans hope's dying flame,
And pushes on with steadfast aim.

With failing strength and halting feet,
He wrestles bravely with the heat;
His stiffening joints refuse to bend—
When will his weary journey end?

He tops at length that distant hill,
And blissful scenes the prospect fill;
Soft rolling waves of sun-lit stream
Through verdant banks of willow gleam.

Oh, joy! beneath that flowing wave
His fevered frame to cool and lave;
With freshened limbs to plunge and glide,
And amply quaff that crystal tide.

The traitor stream, that seemed so nigh,
Faded before his raptured eye—
Vanished, and melted into air,
And left the man in mute despair!

There, in the light and glare of day,
The hollow vision passed away,
Like mocking dream in still night,
That yields the felon brief delight.

And yet with certainty he knows
That close at hand the river flows,
Whose friendly waves, with lavish store,
Have saved a thousand lives before.

The flaming sun grew hotter still,
And hotter yet each sandy hill;
But in the all-but-hopeless strife
He battled bravely still for life.

At length he nears the shelving bank
Where former pilgrims often drank,
And, standing on the sandy slope,
Has reached the goal of all his hope!

The channel mocked his maddened gaze,
Reflecting back the scorching rays;
And where the vanished waters flowed,
The surface like a furnace glowed.

No drop—no drop—no moistened stone,
No juicy blade its borders own;
Its brink, its slopes, its barren bed,
Are hot and dry—his hopes are dead!

Too faint to lift his hands on high,
Too weak to raise the feeblest cry,
Too spent to close his glazing eye,
He sank in horror down to die!

The sun its torrid fury shed,
And smote his low, unsheltered head,
Drove his hot blood to fever heat,
And burnt and scathed his fleshless feet.

No loving eye of friend is near,
To wet his lips with dropping tear;
No gentle hand of love to spread
Cool shelter o'er the fevered head;

No tongue of kith or kin to claim
The loved, though worn and wasted frame;
No arm to dig the shallow grave,
From vulture's eye the corpse to save.

E E

Alone, amidst that desert waste,
The cup of death his soul must taste—
Its last and deadly dregs must drain,
And all its worst assaults sustain.

No whispered words of promise cheer
His sinking soul and dying ear;
No saintly lips his spirit calm
With hallowed prayer or murmured psalm.

Alone, beneath that brazen sky;
Alone, the hot sun flaming high;
Alone!—around, above, below,
Earth, air, and sky, one furnace glow.

And ringing through his dying soul,
While death-waves o'er his spirit roll,
The words of conscience sharply tell
The guilty trust by which he fell.

"Too late, too late I now bewail
My trust in waters that could fail.
O fool! my all, my life to stake
On cisterns time and chance could break!

"Too late, too late I now deplore
My need of what I scorned before;
The brimming fount from which I turned,
The living stream I rashly spurned."

A still, small voice, as music clear,
Falls dew-like on his dying ear:
"Why, sinner, thus despairing sink?
Come, come to me, and freely drink!"

The thirsty pilgrim lifts on high,
With rapt surprise, his dying eye,
And, filled with feelings deep and strange,
Beholds a vast and wondrous change.

A lofty Rock its welcome shade
And nobly ample breadth displayed,
From sun and blinding glare to shield,
And cool and friendly shelter yield.

Fresh, balmy air, and pastures green,
With life and beauty crowd the scene,
While gentle notes of softest sound
Breathe hope and lasting peace around;

While, gushing from the craggy mount,
Through riven cleft, a crystal fount,
Like Hagar's well, at hand to save,
Rolled forth its cool, transparent wave.

In lavish plenty flowed the stream,
Its purling waters flash and gleam,
While bubbling at his fevered side
It poured its softly-rippling tide.

The pilgrim stretched his wasted arm,
And dipping deep his fevered palm,
He drank, and drank, and drank again,
To cool each hot and throbbing vein.

Oh bliss! beneath that flowing wave,
His weary frame to cool and lave,
With freshened limbs to plunge and glide,
And amply quaff that crystal tide.

With zeal he plunged, and plunged again,
Till health restored his reeling brain,
New life through all his members flowed,
And every nerve with vigour glowed.

'Twas thus my foolish heart in vain
Hewed out with endless toil and pain
Its worthless wells of fading mirth,
And dug its cisterns in the earth,

And sought for years, with empty soul,
Of earthly bliss the distant goal,
And fondly hoped with wordly toys
To quench its thirst for perfect joys.

Though oft my sickened spirit ached,
My all I risked, my soul I staked,
And madly strove my thirst to slake
From cisterns time and chance could break.

I garnered up my love in friend,
And thought my joy would never end;
I clung to children, home, and wife,
And thought the bliss would last for life.

I made of books an ample store,
And revelled deep in learned lore;
Tasted the sweets its streams supply,
And drank the joys that wealth can buy.

Wisely and kindly God awoke,
My dreaming soul with stroke on stroke;
Scattered and spoiled my treasured hoards,
And rudely swept away my gourds.

Failing to find in aught of these,
Fulness of joy or lasting ease;
Or forced from each in turn to part,
With bitter soul and aching heart.

My yearning spirit still untaught,
Its empty vessel madly sought—
To fill from self; and vainly tried
To quench its thirst with haughty pride.

With penance keen myself I bound,
Like mill horse in a constant round;
With zeal to toil without repose,
In works that slavish fears impose.

In vain—no cool refreshing balm,
No settled peace or hallowed calm,
My aching heart's deep want relieved,
Nor grace nor life my soul received.

But worse—the flaming law revealed,
Deep-rooted sores too long concealed;
While vengeful thunders' angry roll,
Struck terror to my guilty soul.

I saw with dread and blank dismay,
My cherished hopes all fade away;
My bright and glowing prospects pale,
And all my earthly cisterns fail.

Yes, all had failed—in black despair,
Beneath the hot sun's furnace glare;
Mid ruined cisterns, shattered, dry,
Hopeless I laid me down to die.

Like Eden's fragrance drawing near,
And breathing in my failing ear,
A still small voice of tender love
Urged me to lift my gaze above.

"See, sinner, in the flowing tide,
That ever leaves my riven side,
A fountain thou may'st freely take,
Thy burning thirst to quench and slake;

"A river from the throne on high,
No scorching sun can ever dry,
Whose living waters ever flow,
A perfect cure for sin and woe."

And now I bless the loving care,
That made my soul of earth despair;
That dashed my castles to the earth,
And dried my wells of godless mirth.

Yes, I can bless the gracious hand,
That found me in a desert land
Whose failing streams the thirsty mock,
And led me to the smitten Rock,

Tramore Rectory.

Then spread before my longing eyes
The welcome manna of the skies,
And plunged me in the cleansing tide
That ever leaves His wounded side.

The hand that gives I kiss and bless,
The hand that takes I bless no less;
'Tis love that weans from earth the soul,
That God may come and fill the whole.

His love our hollow hopes dispels,
And drains and empties out our wells,
Dries up the source of earthly streams,
And spoils the pride of Babel schemes.

Oh, truest love, to sweep away
The fading pleasures of a day,
To crowd the scene and fill their place,
With rich and lasting feasts of grace.

Oh, wondrous act of boundless grace,
That met my sad and hopeless case,
Bade me arise from ruin's brink,
And streams of living water drink.

Thrice happy he whose aching soul
No earthly balm could render whole—
The great Physician's hand has fed
With healing water, living bread.

More happy still who early spurns,
Earth's failing streams and broken urns;
Forsakes each poisoned fount of sin,
And seeks eternal bliss to win.

Who seeks the wells of earth to drain,
Shall thirst, and thirst, and thirst again;
Then perish by their shattered side,
Mid ruined hopes and channels dried.

While he who heeds the Saviour's voice,
And tries the fount of endless joys,
Eternity can never drain,
Shall never—NEVER THIRST AGAIN.

EDWARD DALTON.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

I WAS praying that God would bless the reading of His own word, and apply a sweet promise to my soul. When I came to Gen. viii. 11, my thoughts wandered away to the sweet sense I had of the infinite mercy of God in that verse, "According to thy mercy remember thou me." It seemed as one blind might catch for a moment a glimpse of a far-off country of surpassing beauty; or to one deaf, melody for a moment leaving the memory alone behind to strengthen faith. Then I read again ver. 11, and I felt that promises applied and glimpses obtained were like olive leaves plucked off and brought to the soul by the heavenly dove a token for good. As to Noah, it was an emblem of peace. Oh reader, try what prayer can do, and you will surely find that there is nothing prayer cannot do.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(Continued from page 365.)

BUT, to come to the point, has the Holy Ghost arrested us and apprehended us? and do we know what it is to be brought to the judgment-seat? If so, was ever the act of another charged on you there? Oh no, say you, I was constrained to say, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned." Well, then, if you are a partaker of Christ, and have a knowledge of salvation, mind, there is not one act of sin charged on thee, it is sin that dwelleth in thee. This is what I call living in the glorious liberty of the children of God; and the demonstration of it in the heart will make the poor sinner live happy in Christ Jesus our Lord. Now, concerning the flesh, that which is born of the flesh is flesh; and in my flesh there dwelleth no good thing. This flesh must go down to the grave, and see corruption; and yet it will not alter one grain of its essence, but will by-and-by be raised up in union with Christ at the last day. As we know these things, we shall also know the distinction there is between life and death, Christ and Belial, a believer and an infidel; and we shall also know what the admonition means, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you." "And they shall call them, The holy people." I have seen it translated, "And they shall be called the holy people." Whichever way you read it, alters nothing of the blessedness of the words *holy people*. Now who called them? The Lord. And Paul, writing to Timothy, saith, "He called us with an holy calling, not according to our works;" and in Heb. iii. it is said, "Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling;" and in Heb. xii. we are told to "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Then all my pretension of seeing the Lord, if I have not holiness, is in the flesh, and riseth no higher. Now there is another thing I would just observe for your meditation, for God's children have always a disposition to look at what they are in themselves, instead of what the Lord hath said about them. This they cannot contradict. I will refer you to the Old Testament for a proof. It was not what the people were, but it was what God had purposed. Now the sacrifices in themselves were nothing but corruption, and went back again to their mother-earth; but what God had designed by these ordinances pointed to the substance of that to come; and whatever was deficient in the sacrifice or the ordinance, there was nothing deficient in God's eternal purpose; and whatever was dedicated to God, answered the end that God had in view for God's glory and the joy of His people; and whatever was separated for God, God always acknowledged it, for He even called them *His people*, though they rebelled against Him. I pause a moment here, that you may just think over these eternal truths. And when the Lord opened the subject to Moses, the people had been a considerable time in the wilderness before the typical mediator was manifested. God said to Moses, "Let me alone, that I may destroy them in a moment." "No," saith Moses; "What wilt Thou do for Thy great name's sake? The Egyptians will hear Thou hast brought them forth into the wilderness to destroy them." Then saith Moses, "Pardon, I beseech Thee, their iniquities, according unto the greatness of Thy mercies." The Lord never disowned them from being His people. And then the Lord takes up the cause of His people in language so pathetic, and it is quite heart-melting. Oh, saith He, "*My people* went down aforetime into Egypt to sojourn." *My people* before they went, and His people when in the wilderness. "And the Assyrians oppressed them sore.

Now, therefore, what have I here, saith the Lord, that my people is taken away for nought? They that rule over them make them to howl, saith the Lord; and my name continually every day is blasphemed." Why saith the Lord, "My people shall know my name: therefore they shall know in that day that I am He that doth speak; behold, it is I!" It is *my people*. Whatever trial or captivity they were in, God always acknowledged His visible Church; and there was nothing could unchurch that visible Church until God's purpose was accomplished in the destruction of Jerusalem; and even up to its destruction the Lord called it the city of the Lord, but never afterwards. The first time we find the word "holy" is in reference to the Church of God; and it is recorded in the 19th chapter of Exodus, that they were to be an holy nation. And there is something so sweet in what the Lord saith about them by Moses, "And I carried you on eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself." And this clearly demonstrates to you that the Lord is always beforehand, waiting to be gracious. *I brought you to myself.* You may carry this through all your wilderness dispensations. Whatever your exercises, trials, and troubles may be, it will come to this: I brought Thee, saith God, to myself. This was said when there was not an Israelite left in Egypt; and when you and I go down into the Egypt of death and the grave, He will change our vile body, and it will be raised up together with Him, and presented "faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy," with "Here am I, and the children Thou hast given me."

We will now go into the gospel of Deuteronomy, and we find that Moses gave the children of Israel many sharp lectures, and he never shrunk from telling them of their evil ways and acts. Moses was no hypocrite, nor did he ever attempt to cover their guilt; but he always went to the Lord about them; and that is what I want you to do one with another, that, if you see a fault in a child of God, see if you have not a greater fault in yourself; then carry both to the Lord. That is the way to deal one with another. Moses, in Deut. vii. 6, saith, "For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God." Yet every one was as sinful as we are in ourselves; but you never read that one of the Israelites ever attempted to contradict Moses. And also, "The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth." Then he proceeds, in the fulness of the mercy, "The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people, for ye were the fewest of all people." What was it for? "But because the Lord loved you, and because He would keep the oath which He had sworn unto your fathers." Let the children of God in their leisure moments ponder over this glorious truth. "*Thou art*"—not may, shall, nor will—but "*Thou art* an holy people unto the Lord thy God." Now, beloved, take notice of another thing. What was it that made them God's holy people? Was it what they did? or was it what God did for them? Oh, say you, certainly it must be God's act. Then it was not even their believing that made them God's people, but it was God's eternal choice of them. Now if we are led to receive God's testimony in its simplicity, we shall have a right understanding of the full importance of our text, "*They shall call them, The holy people.*" Let me make another remark here on this glorious mercy. Did their continuance in the wilderness make them more God's people than they were at the first when God separated them? No. Then dwell on God's acts; think and meditate upon what the Lord thy God hath done to you, and for you, and in you; and then remember, what God doeth standeth for ever. As the Holy Ghost is graciously pleased to demonstrate these truths in our hearts, we shall know where our eternal abode is, and that the word of God shall stand for ever. We will now

look at a dear verse which has just come to mind—what was said by Samuel in 1 Sam. xii. Samuel had been telling the Israelites what they had done in choosing a king; and yet we see the sovereignty of the Lord running through the whole: but it did not exculpate them in their rejection of the Lord to be their king; and the Lord gave them a testimony to confirm the word of Samuel, for He sent thunder and rain in harvest, which was an unusual thing in the land of Judea; and it appears it raised up apprehensions in their minds that God had turned to be their enemy, and He was about to cast them off. But listen to that consoling voice, and hear that unalterable testimony; and may God sweetly drop it into your hearts: "Jehovah will not forsake His people, for His great name's sake: because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people." Here we discover the divine certainty of God's choice; and saith Ezekiel, "Be it known unto you, O house of Israel, I do not this for your sakes, but for mine holy name's sake." And, if you look into that memorable part of God's word, Psalm xxv., David saith to the Lord, "For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great."

I would add another remark here; that is, we cannot find much personal holiness in the Israelites in the wilderness; they, however, performed some things pleasing to the Lord: that was when they confessed Him to be all and in all; but it was not very frequently. Then how was it they were holy unto the Lord, whilst they were all unholiness in themselves? Because the Lord was their Holy One. He had chosen them to be His people; so that they lost the identity of children in union to Adam, and had super-created holiness in the Creator, God—the eternal holiness of the Church of God. In Numbers xvi., the Lord hath left on record these things, that we should take notice of them. There were a great many Levites, and they all wanted the priest's office. They had their censers, and they burnt incense before the Lord. Two hundred and fifty of them rose up against Aaron; and they began to plead their holiness, and to despise the holiness of God. Then Moses spoke to them by command of the Lord, and said, "Be thou and all thy company before the Lord to-morrow;" the secret always comes out on the morrow; "and," saith he, "then it shall be decided, and then it shall be shown unto you who are holy and who are not." Who is to make the decision? God Himself; and not one grain of their fleshly pretences to holiness could alter the holiness of God's priests. What was the consequence? Whilst you hear one pleading their personal holiness, you never hear the others saying a word about it. Those that claimed holiness to themselves, "the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them all up alive;" and those that stood in the holiness of another, had a rod to every tribe that budded; but Aaron's blossomed and bore fruit. This was to lead up the mind of the Israelites in the contemplation of the blessedness of being God's Church—standing in the holiness of Him who is the holiness of Israel. Then fire came down from the Lord, and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense; but, saith the Lord, "Speak to Eleazer, that he take up the censers out of the burning." I would not attempt any explanation of this, but how it strikes at all religion and profession without Christ. These censers were made into broad plates; they were hallowed unto the Lord, and they were to be for a covering for the altar, and were to be a memorial unto the children of Israel. Then, I say, what a mercy to turn away from these things; to behold our High Priest entered for us, who is censor, altar, incense, sacrifice, burnt-offering, and atonement: and He is on the throne as our great High Priest, and lives in the presence of God to make intercession for us. How blessed to be living witnesses of these glorious truths!

A word or two more before I stop. Now holiness is antithesis to unholiness; holiness is opposite to impurity; holiness is opposite to sin; holiness is opposite to corruption; holiness is more than a match for the devil. Now Adam, as a creature, could not withstand Satan; and therefore sin made an inroad on him, and down he went into sin, death, and corruption: but sin, death, filthiness, impurity, corruption, devilism, lust, and all manner of abomination, become most obnoxious to God's children. I find I must now stop, and have not got through the first clause of the text; but, if the Lord keep it on the mind, we will proceed further with it when next we meet. May the Lord open the subject to our hearts, and show from God's testimony, by the demonstration of the Spirit, that we are holy in Christ Jesus. Amen.

FAITHFUL PREACHING.

"But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."—1 Cor. i. 23, 24.

No preaching can be considered faithful that has not Christ for its substance; for as He is the Author of the salvation provided for His people, so He is also the means by which they are brought to a knowledge of it. "He is the way, the truth, and the life." Believers are saved in Him before the foundation of the world; they are made new creatures in Him in this time-state, and "in the dispensation of the fulness of time," they will be gathered together in Christ, "even in Him" (Eph. i. 10).

A minister might make himself popular with numbers in his congregation by filling his sermons with learned and fanciful dissertations; for as it was in St. Paul's day doubtless it is now, "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom;" but he who feels the value of a precious Christ is desirous of exalting Him upon all occasions, and "showing forth His praises who hath called him out of darkness into His marvellous light." His heart being impressed with the Lord's beauty, suitableness, and all-sufficiency, he is ready to exclaim with David (Psalm xlv.), "My heart is inditing a good matter, I speak of the things which I have made touching *the King*: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer." In the 17th verse of this psalm we see Jehovah's promise to His Son: "I will make *Thy name* to be remembered in all generations; therefore shall *the people* praise Thee *for ever and ever*."

If we study the Acts of the Apostles, we shall find that "Christ" formed the subject of their preaching—see Acts ii. 22—36; again chap. v., verse 42, "They ceased not to teach and preach 'Jesus Christ';" again, chap. viii., verse 35, "Philip began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus;" also chap. xxviii., verse 31.

The preaching of the cross is foolishness to them that perish, whether they be Jews or Greeks; for to men in their natural state "there is no beauty in Christ that they should desire Him." The doctrines of God's sovereign and distinguishing grace, which make Jesus all in all, and place man in the dust, only excite their enmity and opposition, but "unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks" (that is, the whole elect of God, whether among the Jews or Gentiles), Jesus is beheld "as Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God," as the Lamb of God, and as "God the Lamb."

Believers know that Christ is the power of God, inasmuch as in them has

been exhibited its effects, because "they believe according to the working of His mighty power," and "His gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." And when their eyes are opened to see that all their own fancied wisdom is utter foolishness, and they are content to "become fools that they may be wise," then Christ is made unto them "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," and they learn that in Him are "hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." How sweet the name of Jesus must have been to the apostle Paul! for in the first verses of this chapter "the Lord Jesus Christ" is mentioned in nearly every verse; and how entirely and delightfully can we, that are fellow-heirs with the apostle, enter into and enjoy the blessed teaching set forth in the whole chapter. We learn from verses 26—29 that "we that *are called*" are so because *chosen* of God; for it is written, "Of God are we in Christ Jesus" (as the late Rev. Thomas Hare used to remind his hearers), therefore we delight to place the crown upon the right head, and "glory in the Lord," to whom "salvation *belongeth*." We learn from Galatians iii. 16, that "To Abraham and his seed were the promises made. He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ." Now believers are called "children of promise" (Gal. iv. 28), therefore they must have been given "by promise" to Christ before the foundation of the world, and will be manifested as His in time; as the Lord said, "All that the Father giveth me *shall* come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (see also John xvii. 2, 6, 9, 24). The Lord's promise to His people is, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain" (Isa. xl. 3); and "take up the stumbling-block out of the way of *my people*" (Isa. lvii. 14); and "Prepare ye the way of *the people*; cast up, cast up the highway; *gather out the stones*; lift up a standard for *the people*" (Isa. lxii. 10). We know from these things that "the promise is sure to *all the seed*;" for it is written, "*whom* He did predestinate, *them* He also *called*;" and "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance," for "God is not a man that He should repent." Those that are anxious to know if they have indeed been "called of God," may learn from our text—for "unto them which are called," Christ is revealed as "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." It is the work of God the Holy Ghost to reveal the Lord Jesus Christ, in His all-sufficiency, to the spiritual eyesight of the believer. The Lord said, "He shall not speak of Himself," but "He shall testify of me;" and we learn from 1 John v. 6, "It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth;" and again (1 John ii. 27), "The anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you; and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him."

May it please the Lord to grant, both to the reader and writer of this, "that we may be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith," and that He may be "in us the hope of glory;" and may He enable us to praise and magnify His sovereign grace, by which alone it is that Jesus is so far from being to us "a stone of stumbling, and rock of offence" that we rejoice in Him as "a foundation stone, a *tried* stone," a precious corner stone, a sure foundation" (Isa. xxviii. 16).

"He that believeth shall neither make haste, nor be confounded, world without end. Amen."

Forest Gate.

W. W. J.

WHAT DO YOU TEACH?

A HINT TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

A MOST important question, truly ; bringing powerfully to one's mind the injunction placed on record by Him who "spake as never man spake" (1 John vii. 46) : and applicable to all learners in His school, who is the Great Teacher of all real religion. "Take heed," saith He, "what you hear, and how you hear" (Mark iv. 24 ; Luke viii. 18). "Take heed that no man deceive you" (Matt. xxiv. 4) ; and we are elsewhere assured that if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, a man cannot prepare himself for the battle (1 Cor. xiv. 8). A battle then has to be fought, and woe be to them who are not prepared by having the shield of faith, which alone can enable them to look unto and fight under the banner of the Captain of our salvation ; for it is written, and every one who can be deemed "a good soldier" (2 Tim. ii. 3) is made to feel it too, that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood ; but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Eph. vi. 2) : against "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Eph. ii. 2). And hence we who really believe and feel this, are propelled, as it were, by dire necessity, to "take unto us the whole armour of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day ; and having done all to stand" (Eph. vi. 13) : and seeing that there is but one way of escape from the awful consequences of that evil day, which must come upon all flesh, we feel the need of exhorting our poor fellow sinners, both young and old, to flee from the wrath to come—to flee the evil and choose the good (Isa. vii. 15) ; to be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises" (Heb. vi. 12). But the question here naturally interposes itself, not only *what* do you teach, but *how* is this to be taught to the young, with whom we now have to do? Well, as in building a house no one would think of beginning anywhere else than at the foundation ; so we would begin with Christ the sure and only foundation of hope for a sinner. Here, however, I am led to pause under the consideration that although all are sinners, all do not feel themselves to be so. And here again I am led to ask you, my fellow teachers, What do you teach? And while it comes to your turn to speak in reply, I would endeavour to anticipate your answer, though not in precise words, as being that which bears testimony to your conviction of the awfully fallen state of man by nature, "born in sin and shapen in iniquity" (Psm. li. 5, and lviii. 3) ; yea, as soon as they be born they go astray speaking lies, and evidencing that they "are of their father the devil, who was a liar from the beginning" (John viii. 44), and that consequently (if unrestrained by grace), his works they will do. And hence, the pupils, or such of them at least as shall be at all able to understand, will be directed to the portrait drawn by the Great Master Painter of the universe in some such colours or language as, "For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts," &c. (Mark vii. 21) ; "The thought of foolishness is sin" (Prov. xxiv. 9) ; "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord" (Prov. xv. 8) ; not omitting the introduction of Him who hath revealed Himself as a just God and a Saviour (Isa. xlv. 21) ; Him who will by no means clear the guilty (Exod. xxxiv. 7). Do you ask who are the guilty? The question is answered by asking another, who are they not? for "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 19 and 23). "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that

every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually" (Gen. vi. 5). Who then, as the wise man inquires, can make that straight which He hath made crooked (Eccl. i. 15; vii. 13). Certainly not man; for as well might the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots (writes one of old), as for you to do good who are accustomed to do evil (Jer. xiii. 23). "My people are bent to backslide," writes another witness (Hos. xi. 7). And as my own heart bears me witness to these most solemn and soul-humbling truths, may I not well ask my fellow labourers, what do you teach? and then go on to tell you that my teaching, so far as I am enabled to set it forth, is that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth (Rev. xix. 6). Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him; for He hath said "I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth" (Psalm xlii. 10). And thus we are wont to direct the young mind to some such portions of scripture as these: "Thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon One that is mighty; I have exalted One chosen out of the people" (Psm. lxxxix. 19). "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour; for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins" (Acts v. 31). "He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah; glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength, *mighty* to save" (Isa. lxiii. 1). Yea, "able to save unto the uttermost *all* that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 25). And in thus endeavouring to set forth to the rising generation the beauty, the excellency, and the suitability of the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, methinks it should ever be borne in mind that it is placed on record by Him unto whom all hearts be open, and all desires known; that "they that be whole need not the physician, but they that are sick" (Matt. ix. 12). And again, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life" (John v. 40). Does any one ask why? the answer is plain, because "the carnal mind is enmity against God" (Rom. viii. 7); and therefore instead of such going to learn of the great speaker what that meaneth, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," their language is, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways" (Job xxi. 14): and "because they hated Him, they sent a message to Him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us" (Luke xix. 14), thus evidencing the great truth that none can change the heart but Him who made it; "so then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy" (Rom. ix. 16).

We, therefore, who have been made to bow at the footstool of God's sovereignty, desire in all our teaching to be careful not to put the effect before the cause, Scripture always testifying that God is the first moving cause of anything of good which emanates from the creature. A few quotations may suffice. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee" (Jer. xxxi. 3). "Because ye are sons" (not to make you so) "God hath sent forth the spirit of His Son into your heart" (Gal. iv. 6). "Sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called" (Jude 1). It should ever be borne in mind, too, that "faith is the gift of God" (Eph. ii. 9); and that "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. xi. 6): also that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. xiv. 23). And as this sin is felt only by those whom the Holy Ghost hath convinced of sin (John xvi. 8), and wrought the grace of faith in the heart; so none but those so operated upon can ever seek God aright in prayer. Therefore what do you teach on this subject? He who could not err taught that "men ought always to pray, and not to faint" (Luke xviii. 1), and I would teach so too. But, in doing so, I would always

endeavour to draw a clear line of distinction between those who approach the footstool of divine mercy with that broken and contrite heart which the Lord will not despise (Psm. li. 17), and those who only attempt or profess to draw near to God with their mouth, and honour Him with their lips, while their heart is far from Him (Isa. xxix. 13): for of each it may be said, "Verily they have their reward" (Matt. vi. 2). And, assuming that all of us admit the truthfulness of the lines—

"Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
This will soften hearts of stone;"

instead of constantly, as it were, urging the terrors of the law, and directing the young minds to the awful thunderings of Sinai, I would suggest that we endeavour to lead them to Calvary, to view Him who said, "I taught Ephraim to go, taking them by their arms; I drew them with cords as a man, with bands of love; and I was unto them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them" (Hosea xi. 3); for, as an old author says, "Nothing humbles and breaks the heart of a sinner like mercy and love: and while souls that hold much converse with sin and wrath may be greatly terrified, those who converse much with grace and mercy will be much humbled."

While, then, we would be anxious to teach the sovereignty of Jehovah, as the cause of all present and eternal happiness, I conceive we ought not to fail in manifesting our anxiety to pull down that great Dagon free-will, so that the rising generation should be delivered and kept in future years from the dangerous deceits of that religion which has the will of man for its origin, and the puffing up of the fleshly mind for its support, and which was the means whereby the arch enemy so readily succeeded in destroying the fidelity and happiness of our first parents. And we ourselves having learned that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Psm. cxi. 10); and knowing that a good understanding have all they that walk therein, may well be found exclaiming in the words of the Psalmist, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord" (Psm. xxxiv. 11). We shall then feel encouraged to hope concerning those we teach, that the set time to favour Zion will come (Psm. cii. 13), when they shall experience the fulfilment of the promise, "I will put my fear in their hearts, so that they shall not depart from me" (Jer. xxxii. 38). And thus they will thenceforward be led blessedly into the assurance that they are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation" (1 Pet. i. 5).

TARES AND WHEAT.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—It was from Dr. Ryland's niece I had the information respecting the brevity of his wedded life. She tells me his first wife did not live quite a year. The circumstance, at this distance of time, is of small importance, save that if one fact can be disproved, others of more moment are shaken in the opinion of the thoughtful. I remain yours in the faith,

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

PROTESTANT BEACON.

THE MOCKERY OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. R. J. M'GHEE.

To the Protestants of Great Britain and Ireland.

GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS,—If ever the Jesuits succeeded in baffling the policy, or in imposing on the weakness and credulity of a nation, they have succeeded beyond all precedent in their enterprises for more than half a century against the British Empire. I say with authority the Jesuits, for it is not only the testimony, but the boast, of their own historian—whose work I have published within this year—that, since the year 1814, they have ruled the destinies of Ireland, and they have now advanced to rule those of England too.

You, being made the dupes of their policy, are necessarily the unconscious instruments of your own dishonour. They rule you by a single phrase. They assert, they demand, they extort whatever they please; and they answer all your feeble remonstrances, they silence all your weak objections, with the cuckoo cry that they echo from your own lips, the cry of “Civil and Religious Liberty.”

You mean by these words the privilege of enjoying the liberties, civil and religious, secured, as you imagine, by the laws of England.

They mean by them the privilege of undermining those liberties with impunity, and of carrying into effect the canon law of Rome.

You mean the privilege of being freemen.

They mean the privilege of making you slaves.

They flatter you to raise the cry of “Civil and Religious Liberty,” and, like the fox who complimented the crow with the piece of cheese in her mouth on the beauty of her voice till he made her attempt to sing, they make you lose the substance, laughing at your ignorance and folly, and mocking you with the sound that you yourselves have made.

The cawing of a crow is as like the song of the nightingale as the sound and meaning of “Civil and Religious Liberty” in the mouth of a Jesuit are to the same words in that of a British Protestant. Look back for fifty years, from 1814 to 1864, and see whether the Jesuits or you have best developed your respective meaning of the terms.

Parliament had long abandoned the Christian principle of Britain's Constitution—that no one who would not renounce idolatry, and who was himself the slave of his priests, was fit to have any rule over a free Protestant people. They were content to let the fate of England rest on whether Rome retained her intolerant and persecuting principles, and in their blind ignorance of these principles they examined the bishops upon oath. Blinded by the innumerable perjuries of these men, who were the servile votaries of the Jesuits, and who were training the priests and people in the very principles and the very books which at the same time, they were renouncing and denying on their oath—bullied and intimidated by the agitations and threatenings of them, and of O'Connell, the pupil and tool of the Jesuits, who taught him to raise the cry of “Civil and Religious Liberty”—your Parliament, in opposition to the earnest wishes of the King, and in defiance to the loud remonstrances and unanimous

petitions of the nation, broke down the walls of your Protestant Constitution, and received the Trojan horse of Jesuitism and Popery within them.

Yes, truly—*facta armis*. You were beaten by Jesuits out of your mighty Protestant Constitution, and this was their first development of their meaning of "Civil and Religious Liberty."

Your statesmen having taken them and their votaries and instruments into their counsels, were compelled, as we daily see, to propitiate them for their support. The Constitution being sacrificed, it was but a step to sacrifice the Church, and ten bishoprics of the Church of Ireland were the next victims offered on the shrine. We were told it was to strengthen the Church and secure it from all future danger, which no doubt the Jesuits instilled into the weak and credulous dupes and agents of the spoliation, and thus made Protestants themselves, as they are proving this very day, the poor deluded instruments of their own disgrace, and developing the Jesuits' interpretation of "Civil and Religious Liberty."

Having levelled so much of the superstructure of the Church, it was a natural movement to undermine her foundation, and accordingly "the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone," the Word of the living God was rent from the education, not only of the wretched Roman Catholics, but of the children of the Protestant Church of Ireland, under the pretence of promoting united education. But the Jesuits were not to unite with Protestants in admitting the authority of Rome. No minister of the Protestant Church, no Protestant landlord in Ireland, had the common right of Christianity to open a school for his own parish or his own estate where the authority of God's Word was to be asserted over the children, though open freely to Roman Catholics if they chose to come. Not a farthing would the Government give him if he would not admit the Popish principle as well as the children into this school, that the authority of the priest should triumph over the authority of God, and the Bible be suppressed in the hours of education. He must give up the principles of his Church, the principles of his heart, his duty to his God, his duty to his neighbour, the just rights and privileges of a Christian and a British subject, that the Jesuits might triumph in their glorious interpretation of their favourite motto, so prolific of advantages to them; and you now pay more than £200,000 a year to carry out their system and illustrate their development of "Civil and Religious Liberty."

But this is Ireland—a poor Popish country, where we must make concessions to the prejudices of the people, but they dare not trench on British soil or British freedom. If they dare, the spirit of the nation would soon be roused against them! Indeed! It is now fourteen years since it pleased the Pope to send out certain engineers to parcel out your country, as a landlord might lay out the farms on his estate—to issue his mandate to appoint his officers to rule over your seat of Government, that Queen, Lords, and Commons might be placed under his jurisdiction, for, by the canon law of Rome, the Queen is his subject, but he is not hers.

The Prime Minister wrote a letter, which reminds one, in its effect on the nation, of Dryden's description of the effect of the lyre of Timotheus at Alexander's feast:—

"Break his bonds of sleep asunder
And rouse him with a rattling peal of thunder:
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Hath raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around!"

The nation seemed to be startled from its long and death-like slumber. Cities, counties, corporations, judges, lawyers, bishops, clergy, all seemed roused to vindicate the right of Britons. The British Lion seemed to start in all the majesty of royal rage from his den—the noble animal lashed his sides with his tail, and made the rocks re-echo with his roar. He burst into the House of Commons. The Jesuit Van Amburg met him as he entered—the creature growled and whined, but crouched beneath his master's feet. The iron bar was flourished over his head, and on it were inscribed the talismanic words, "Civil and Religious Liberty."

True to his master's orders, the Cardinal Prince of the holy Roman empire issued his official proclamation of the canon law of Rome within your shores, and told you that his bishops were ordained to carry out the same, but amusing himself with your prejudices, practising on your simplicity, laughing at your ignorance, like the wreath of Harmodius, that covered his sword, he wrapped up his proclamation in a long and flowery appeal to your liberality for the admission of his bishops on the irresistible claim of "Civil and Religious Liberty."

You boast—and England saw the day when you could boast with truth—the glorious blessing for your land of civil and religious liberty. Your lofty cliffs reared their heads in the brilliant light, and the sands of your shore sparkled in the beams of civil and religious liberty.

If the slave had escaped his master's murderous lash—if he had concealed himself among the cargo of his master's vessel, and that vessel had been bound for any port in England, the moment when her prow had touched your land the slave could spring from his hiding place, bound on your shore, fling his fetters to the deep, look his master in the face, and tell him he stood upon the glorious strand of "Civil and Religious Liberty."

Is it so yet? It is. Your shore can confer freedom on the slave; but for you, even in the very midst of England, your heart can be wrung by the canon law of Rome, under the fangs of Papal despotism.

How many do I now address whose daughters have fortunes in their own power, perhaps bequeathed by relatives, or derived from other sources. Not with more earnest gaze does the tiger watch the prey on which he hopes to spring, than the Jesuit the victim whose fortune he can hope to gain.

How many, alas! there are, some whom I myself have known, whose daughters, lured by Jesuitical imposture and intrigue, have been ensnared. Some child of your own, perhaps, taken even without your knowledge from your home and carried to a convent a poor, deluded, inexperienced, ignorant, but willing victim. Perhaps her fortune has been taken, with other similar fruits of unrelenting plunder, to purchase the prison-house of its unhappy victims.

Perhaps a handsome mansion, with a fine demesne; but there it stands, an insulated disgrace to your invaded, fallen Constitution. Those walls shall never echo to the sound of civil and religious liberty. The laws of Rome reign there as much as in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Your wretched child, once a deluded victim, but now a plundered and perhaps reluctant slave, betrayed, perhaps, like thousands, by the man who pretended to be her spiritual director. She may mourn over the madness of her rash and ruinous fall. She may "weep sore in the night, with her tears upon her cheek"—weep for one other fond embrace of a father's protecting arm, a mother's tenderness, a sister's love—long for another glance at her once happy home; but she must mourn, and weep, and long in vain—she shall never see them more. A prisoner for life in an accursed bastille, she shall languish unto death—if even that be left to nature

—in the midst of England, once free indeed, but now your falsely boasted land of “Civil and Religious Liberty.”

And do the men you send to Parliament as your representatives, do they indeed represent your principles, your feelings, your spirit as Britons or as men, when they succumb to the agents of Jesuits in your House of Commons, and suffer the laws of papal slavery to trample on the laws of British liberty in your land? You can visit the prisoner for debt, and your liberality may restore him to his home; you can visit the felon or the convict in his cell, and pour, perhaps, the balm of hope and consolation in his ear; you can visit the lunatic in his confinement, and, if God has once more blessed him with the light of reason, you may bring him forth again to freedom and his home;—but your child, the daughter of your heart, when once the Prince of darkness and his agent have immured her in a convent, you cannot dare to visit her—her lot is cast among a poor unhappy band, whom God may visit with the light of truth, and God may visit with the love of freedom, but they are bound in hopeless chains of slavery and bondage in your now falsely boasted land of “Civil and Religious Liberty.”

If ever the British House of Commons was dishonoured, if ever a body of British gentlemen, and British freemen, and men of spirit, and men of feeling, and men of honour, were disgraced, it was on that occasion when, after your representatives had voted by a majority of forty-five for the inspection—that is, for the protection of females in nunneries—they were bullied by the threat of those who think, no doubt, they do their duty, but who must do the bidding of their masters—beaten on their own floor, the floor of the British House of Commons, the vaunted arena of the greatest liberty on earth, and driven into a dastardly abandonment of the measures they themselves had carried.

Had it been to interfere with the religion of poor imprisoned nuns, to hinder their matins or their vespers, or to take away their beads or their scapulars, then it had been an injustice to introduce, and a duty to abandon such a measure. But it was no such thing; it was merely to ascertain their safety; to protect their persons and their honour; to know if they were willing captives in the cells; to leave them, if they were so, to their choice; and, if not, to tell them they were not to be chained by the despotism of papal canon law, but to be protected, and restored to freedom, if they pleased, under the arm of British law, and the banner of “Civil and Religious Liberty.”

And now, what do you please or intend to do? Are you content, in your own land, to be treated by papal Rome as their captive foes were treated by pagan Rome, and made to pass under the yoke? Is England to bow beneath that chain which Italy is shaking off her galled and weary neck?

Are you to give the noble Garibaldi a deserved and honoured welcome, while you abandon the lofty principles that thrilled his heart and nerved his arm, and made him worthy of all the honour you bestow?

Awake! Awake to a sense of what is due to yourselves, your children, your laws, your liberties, your religion, your sovereign, and your country. Tell your compromising representatives that they must do their duty; or that you will find men that will. Awake to rescue your sovereign from the thralldom, your country from the disgrace, your statesmen from the low and grovelling position into which they have fallen of “compromising with popery,” for leave to carry on the Government of their Sovereign and their country.—I have the honour to be gentlemen, friends, your faithful friend and servant,

Holywell, St. Ives, Hunts.

R. J. M'GHEE.

EXTORTION OF THE POPISH PRIESTS.

In a pamphlet, published by the Rev. Charles Burke, a former parish priest of Killala, a district in the extreme west of Ireland, a statement was given of the amount received by him in dues, offerings, etc. Referring to this document in a way of authentication, the Rev. T. W. Dixon, the successor to Mr. Burke, and afterwards the Protestant curate of Drogheda, gave the following schedule, as the amount he received while priest of the parish:—

Confession of the younger people in the parish, making an average of two in each family, at 6d. each at Christmas	40	0	0
Ditto, at Easter	40	0	0
A charge of 2s. 6d. on each house or family—gross total of families, 800	100	0	0
Collection of corn, worth 1s. 3d. from each house	50	0	0
Collections on Christmas day and Easter Sunday, by a rule in the parish, 6d. each time, off each house	40	0	0
Forty marriages at 28s. 2d. each	56	6	8
One hundred and fifty Baptisms at 3s. 4d. each	25	0	0
Legacies on death, average forty, at 10s. each, including the price of a mass to remove the soul from purgatory	20	0	0
Charge for anointing, 1s. 1d. each time—average number of times 200	10	16	8
Making offices for sick or diseased cattle, 1s. 1d. for each office—average number 150	8	2	6
Private masses for private intentions—price varying	15	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£405	5	10

To be deducted—			
The old priest's charge	30	0	0
Fees paid the Bishop out of the marriages, his charge being half-a-guinea for each marriage in the diocese	22	11	6
Amount paid to the Bishop as an annual rate for the holy oils	2	5	6
Ditto, ditto, for dinners at his own table	2	5	6
Ditto, ditto, for procuring oats for his horse	2	5	6
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59 8 0

£345 17 10

Leaving a balance of £45 17s. 13d. as a set-off against bad debts and paupers.

In the above statement, I have not included the advantages of living at the charge of the parishioners, who are obliged to feed the priest, and his horse, and his servant, and that in the most expensive manner.

THOMAS WILLIAM DIXON.

Curate of St. Peter's, Drogheda.

In reference to the foregoing, I would merely say, if such sums are realized in the wildest districts of the country, what must they be in the more cultivated and better inhabited parts? In a small town, about six miles from Dublin, the receipts of the parish priest have been calculated at between £800 and £900 per annum; to suppose he would relinquish such an income is the extreme of folly. It is their money, and not their souls. "And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you: whose judgments now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not" (2 Pet. ii. 3).

Sydney.

J. B. M.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 94, }
NEW SERIES. }

OCTOBER, 1864.

{ No. 1,186,
{ OLD SERIES.

COVENANT RELATIONSHIP AND CHILDLIKE APPEAL,

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."—
EPH. iii. 14.

BRETHREN, beloved, we have often—yea, very often—been the subject of fear lest, in our approaches to the throne of grace, we have come without the eye being sufficiently *fixed upon Christ*. It is declared that "there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." Again spake Jesus, "No man cometh unto the Father, but *by me*." Then, again, we know that out of Christ "our God is a consuming fire." Hence we have often been deeply apprehensive lest our resorting to the throne of grace has not been in a presumptuous way. There has been the naming of the name of Christ, certainly; there has been the usual summing up of one's petition, that this and that may be done "*for Christ's sake*;" but there has been withal the fear lest, after all, there has not been a lack of heart—of a whole and a sole dependence upon *Christ*, as the alone ground of hope for acceptance.

Reader, do you understand us?

- And we have feared, too, whether the *natural* may not have interfered with, or been an absolute substitute for, the *spiritual*—the *earthly* for the *heavenly*. We mean to say, we have been apprehensive lest our parental emotions—the natural sympathy and anxiety and tenderness of heart, as a creature—might not have clashed with the true spiritual and saving work and operation of the Holy Ghost, whereby He leads the poor convinced sinner out of and off from himself to a *simple looking to and leaning upon Christ, in His own Divine Person*. Such sinner, being made deeply sensible of his own vileness, guilt, and deformity, is brought, by the Holy Ghost, to rest solely and entirely upon the *blood of Christ as his atoning sacrifice*, and the *righteousness of Christ* as his alone *justification* before God.

Now we candidly admit, that, although there has been a thorough conviction in the judgment that thus and thus in and through Christ alone is salvation—yea, that "there is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we can be saved," there has, at the same time, been the fear of a lack, practically and experimentally, of *heartfelt dependence on Christ*, and a resorting to the throne of grace—a going to the Father—without that whole and sole reliance—that absolute dependence—upon *Christ* which is essential to a coming acceptably.

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Upon these grounds we have been at times disposed to construe the words of the apostle James, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

On the other hand, beloved, it would appear to us as though our Lord's disciples were tried and exercised precisely upon an opposite principle. With them the *natural* was acting in a directly contrary direction; for, when Jesus had apprised them of the fact, that "in His Father's house were many mansions," and that He "went to prepare a place for them," they did not comprehend Him when He said, "If ye had known me, ye should have known *my Father* also: and from henceforth ye know Him, and have seen Him." In reply, "Philip saith unto Him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake" (John xiv. 8—11).

Does it not therefore, reader, appear, that there was in the disciples a want of true spiritual God-wrought faith, so that in the person of Christ they might see the blessedness of the truth, that "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the God-head bodily?" The Father, in His boundless love and ineffable grace and marvellous condescension, was manifested in and by the Son; but the eyes of the disciples were "holden," that they knew Him not. They saw Christ with the natural eye—they beheld Him in His humanity, but knew little of Him in His Divinity; they had, as it were, only occasional glimpses of Him as *the Christ*, the *anointed of the Father*, full of grace and truth. Hence they lacked a recognition of the Father in Christ; but now that Christ, in His human nature, was about to leave them, they were to live and walk by *faith*, and not as previously, principally by sight and sense. Hence the *carnal* was to give place to the *spiritual*, and that saying of Jesus was to be verified, "From henceforth ye know Him, and have seen Him." "At that day (through the operations of the Spirit, and by the power of that precious faith which He shall work in you) ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."

But, beloved, although we have been (as already intimated) the subject of many fears lest we should, in our approaches to the throne of grace, have been *overlooking* Christ, and thus *dishonouring* Him; yet, on the other hand, we have found unspeakable comfort from such passages as that now before us, where the eye of the apostle was directed immediately to the *Father*. Nor was this in the least wise to the *neglect* or *dishonour* of the *Son*, for he had previously most distinctly affirmed that it was "through Him we both (Jews and Gentiles) have access by one Spirit unto the Father;" and again, He says, "In whom [that is, in Christ] we have boldness and access with confidence by the face of Him." "Wherefore," he says—that is, seeing that God hath been pleased to raise me up, "who am the least of all saints," to preach among (such sinners as) the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ: and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ: to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord"—inasmuch as all this is in accordance with Jehovah's own infinite wisdom, whilst working out the eternal purposes of His own loving and gracious heart, "I desire that ye faint not at my tribulations for you, which

is your glory." The apostle meant to say in reference to them, as well as to himself, the Lord was, by the afflictions wherewith he was exercised, only executing His own declared will. He had said, at the calling by grace of Paul, "I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake;" and the apostle had testified to the Corinthians, "And whether *we* be afflicted, it is for *your* consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; or whether *we* be comforted, it is for *your* consolation and salvation: and our hope of you is steadfast, knowing that as *ye* are partakers of the sufferings, so shall *ye* be also of the consolation." In his address likewise to the Thessalonians, he says, "That no man should be moved by these afflictions; for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto." He meant to say, that, by afflictions as a means and an instrument, God was working out His purposes of love and mercy towards Paul, and giving others through him to behold the nature, preciousness, and all-sufficiency of His wisdom, grace, and love, Thus the Ephesians were to glory in the tribulations of the apostle, seeing that they all point to him as an example and a pattern of what God's grace could do—that grace being made all-sufficient in every time of trial, temptation, and sorrow. "My grace is sufficient for thee" was legibly inscribed upon all that the apostle was called to pass through. And as it was with the apostle, so has it been, and so shall it ever continue to be, with respect to all the Lord's living family. Daily strength for daily needs. All the wisdom and the grace and the power, that their varied circumstances require shall assuredly be granted; so it is written, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

"His grace shall to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine."

But the apostle adds, "For this cause [in order that you may have a clearer and more blessed insight into the things of which I have been speaking] I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that *He* would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." And so the apostle writes likewise in the first chapter of this same epistle, "Wherefore I also, after I heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints, cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers; that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him" (Eph. i. 15—17).

Beloved, here is the point to which we would specially direct your attention, namely, the apostle's direct reference to *the Father*, and his expressed desire that *He Himself* would graciously vouchsafe the desired mercy. As we have before intimated, here our own mind has been comforted, and upon these grounds our fears and apprehensions have at least in measure been dispelled, as to an indifference or neglect of the Son.

We have known what it was again and again to be enabled to look up, and to call God our Father—our own God in covenant; realizing at the same time such unspeakable comfort, such an unearthly satisfaction, such a peculiar, special, precious joy, from the felt conviction and assurance that He was indeed our Father; and, as a father, sensible of and alive to all our sorrows, cares, troubles, temptations, come they from whatever source, or arise they from whatever cause. And we have thought, too, "Can this be presumption? Can this be merely

natural? Is it of earth, and simply of the creature, not from heaven and of God? Can I *at all times* feel thus? Do I *always* know what it is to roll myself upon Him, and to breathe out of the fulness of my heart—though it be but in whispers—the endearing name of ‘Father! Father! Yes, Thou art in very deed my Father?’ On the contrary, have I not known tens of thousands of times what it was to feel that such language would have been the very height of presumption; that, conscious of at least heart-backslidings, there has been such a cloud upon the mind—such a shyness—such a distance—that to approach Him—to get near—to realize afresh His tender embraces, and hear again His soothing love-words, was, for the time being, a felt impossibility?”

Not only so, although there has been the personal knowledge of, and inward satisfaction arising from, covenant immutabilities—the unchangeable love of a covenant God and Father in Christ—there has been, at the same time, as just intimated, on account of a felt ingratitude, or unbelief, or worldliness, or carnality, a shyness, a hesitation, a doubting for the time being, whether one was at liberty to say Father—whether there was a welcome in waiting for one at the throne of grace. There has been the fear and the doubt lest the “golden sceptre” should be held out; and, until subsequently brought up by a diversity of exercise—it may be from the urgency of the case, or from (so to speak) the desperation of love, the soul could not say, “I will go in unto the King, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish.” Yes, yes, the Lord’s dear people know what the cleaving, and the alluring, and the speaking to the heart, is. They know the momentous distinction, in the rich experience of the mercy, between the Lord’s saying, “I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early;” and His loving and generous inquiry, “What wilt thou? what is thy request? it shall be given thee.”

Reader, do you know experimentally the distinction of which we speak? And do you know, upon these grounds, what it is at one time to be enabled, in sweet childlike simplicity, to call God Father, and realize all the preciousness and the power thereof; whereas, at other times, and for the reasons we have assigned, if not from absolute doubts as to the reality of the relationship, yet from a deep sense of sin and personal departures and defilement, you have felt, for the time being, a trembling, and a dread, and an absolute impracticability in the attempt, if so be you have ventured to make that attempt?

But with regard to the relationship, in the calm review of the whole subject, is there nothing, beloved, to justify these feelings and this sweet and blessed experience of having a Father to look to and rejoice in? Let us, for a moment, consider the matter. We will come to the word and to the testimony. What read we in the 103rd Psalm? “Like as a *father* pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust” (Psalm ciii. 13, 14). Again, “But I said, How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations? And I said, Thou shalt call me, *My Father*; and shalt not turn away from me” (Jer. iii. 19). Again, “Look down from heaven, and behold from the habitation of Thy holiness and of Thy glory: where is Thy zeal and thy strength, the sounding of Thy bowels and of Thy mercies toward me? are they restrained? Doubtless Thou art *our Father*, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: Thou, O Lord, art *our Father*, our Redeemer; Thy name is from everlasting” (Isa. lxiii. 15, 16). Again, “Is Ephraim my dear *son*? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are

troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxi. 20).

Then, in the New Testament Scriptures, we have the same sweet and blessed encouragement. When the disciples desired Jesus to teach them a prayer, even as John taught his disciples, to whom did He teach them to direct their petitions, and how were they to preface their requests? With "*our Father!*" Again, in His memorable sermon upon the mount, how often does He make use of the self-same endearing name. No less than twelve times is it expressed in the 6th chapter of Matthew; and then having so sweetly and graciously exhorted them—"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" He condescendingly appeals to them, by way of argument and illustration, "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?" He adds, "If ye then, *being evil*, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him" (Matt. vii. 9, 10, 11).

Furthermore, after His resurrection, and when conferring with Mary, what was the love message He sent to His poor wayward disciples? "Go to *my brethren*, and say unto them, I ascend unto *my Father* and *your Father*; and to *my God* and *your God*."

Oh, beloved, how unspeakably blessed is this! What marvellous grace and what astounding love and condescension! Reader, do you realize somewhat of the power and preciousness thereof?

But, further, with regard to this blessed relationship, and this near and endearing claim of Father, what does the apostle say in the 8th chapter of his epistle to the Romans? "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, *Abba, Father*. [*Abba, my Father*, or *Abba, dear Father*, as some render it]. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together." Again, "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, *Abba, Father*. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ" (Gal. iv. 6, 7).

Again, in His parting address to His disciples, as given in the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel, Jesus said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in *my* name, that will *I* do, that the *Father* may be glorified in the *Son*. If ye shall ask any thing in *my* name, *I* will do it." He said also, in the same address, "Ye have heard how *I* said unto you, *I* go away and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because *I* said, *I* go unto the *Father*: for *my Father* is greater than *I*" (John xiv. 28).

Then what does the apostle desire, in the very words before us, but that "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ [*His* Father, as well as *our* Father—*our* Father as well as *His* Father] of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named [oh, sweet comprehensiveness; blessed bond of family relationship—union—identity] that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God" (Eph. iii. 16—19).

What, then, is the summing up of the matter, with regard to this simple childlike appeal to the Father? What, but that it is one of the sweet fruits and blessed effects of adoption? That the very desire, and the occasional sweet enabling, to look up to God, and call Him "my Father," is the blessed result and consequence of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. That there is, at the same time, a secret, absolute, and effectual looking to and entire dependence upon the Lord Jesus Christ, in His precious blood-shedding and justifying righteousness, as the alone ground of hope and trust. Moreover, that there is that blessed reciprocity of which the Lord Christ Himself testified when, having exclaimed, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight;" He added, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him" (Matt. xi. 25—27).

Totterdown, Bristol, Sept., 1864.

THE EDITOR.

PLEASANT STUDY OF A PLEASANT BOOK.

"THE works of the Lord are great, and *sought out* of them that have pleasure therein." So wrote one of old time; and to that sentiment surely will respond God's people of all times. Surely, if animated by the Spirit who taught the poet, they will enjoy with me those words of Cowper, where, after describing the view which the believer takes of creation, he adds that such

"Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'"

With such a feeling, the study of any branch of natural history is no idle pursuit. How an affectionate son carefully preserves the pretty little toy which a father's love made—a father's hand skilful to form; and how the daughter treasures the piece of needlework wrought by the beloved mother! Ah, these might be valueless to the indifferent, but they are invaluable to those who cherish the remembrance of that love to which these seeming trifles still testify.

And shall not this feeling prevail in larger, higher, purer degree, with reference to all the works of our great Father? Do we take the philosopher's telescope and spirit of investigation, and, aided by these, climb in contemplation to starry heights, and expatiate in the immeasurable fields of incomprehensible space? How instantly we become sensible of the infinite greatness of the Author and Ruler of all, and how we feel our atom-like littleness! Those bodies, so immense that our minds utterly fail to grasp the idea of their size, even though mathematical precision may furnish us with figures; those distances which, spoken of in miles, almost surpass the power of numeration, and are wholly beyond any representation we can make to our minds; and those periods which, measured by our years, are such that the whole period of the known history of the world (its nearly six thousand years) does not seem enough to make one "tick" for the great clock of eternity!

Countless bodies, extensive circuits, rapid revolutions are before us. Stillness, or absence of motion or action, seems not to exist in the vast universe; but all arrangements are so perfectly adjusted, that disorder can never and nowhere be found. Collisions never occur. During the thousands of revolu-

tions of the earth round the sun, what unfailing punctuality—the slight apparent difference which gives us the precession of the equinoxes making only a regular though slow progression of change, which perhaps the few letters of the alphabet of science that we can as yet spell will not enable us fully to comprehend.

So exact are all these powers and bodies in the universe in obeying the laws by which their Creator has governed them, that man has been enabled to calculate with the utmost precision various movements and appearances extending over many years. How strange that ever a mind thus gifted should become so intoxicated or dizzy with success as to fail to recognize the Creator in His creation! Rather should the reflection be, that the endowing of the spirit of man with faculties capable of attaining such knowledge, should be matter of as great admiration as the subjects of that knowledge.

Do we return to the earth and follow the geologist in his research? Besides the pleasure afforded to those minds delighting to roam at large over wide fields of speculation, we have unfolded pages of the history of unknown ages; and, imperfectly as we can decipher the characters, we trace a gigantic flora, and a colossal zoology, which seem to reduce us to pigmy proportions.

We examine the numerous strata of which the surface of the earth is built; or rather, perhaps, of which the crust is composed. We find both regularity and regular irregularity. In this book of science we feel that we have, as yet, scarcely learned how to put two letters together; and of igneous and aqueous origins we as yet know next akin to nothing. But, related to these, what sublimities does the western world display to us. The snow-capped Andes, with volcanoes active or extinct; the rapid, rushing, roaring rainbow-crowned Niagara; the mammoth cave, with its miles of subterranean paths; its lengthy corridors, its lofty domes, its starry roofed chambers! its silent, waveless, limpid river, with its eyeless fish; the awful fathomless depths, and yet unexplored paths of wonder and beauty;—who can contemplate all these and remain unmoved?

I cannot but regard it as one of the many proofs of the kindness of providential arrangements, that some are endued with so enterprising a spirit and insatiable desire to explore the wonders of nature, that they are impelled to take adventurous and oftentimes perilous journeys; and then, having a communicative disposition, are led on to publish the results to the world. By this, many who are prevented from like expeditions by delicacy of constitution, narrow means, or countless hindering circumstances, yet who have capacity of mind to desire and appreciate all these researches, may have the delight of travelling by deputy. Closing their eyes to the present, aided by the vivid descriptions of intelligent travellers, they may call up and almost realize scenes of the far distant. There may pass before the mental vision panoramic views of interest, grandeur, magnificence, and wild sublimity.

Can we wonder that the chemist almost loses himself in the absorbing interest of his pursuit? By his analyses what results are arrived at as consequences of union and separation, composing and decomposing. In crystallography, assisted by the microscope, the student has a world of beautiful forms to delight his eye.

In botany and zoology we have the pleasure of inexhaustible variety: a certain degree of likeness in vegetable and animal life and organization, and yet so marked differences; in both how wonderful the contrivances, more or less complicated, for the supply of air and life-sustaining fluids.

For myself, a chief delight is the history of the animal world. Beyond their curious structure, always exactly adapted to their position and mode of life, how entertaining to consider their habits. Reflect on their skill in architecture—the

beaver constructing his mole; birds building their nests in so many different ways; the bee shaping the curious cell so as to make the most of space, with the least possible waste of room. Then what admirable proofs of foresight in providing for dangers and emergencies, as well as wants. All these exhibitions of instinctive skill are marvels to be explained only by remembering that He who furnished man with a mind capable of improvement, gave to inferior creatures at once the knowledge they needed in their several situations, so exactly proportioning the supply to the want that no improvement is required or could be suggested.

The pen may grow weary with relating, where the mind is not weary with reviewing, all these instances of the Creator's wisdom and bounty.

It was a prominent thought with Palissy—one, too, well brought out in the life of that good man, as published by the Religious Tract Society—"Great is the pleasure of studying nature as the handiwork of the Lord, beholding and uttering His praise therein." If it were for that alone, I should be glad to see the "Life of Palissy" in the hands of every young friend especially.

Even in this natural science, while we wonder and admire, we see very much beyond our present comprehension—many things for which we cannot find the why. How much more, then, may we expect to find them, in that higher and holier revelation of the things of the Spirit. Surely, then, it becomes us to sit at the footstool of God as humble, grateful, loving, and obedient children, meekly learning all that He is pleased to teach, and contented to leave in trust with Him all that He is pleased to conceal. Then shall we peruse with ever fresh, wholesome, and life-cheering pleasure the two great volumes of God's book—Nature and Scripture.

Bristol.

ETA.

THOUGHTS IN A GRAVEYARD.

HAVING half-an-hour to spare, whilst on a short visit to a neighbouring city, we thought we should like to see again the grave of a beloved friend. Seven years had passed since we had last seen it, and the aspect of the place was, in some respects, so changed, that though we sought diligently, and inquired anxiously of those connected with the place, for the grave in question, we were unsuccessful. Thought we, "Ah, there is One who marks the place; One whose eye is perpetually on it; One to whom the contents of that tomb are unspeakably dear. He will not overlook nor can He forget those mouldering relics, for they are united to Himself. That lifeless body, now rapidly decaying, and again assimilating itself to its kindred dust, is purchased by His death—not 'redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot.' He watches over it. Whoso toucheth it toucheth the apple of His eye. It shall sleep on there in perfect peace and safety, until the resurrection morn, and then, at sound of the archangel's trump, shall rise in His own image, to be reunited to its ransomed spirit, and, body and soul then glorified together, shall bask in the unclouded sunshine of His presence through the blissful ages of vast eternity."

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the archangel's trump shall sound;
Then burst my bonds with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise."

D.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

(PENCILLED DURING A TOUR UP THE RHINE.)

Monday, July 18, 1864.—Oh, how soon, very soon, is the mind drawn off from Christ, and the things that pertain to our eternal welfare! How easily does any earthly object absorb the attention, and bring dearth into the soul. We have felt this in the care attendant upon preparation for our journey. And yet, with all this, the Christian can say the under-current of desire is ever after Christ, and, wherever he may go, no spot on earth is anything without Him. Dear Lord, enable us now, in starting upon our tour, to feel the comfort of those words so precious to us this morning, "For the Lord will go before you, and the God of Israel will be your rereward" (Isaiah lii. 12). Before parting with our dear ones, read to them the closing verses of the 13th of Hebrews, especially dwelling upon the 20th and 21st verses: "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Dear Lord, take care of them during our absence. We commit them into thy Fatherly care and keeping.

At Manningtree, passed a heap of broken fragments of a train, which, a day or two since, had run off the line, and become precipitated over the embankment, killing the guard, and injuring a number of passengers. Dear Lord, how gracious Thou hast been to us! We have travelled times without number, and yet been preserved; no harm has been suffered to befall us. We would keep alive to Thy goodness, and never cease to adore Thee. Nine o'clock, p.m., went on board the steam-ship at Harwich. Dear wife fearful, yet comforted with the promise vouchsafed, "The Lord *will* go before you." A very anxious passage across; instead of being eight hours, we were seventeen, five of which we were beating about outside a dangerous bar that stretches itself across the entrance of the river Maas. At midnight, in our berth, read the 121st Psalm. The 3rd and 8th verses seemed peculiarly precious: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." After many tremblings, the Lord proving better to us than them all, we arrived at the Hotel des Bains Bompjees (*i. e.*, little trees), Rotterdam. After a rest, walked with an interpreter about the interesting old town. Passing the fine bronze statue of Erasmus in the Groote Maarkt, wended our way through narrow streets to the Bible *dépôt* of the British and Foreign Bible Society. With a letter of introduction kindly furnished by the Rev. W. P. Tiddy, of Camberwell, we went in. Van Dorp, the *colporteur*, was from home, but I had the following conversation with his Dutch wife, through the interpreter:—"Do you love Jesus?" An animated smile of joy answered the question. "Then we are one in Christ—unknown but well known." Again did that countenance bespeak a hallowed assent. "Then, if we never meet in the flesh, we shall meet above," pointing upwards. "Oh, yah! yah!" with another sweet smile of consent. We felt that we were talking to a sister in Christ, and should meet where all will talk one language. We left, with an arrangement for Van Dorp to visit us at the hotel next morning, which he did, and we were rejoiced to hear of his work for the Lord among the Dutch people.

Wednesday, 20th.—Travelled from Rotterdam to Cologne, passing through Utrecht, Emmerich, Dusseldorf, and other interesting places. And now the

Christian traveller must be struck with the unmistakable signs of Antichrist which abound on the right hand and on the left. At every station he will see cadaverous-looking priests, in long, flowing black coats, and frequently he will have one of these emissaries of Rome as his travelling companion—so that he feels he must beware how he acts and talks. Altogether, he will become painfully aware that he is in a popish country. Emmerich being the first Prussian town on the right bank of the Rhine, passports are *visé* here, and luggage examined. We arrived late in the eve at Deutz, on the opposite side to Cologne, and proceeded across the bridge of boats to that fine city. The effect from this bridge was singularly beautiful: thousands of lights were reflected in the flowing Rhine, and the city itself seemed like a vast illumination. We arrived at our hotel thoroughly weary, and after refreshment and prayer, retired—not to rest, for this seemed impossible in continental beds.

Thursday, 21st.—After breakfast, walked to the magnificent cathedral of Cologne. Hundreds of dirty school children were entering one of its splendid portals. This cathedral was destined to be the noblest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe; but, although commenced in 1248, it remains unfinished, for want of funds. Still, the interior, with its hundreds of columns supporting the frescoed roof, has a grand and gorgeous effect. When we walked up the splendid nave, we found numbers of carpenters and decorators at work, and, in answer to our inquiries, were told that they were preparing for "*the grand festival of the Three Kings.*" The fact is, that behind the high altar of this cathedral is the celebrated Chapel of the Three Kings; for, as the Jesuits tell you, therein are deposited the skulls of the magi who came from the East with their presents for the infant Saviour. Their skulls, inscribed with their names, Jasper, Melchior, and Belthazar, written in rubies, are exhibited in view through an opening in the shrine, crowned with diadems—a ghastly contrast indeed! These skulls, with the records of the kings, were to be brought out, and, with great pomp, paraded through the streets of Cologne. A person at our hotel inquired whether we were not going to remain in Cologne to witness this grand festival of the three kings. I said to him, "What kings?" He responded, in broken English, "Why, the three kings." I asked, "Are you a Catholic?" He said, "Oh, yes!" "Then," I resumed, "tell me what three kings' skulls you are going to worship?" He could not. No; it is sufficient with these poor deluded creatures if the priests make a great parade and show: they put implicit confidence in their priests, without knowing the purport of their wily movements. Although we did not stay to witness this mockery, we saw enough in connection therewith greatly to pain us; for, from an early hour the following Sabbath morning at Bonn, continuous processions of countrywomen, following priests with raised crucifixes, muttering their Paternosters and Ave Marias at the beck of the priests, passed our windows on their way to a shrine at Godesberg. We are told that for such festive occasions these Ave Marias are divided into decades, representing the principal mysteries of the life of our Saviour or of His blessed Mother, as a matter of meditation whereon the mind is to exercise itself whilst at prayer; and the method consists in raising corresponding affections in the will during the recital of each decade; and so these poor things strive to work themselves up into a devotional spirit. Oh, how the heart sickens at the exhibition of the deceptions and doings of "the great whore that sitteth upon many waters." To witness her subtlety and abominations would indeed cast down the spirit of the child of God, but for such prophecies and promises as these: "Though Babylon should mount up to heaven, and though she should fortify the height of her strength, yet from me shall the spoilers come,

saith the Lord" (Jer. li. 53); "The word of the Lord shall be fulfilled" (Rev. xvii. 17); "The Lamb shall overcome them" (Rev. xvii. 14).

We gladly turn away from popish mummeries, and from the grand cathedral of Cologne, and wend our way to the Bible Society Dépôt. Here again, through the kindness of Mr. Tiddy, we were welcomed, and while waiting amidst piles of Bibles for M. Kryzer, we felt at least in a more congenial atmosphere. But, upon looking into these Bibles, and finding them printed in languages unknown, never did I feel the force of that expression so much, "a *dead letter*;" and that just as those Bibles were perfectly unintelligible to me, so is the word of God, unclothed by the Spirit of God, to every unregenerate sinner "a *dead letter*." What a mercy, to have been "made alive" by the Spirit of the word, the Holy Ghost.

Obtaining an introduction to M. Hieronimus, that Christian gentleman courteously conducted us over the printing establishment, showing us a fac-simile of the beautiful German Bible presented to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. It was gratifying to learn, in the midst of the popish superstition abounding, that a real work for God was going on, and that the issues of the Scriptures from this establishment had increased by more than 30,000 copies during the past year, the actual circulation of German, Dutch, and Swedish Bibles having amounted to 86,488, and the issue to other dépôts to 39,463, making a total of 125,951 issues during the past year. May God the Spirit accompany the Word circulated with His power, baffling thereby the work of Antichrist, and saving precious souls!

From Cologne we proceeded by steamer to Bonn, which as we approached, the summits of the famous Siebenberge (*i. e.*, seven mountains) rose gradually to view. "This is the entrance into the 'Paradise of Germany,' as that portion of the Rhine is called between Bonn and Mayence." Having an introduction to Dr. Graham, the minister of the Scotch Church at Bonn, we found out this dear man of God, and shall not easily forget his hearty welcome in the name of the Lord to a company of strangers; it was an exhibition of the language of the Psalmist, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Psalm cxviii. 26). Through Dr. Graham's assistance, we now obtained comfortable apartments in the Coblenzter Strasse, and felt to have more of a home than we had done since leaving happy England. What a sweet word is that word *home*!

Friday, 21st.—Walked about Bonn. Saw the bronze statue of Beethoven, erected in 1845, in the Munster Platz.

Saturday, 22nd.—Went over the academical Hall at Bonn, decorated with modern frescoes, painted under the direction of Cornelius by his pupils. In the evening, joined Dr. Graham and a party of seventeen in a trip across the Rhine. It was a lovely evening, and we wended our way through nut and vine-fields; but, alas! by the roadside, and in almost every nook and corner, the traveller meets with pictures and carvings of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus in her arms, and many are the poor deluded creatures who cross themselves and mutter their Ave Marias before such shrines. At the top of a hill commanding an extensive view of the Rhine, we came to a *restaurant*, where is to be had delicious coffee and dickie (*i. e.*, thick) milk. Afterwards, left the party and strolled into a miserable Catholic church, and saw therein a poor little boy confessing to a priest, who was leaning back in the confessional with a handkerchief over his face. Kneeling down by the side of his "ghostly father," the little fellow is made to cross himself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and then has to ask the priest's blessing in these words: "Pray, father, give me your blessing, for I have sinned." After this, he has to accuse himself of his sins, adding, after each sin, the number of times he has

committed it, most humbly asking pardon of God, and penance and absolution of his ghostly father. About a dozen more little boys were waiting also to pass through this ordeal, and all this in the face of God's emphatic command, "My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, *and make confession unto Him.*" I came out of this place pained and grieved at heart.

Sunday, 24th.—This was a day of sweet refreshing of soul. Dr. Graham preached a Christ-honouring sermon from these words: "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world" (1 John iv. 4).

Monday, 25th.—Went by steamer to Rollandseck, then across the Rhine to Königswinter, and up the far-famed Drachenfels. Resting on the summit of the mountain path, a most beautiful view burst upon us. The land is parcelled out into innumerable sections of about half an acre each, so that at a great height the outstretched country looks like the most beautiful mosaic-work conceivable. It was while resting upon this lovely spot the following verses broke in upon my spirit, causing a thrill of joy not easily described:—

<p>"As when the weary trav'ler gains The height of some o'erlooking hill, His heart revives if 'cross the plains He eyes his home, then distant still.</p>	<p>"'Tis there,' he says, 'I am to dwell With Jesus, in the realms of day; Then shall I bid my cares farewell, And He shall wipe my tears away."</p>
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Tuesday, 26th.—Went to the Castle of Godesberg—a fine old castle, commanding beautiful views of the Rhine. In ascending, we came upon a rude sepulchre, and, looking through the iron bars, traced in the gloom of the interior a plaster representation of our Saviour's body, with an angel at the head and another at the foot. It was truly shocking to look into that wretched cavern. Upon coming down, went into the church, and saw a priest being decked in a flimsy lace robe, and then go to the altar and baptize an infant. Outside the church was a large crucifix, with its outstretched figure depicting a suffering Saviour, very painful to look at.

Wednesday, 27th.—Went by steamer up the Rhine to Coblenz, a strongly fortified town, and the capital of Rhenish Prussia. It occupies a large triangle, formed by the influx of the Moselle into the Rhine. Crossing the bridge of boats, we came to the foot of the rocky fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and, having obtained an order, toiled up to the summit. The view from here is very fine, extending as far as the mountains of Lorraine. A Prussian soldier who accompanied us, pointing to a stone seat, told us that some years ago Queen Victoria had ascended the fortress at early dawn, in order to see the sun rise, and had breakfast while seated there. We had, therefore, the honour of sitting where our beloved Queen had sat, and we thought of that passage, "I the Lord have strength. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold, and my revenue than choice silver" (Prov. viii. 16—19). Returning by steamboat to Bonn, we had two monks as travelling companions. They were dressed in coarse brown cloaks and hoods, and had bare feet. When they parted with some priests, they kissed each on the cheek.

Thursday, 28th.—Had a sweet season of reflection while sitting on the banks of the Rhine, looking across to the Siebengeberge (seven mountains) melting into airy distance, and felt the force of those well-known words—

"In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee;
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands;

Thy love a sea immensely wide;
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide."

Friday, 29th.—By steamer from Bonn to Biebrich. The scenery beyond Coblenz is grand and beautiful. Truly do "turreted towns, castellated ruins, and vine-terraced hills, succeed each other in picturesque profusion." We were much struck, too, with the extraordinary rafts on the Rhine, which are, in fact, vast floating islands of timber, the produce of forests on the banks of the river, hurled down in single logs, and accumulated till they become six or seven hundred feet in length, when they are fastened together and floated on the stream. We were told that at St. Goar there are very dangerous rapids, and sometimes these rafts are drawn under the water several feet, which has resulted in many a poor fellow meeting with a watery grave. We thought, oh what numbers are standing upon slippery rafts, and being carried down the rapids of time to certain destruction. What a mercy to be on the Rock, on a safe footing, where we can say, come what will, "*I shall not be greatly moved.*" The shades of evening drew over the beautiful landscape as we neared Biebrich, and caught the first glance of the summer palace of the Duke of Nassau. From thence we proceeded by omnibus to Wiesbaden—certainly a singularly interesting German watering-place. Arriving late, we were much struck with the beautiful effect produced by the fountains in the centre of the Kursaal being lit up with gas. And yet, alas! in this great colonnade, with its hundreds of orange-trees sending forth their fragrant perfume, are situated those splendid gambling-rooms which lead to the ruin of so many men of the world. It being a sultry evening, the windows of one of these magnificent halls were open, so that we could see a gay circle, composed of old and young, surrounding a perfectly smooth table covered with rich green cloth, and playing, we presume, at billiards. It was terrible to watch their eager countenances, especially that of an aged lady, playing with pitiable zeal, and doubtless staking thousands of pounds. Oh, the misery that must attend such a course of sin. A gentleman in the train told us that, last year, when he was staying at the Four Seasons Hotel, in the Kursaal, an American gentleman, having lost his all in one of those gambling rooms, returned to the hotel and shot himself in his bed-room; adding that this is nothing uncommon. Ah, truly is "the snare laid for the wicked, and a trap for him in the way: terrors shall make him afraid on every side;" "His end is destruction."

Saturday, 30th.—Got up at an early hour, and witnessed the novel sight of hundreds of well dressed persons and invalids wending their way to the Kochbrunnen (boiling spring), and having been supplied with a glass cup of this mineral water, they walked up and down a shady colonnade sipping it. This water is said to be a cure for the pains of tormenting gout and rheumatism. Oh, how we thought of our dear Redeemer at the well of Samaria, and of His gracious words—"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." Ah, beloved, you and I know of a spring that will cure a sin-sick soul; and is far more efficacious than the waters of Kockbrunnen. Returned to Biebrich, and down the Rhine again to Bonn.

Sunday, 31st.—Glad of a quiet Sabbath day. Dr. Graham preached a very precious sermon from John xvii. 22, "And the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one;" developing the comforting fact that the glory given to Christ by the Eternal Father, Jesus will share with His saints.

Monday, August 1st.—Repaired to the prayer meeting in the vestry at Dr. Graham's; and, being called on to address the meeting, spoke upon the

subject of repentance. It was a memorable season; and, as it was a parting time, one not easily forgotten. Farewell, little group of heaven-bound Christians. Thou hast a green pasture here in the midst of the wild thorns of Popery. May the Lord the Spirit cheer and comfort you. We now go different ways across the sea of life; but we shall meet at the same haven of happy rest. Farewell.

Tuesday, 2nd.—Travelled from Bonn to Rotterdam; and at night by steamship to Harwich.

Wednesday, 3rd.—Home, through mercy. How soon periods of time pass away. Our trip is over, and we get again into the regular tread of every-day life. And now the wayfarer looks back upon his journeyings with adoring gratitude and deep thankfulness to God for preserving mercy by sea and by land. He was much touched upon his return by laying his hand upon the following simple yet heartfelt prayer written by one of his domestics—"O holy and most merciful Father, wilt Thou be pleased to protect my dear master and mistress across the wide ocean, and bring them home in safety to their dear children, for their lives are of great value. And, O gracious God, wilt Thou be pleased to keep us from all danger; and these things we ask for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." The prayers of that humble one have been heard and answered. To the Lord God of our salvation be all the praise.

In conclusion, beloved, we can only say these notes were merely intended for private reference; but, thinking some of the Lord's people might be interested in perusing them, we have thrown open our "Wayside Note Book." And now viewing the privileges of our own happy land, in contrast with the spiritual darkness which pervades the Popish lands passed through, we must indeed exclaim, "Our lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places, we have a goodly heritage."

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest;
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home."

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

CRIES FROM THE DEPTHS AND ANSWERS OF PEACE.

OH, how my heart sinks! Notwithstanding the sweet season I realized and the communion I had, yet, now, alas! how little faith have I in exercise. It was impossible for me to be happier than I was—wrapped up, as it were, in the Lord's embrace—yet now I am unable to trust Him in the leastwise. The *past* seems no help for the *present*. Lord, Lord, do Thou help me. Let me know afresh the blessedness of the word, "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." How strong a proof is my present state of mind of the utter helplessness of poor human nature. Lord, help me, and give me hereafter to praise Thee. In spite, O Lord, of my own utter unworthiness—and Thou knowest alone, O Lord, how great that unworthiness is—I implore Thy help this day. Oh, be Thou my strong Deliverer—yea, my Comforter as well as my Upholder. I have been reminding Thee this day, that, sinner as I am, Thou hast never had ought to do with any but sinners. Adam was a sinner, and Abraham, and Moses, and Joshua, and David, and Daniel, and Peter, and Paul. All these were sinners, and great sinners too. And I am a sinner, aye, the greatest of sinners. But, dearest Immanuel, what does Thy

blood do but atone for and cleanse the greatest of sinners, even such as I? Oh, I would plead that blood—that precious blood—it cleanseth from *all* sin. Surely, then, it can meet MY case; sinner as I am—and unbelieving, thankless, and thoughtless though I am. O Lord, come to me, and strengthen me, and cheer me, I pray Thee, this day; and give me renewed cause to bless and praise and magnify Thy great and holy name. Amen, amen. * * *

And, blessed be His adorable name, He *did* hear, and He *did* help and strengthen and deliver, but it was in *His own* time and in *His own* way; not in *my* time nor in *my* way. It was indeed such a verification of the promise, “*When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou passest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee.*” The Lord would have His own way, and He would bring His timid, trembling servant to the “*when*” spoken of in the text, and then, oh, how sweetly and how blessedly did He commune with his spirit. It was a very heaven on earth. It was a being caught up on high. It was the blessed realization of the statement, “His left hand was under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me.” The sweetness was unspeakable, the blessedness divine. It was indeed the fulfilment of another sweet word of my most adorable Lord, “I will allure her, and bring her into the *wilderness*, and speak comfortably unto her” (margin, speak to her heart). Yes, it was a speaking to the heart indeed. Sleep was gone from me, and I felt compelled to rise and contemplate my God and Lord in His handiwork. I was permitted to think of Him as “holding the winds in His fists, and measuring the waters in the hollow of His hand.” How beautiful became the expression of the Psalmist, “They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits’ end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men” (Psalm cvii. 23—31). Yes, I did from my heart desire, that men would “praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.” I felt the truth of Dr. Watts’ words,

“If the whole earth the Saviour knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.”

Ah, if they did but know my Lord;—Had they but a little insight into His condescension—His pitifulness and compassion;—Did they but experience somewhat of His tenderness and His kindly interest in one’s little, trivial, mean affairs; stooping so low, condescending so greatly, interesting Himself in matters so minute,—matters which upon the face of them appear so infinitely beneath His notice: oh, did but the enemies of my Lord know this—feel this—realize this, methinks to what very different conclusions would they come. What a very different estimate of His Person and character would they form. Yea, I feel that such, under the precious power and promptings of the Spirit, would speedily put many of us who have long professed to know and love Him, to the blush, as we saw them stand forth in bold and unflinching advocacy of Himself and His truth. Sure I am that if it pleased Jehovah to touch the veriest rebel’s

heart, in the way and manner He touched the heart of a Saul of Tarsus, He would so mould and mellow that rebel as to transform him instantaneously from the greatest enemy into the most fearless and devoted advocate of Himself and His cause. Again would that glorious state of things come to pass of which the apostle speaks in the first chapter of his epistle to the Galatians, "But they had heard only, That he which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. And they glorified God in me." Oh, how the experience of His goodness and mercy does make me at times long to be "delivered from the burden of the flesh," so that I may praise Him as I would praise Him; and yet methinks I shall never be able, even in eternity, to do this to the full extent of my desire. I apprehend that even in glory I shall not have the ability to praise Him as I would for all He had been to me, and had done for me, in the wilderness. Surely none ever had to draw more largely—if so largely—upon His patience and His forbearance and His bounty, as I have had occasion to do. Few can conceive—none can fully know—"how much I owe my Lord." Did others know where He met me—how He subdued me—with what He had to contend in me—and in what way, and to what extent He has borne with my manners in the wilderness; sure I am that it would then be seen that the vilest rebels on earth need not despair; for the blood that cleansed *me* could cleanse *them*; the grace that subdued *me* could subdue *them*; the love that affected *my* heart could affect *theirs*; the power that upheld *me* could uphold *them* also; the mercy that gave *me* a little insight into the fulness of that truth, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" could give *them* a personal and heartfelt acquaintance with the self-same truth likewise.

Oh, that God the Holy Ghost would so order and so overrule His merciful dealings with and gracious teachings of me in some little measure and degree to the self-same end as that of which the apostle speaks in his first epistle to Timothy, "And I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious: but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief. And the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, *that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting.*"

If these lines should fall under the eye of any poor thoughtless sinner, I would sum up all I would say to him in the words of the prophet, as speaking on behalf of his Lord and Master, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger."

"When strangers stand and hear me tell,
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where He is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love Him too.

"My best Beloved keeps His throne,
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But He descends and shows His face,
In the young gardens of His grace."

D. A. D.

The wintry state of our souls arises from our distance from the Sun of Righteousness.—*Rev. W. Borrow.*

RAMBLES IN IRELAND.—No. II.

UNDER this heading, we have given a second paper in our broadsheet, *Old Jonathan*, for the present month, which we beg to commend to our readers, hoping they will feel interested in the perusal. Our remarks there are more descriptive—here they will be more reflective.

In our last we took our farewell of Bonmahon on paper; but, when we came to do so in fact, it was a spectacle which we shall not easily forget. The large and interesting group that surrounded the car, as we drove off from the scene of our many years' labour, is vividly impressed upon the mind. A parishioner shortly after stopped the car, to shake us by the hand, and with tearful eye bid us (as we conceived and said) *a last farewell*. He felt it was not at all probable that we should meet again in this world. May we, through the precious blood-shedding of Immanuel, meet where parting is unknown. Again we made a halt in the village to bid a long adieu to another of our former congregation, who was fast passing away in consumption. He since has gone, we trust, to his eternal rest. The blood of Jesus we commended to him; upon that blood, we trust, he simply relied. Our immediate successor at Bonmahon (the Rev. Mr. L——) has likewise since died. This adds another to the list of departed clergymen to which we alluded in our last. Oh, how strikingly do these facts endorse with "Vanity of vanities" everything of earth.

It was a lovely afternoon as we took our departure from Bonmahon. As the sun shone out clearly, never did that sea look more beautiful or sparkle more brilliantly. Never did the bold cliffs, the prominent headlands, and the long range of Comeragh mountains, look more majestic. As we journeyed on towards the village of Annestown, every foot of the road would serve to bring back most vividly former and now long-gone-by associations. Under what varied exercises had we trod or driven that self-same road; either coming to or retiring from the church or the village—about to carry the message of salvation to the congregation, or returning sometimes in great heaviness of heart, with a "Who hath believed our report?"* At other times, whilst for a season resident in the little

* It has not unfrequently been a subject the which we could not fathom, that when, perhaps, we had ministered to our own congregation at Bonmahon of a forenoon, we returned to the village of Annestown (where we for a time resided) with deep sorrow of heart. The word had seemed to rebound, and fall back with heaviness upon the spirit; causing us, as we returned home, to exclaim, "Who hath believed our report?" "Ah, Lord," say they, "doth he not speak parables?" Immediately afterwards, probably, we have had to take the service in the little church at Annestown, and there we have spoken with the utmost freedom and sweetest liberty. This was, for a season, quite unaccountable to us; yet it served to give an insight into Divine Sovereignty. Perhaps the exercises to which we have alluded may in part be accounted for, on the ground that there were one or two prominent characters in our little congregation at Bonmahon who were hostile to the truth, and ever seeking to seize upon expressions, and "make a man an offender for a word." Moreover, when we first went to Bonmahon, the majority of our hearers were Wesleyan Methodists, while our testimony was well known to be thoroughly Calvinistic. We were not a little struck, during our recent tour, to find that an effort had been made to renew the attendance of the Wesleyan preacher, who, at our first appointment to the parish, regularly attended there. But such efforts were discouraged by the very persons who had formerly received them. They had been blessed and profited in the services at the church, and they expressed themselves as having no desire for change. One, too, connected with the mines in the district, had resolved to endeavour to get up a Methodist chapel. He had previously encouraged the turning of a neighbouring building, formerly erected for a Temperance Hall, into a Roman Catholic chapel; but, about the time of a

picturesque village of Annewstown, and having the spiritual charge of Bonmahon, called on one's way thither, to encounter the raging storm or the fearful tempest. That sea, *now* so calm, and lake-like, *then* rolling in with terrific violence, and almost enveloping one with its scattering spray. How like the mind in its turbulence! Scarcely a creature to be seen for miles together. How often, under former circumstances, did one ask one's-self, whether it was really by the good hand of one's God we had been directed thither, especially when called to encounter all the dangers connected with the rebel-scenes of 1848. We had driven along that coast-road on one occasion at night-fall, when, within the space of a few minutes, upwards of thirty signal fires had sprang up on the neighbouring hills. In the next village, that most exciting night, spoken of in this Magazine at the time, had been passed, when every Protestant had been threatened with being massacred. The sea, too, reminded one of sundry sights in regard to ships in jeopardy and shipwrecked mariners. The reader can easily imagine what numberless scenes and associations must have presented themselves to the mind, in connexion with a locality where nearly eleven years of one's life had been passed. The same sea, the same cliffs, the same mountains, the same hills, the same roads, the same fields, the same houses, but not the same faces. The children had become men and women, but their countenances so changed as not to be recognized; the middle-aged had now advanced to hoary hairs; the former venerable were now no more! All that had heretofore bespoke health and activity had undergone change or death. "Here we have no continuing city," was stamped upon the creature. One could but see, feel, and acknowledge it. But, amid all that was otherwise humbling and depressing, there was the recognition of, and the rejoicing in, the changeless character of our God! Oh, how beautifully and how gratefully, in contrast with the ever-varying scenes and circumstances around, did His love, and His mercy, and His grace, and His condescension, and His power, and all-sufficiency appear! Such a God! so kind! so tender! so loving! so faithful! Yes, His faithfulness—His unchangeableness, did stand out so beautifully and so blessedly! One's own God in covenant! one's Father, Friend, and Portion—unchangeable, unalienable, everlasting! All around, beneath, above seemed to stamp with a precious truthfulness the words—

"This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

general strike among the miners, he was removed. When we left the place, there was every human probability of his ending his days in that locality; but God had otherwise appointed. He was a man much to be liked in many respects, but his conniving at Popery, and seeking (as we have said) to further the wishes of the priests with regard to a place for their worship, God discountenanced; and he was none the better, even in a temporal point of view (but far, far worse), for not boldly resisting what he knew in his conscience was wrong. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness," said our dear and blessed Lord, in the days of His flesh, "and all these things shall be added unto you." "He that honoureth me I will honour, whilst he that despiseth me shall be lightly esteemed." Another proof of the attachment of our late beloved parishioners to the services at Monksland Church we had from the dear brother who now labours there. We had introduced, some years ago, a hymn-book which we had been requested to edit for a brother clergyman. When the supply of these hymn-books was exhausted, the greatest possible anxiety on the part of the people was manifested lest a renewed supply should not be obtained. We need scarcely say that the hymns contained in that book are in strict conformity with the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.

"Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit must guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

And again—

"Kind Author and Ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezers set up,
And own Thou hast helped me till now.

"I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence Thou hast prov'd;
Nor wilt Thou abandon at last
A sinner so signally lov'd."

Passing through the picturesque and prettily-kept village of Annestown, again were we forcibly reminded of man's mortality. The village might well be called the pet-place of its former owner, so great was the interest he took in it. But he, in common with numberless others, had been called to succumb to the last enemy. He had died, and of necessity left, all behind him. Another three-quarters of an hour's drive brought us to Tramore—the common resort, as a watering-place, of the people of the county of Waterford and adjoining districts. Here we were to spend the Sunday, and a very happy Sunday we spent in the society of our dear friend and brother, the Rev. EDWARD DALTON, who has been labouring there for about eighteen years. It was our privilege to occupy his pulpit twice on the Sunday, as well as on the previous Wednesday evening, and to join him in his mid-day prayer meeting on the Monday. Our dear friend had been laid aside for twelve months. If anything ever impressed us with a deep sense of the sacred privilege of ministering in the Lord's name, it was the contemplation of our beloved friend's having been so long debarred from it, and our own personal absence from our beloved congregation at Bedminster. Anxious as we may be in connexion with the work of preaching, certain we are that the pain and the anxiety are much greater when, through sickness or any other circumstance, one is deprived of the sweet privilege of speaking in the name and on the behalf of so good a Master. If ever His service is valued, His truth endeared, and His cause precious, it is under such circumstances. Oh, how does one then mourn over lost opportunities, coldness, deadness, want of love and zeal. Yea, if at any one time more than another one feels one's-self to be an "unprofitable servant," it is when one's feeble labours are thus interrupted.

It was just opposite to our dear friend's pretty church (a sketch of which is to appear in the November number of *Old Jonathan*), that our late beloved correspondent, "The Old Sailor," resided. Many of our readers will remember the quaint but interesting correspondence that was carried on in these pages between the two veterans of the deep—"The Old Man-of-War's Man," Captain KNOCKER, of Dover, and "The Old Sailor," Captain CLIFFORD, of Tramore. The memories of both are most dear to our heart, and (we rejoice to think) they have long since met, and are safely anchored in the Fair Havens. There was a sweetness of spirit, and a largeness of heart, about both these men of God, that served greatly to endear them to one's heart. Captain KNOCKER was more deeply led into the truth doctrinally than our dear friend CLIFFORD, but both equally loved the Great Captain of their salvation, and were correspondingly zealous for the truth as it is in Jesus. But the latter, it would seem, was conscious of a lack of the same depth of teaching as his correspondent and some others. Hence he

said to us one day, in one of his periodical visits to the coast, as Inspecting Commander, "Do you think every child of God is born in a gale of wind?" He spoke in nautical terms, and with evident anxiety, lest his knowledge of sin and self, and a corresponding knowledge of Christ, was not deep enough. We shall never forget our last interview. He had been laid aside, after the most active and devoted life, for about two years. We were taking our leave, after conversing with him for some time. Leaving the room, we turned to take a farewell look at one we had so long loved in the Lord. As we exchanged these last looks, he gave utterance to one word—that one word, we felt, contained volumes. That one word, dear reader, was—"CHRIST!" "Oh!" thought we, dear brethren, "that will do to live by—to die by—to enter eternity with—and rejoice evermore in—'CHRIST!' 'CHRIST!'"

How rejoiced were we, during our recent visit to Tramore, to hear that a son about whom the dear Captain had been so intensely anxious, has since died in the Lord. He was emphatically a man of prayer. Just in the spirit of the beloved HAWKER, who, in answer to the inquiries of a young farmer as to what was lawful to pray about, said, "If your cow is sick, carry it to the Lord;" so dear CLIFFORD would, if one of his horses were out of order, take the matter to the Lord. His children lay near his heart. He would be up at a very early hour—three to four o'clock of a morning—pleading—pleading at a throne of grace. How rejoiced were we (as we have said) to hear that his prayers have since been answered, not only in regard to his son, but with respect to his other children also. The Lord be praised for this!

Dear Captain KNOCKER, too, was a man of prayer. We never met his fellow—that is, to be upon the same terms of intimacy—to know, as we knew, his life, walk, and conversation. Prayer was his meat and drink. It was not self, but Christ. He had always something to tell of that "mighty Him;" some interposition—some manifestation—some precious glimpse of Himself and His doings in His word and by His providence. "How can you manage your large family?" said we to him one day. He had fifteen children. "Oh, I just put them into *the Lord's* hands," said he, "feeling it is quite as easy for *Him* to manage the *many* as the *few*." And the Lord *did* manage them, too, for if there were ever a happy, united, peaceful family, it was that of the beloved Captain and Mrs. KNOCKER, of Dover.

We speak of these things, dear reader, not with a view of calling attention to the creature; God forbid! We have no other object than the magnifying of the grace, and the wisdom, and the love, and the power of our gracious God in covenant, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(To be continued.)

SACRED MAXIMS.

THE doctrine of God's sovereignty was always offensive to the world, and even to professed disciples.

It is surprising how much men are willingly ignorant of, when they wish to hold fast their sins.

Union with Christ sanctifies every other union in which we may be concerned. Important truths are strongly stated in Scripture.

The voice of God is the only sound the world will not hear; this is their crime, they will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wiesly.

Suffer no advice, however specious in itself, to turn you from the written word of God.

A consciousness of our ignorance is the high road to wisdom; but, on the contrary, "if any man be wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than him."

The people of God are not afraid of God turning away from them, but of their turning away from God.

The things God commands, He works in us.

We suffer no persecution, not because the spirit of persecution is annihilated, but because, too generally speaking, there is nothing in us to persecute.

They who fear God need have no other fear.

Worldly men are not over brave when something dark appears in prospect.

No one, however high his station, has walked in pride and not been abased, or hardened his heart against God and prospered.

Our iniquities are the last sources we generally look to as the causes for God's anger.

To those who have strong faith will be appointed strong trials. Abraham was a proof of this.

It cannot be that they who have Christ in their hearts should be seeking rest in anything short of seeing the King in His beauty; but they may be loitering instead of running—sleeping instead of watching.

That man is truly an awful character who glories in making no profession of religion.

Abused mercies will prove awful aggravations of eternal misery; like so many millstones, they will sink the soul lower into hell.

If sin ever assumes a more hideous aspect at one time than another, it is when clothed with the garb of a profession, and surrounded by that light which ought to frown it into a corner.

The promises are insipid things to people who feel not their want of the things promised.

The camp of the visible Church, as of old, contains the world in its precincts, and the world in its most malignant character—the world acquainted with the ordinances and people of God, and therefore hating them the more because they condemn it.

There must be something very wrong in our preaching if men can approve it, and yet remain conformed to the world, and not loathe themselves.

There can be no beauty of character in the sight of God, while sin is imputed to us.

If our religion be only a light profession, it is wanting; experimental religion is a life comprehending all its functions, a race with all its labours, a warfare with all its cares, and pains, and dangers.

As God's judgments begin at the house of God, so should warning begin there too.

The sacrifice of eternity to time is the most unreasonable of all unreasonable things.

A believing view of Christ's mangled body on the cross, will slay a man's hopes of finding life by the law.

What an unspeakable mercy is it, that the salvation of God's people stands not upon any peradventure, but depends upon God's covenant and purpose.

All who have much in common with the world, will meet with no assault from the world.

If a man suffer nothing for his religion, he may well fear he has none to suffer for.

The finishing feature in the physiognomy of carnal men is, "there is no fear of God before their eyes."

No worldly man comes to the perusal of the word of God with an unbiassed mind; all his prejudices are arrayed against it, because it insists upon a separation between him and his sins.

WHAT IS UNCONVERTED MAN?

IN a large assortment of serpents, one for its beauty and desolate condition attracted the eye of a lovely girl of only seventeen summers. It was alone, for it was sick, and ill; and, although she was gently warned not to touch it, she gazed on it long and lovingly. Its tender eye gazed on her with bewitching beauty, as if to demand assistance and sympathy. She slowly approached it with childish dread, but its soft gentle movements betokened no harm. Her fears subsided. "Poor thing!" she murmurs, "you will surely die if neglected." She feeds it with her hand, it nestles its head in her lap, and sleeps; and by every endearing movement shows its love to her; which she repays with all the affection of a warm, trusting heart. It grew well; its nature seemed changed—not like all its tribe—so faithful, loving, and true. She sits feeding it; her gentle eye beams on it with love and pleasure: but, in one instant, her eye flashes, her hand trembles, her glowing cheek grows pale. What! what can it be she sees! The sting—a little sting—which she had not seen before—yes, it was there, but is gone. She strains her eye, and looks and looks again. She sees nothing now. There it is sleeping harmlessly in her lap as before. "It could not be," she softly murmurs; "mine own, I wronged you; it could not be. Thus is she deceived; and feeds and loves it as before. But, alas! again she sees it; again she feels a fearful misgiving. She sees the sting; but again is she lulled into security and ease, and loves it as before. Poor infatuated girl! Again and again does she see it; but, so completely has it wound round her heart, she cannot break the magic spell. She lies helplessly in its power—no will of her own; she sacrifices all for it. Her love grows towards it, and her loving bosom recoils at the idea of leaving it to die uncared for. No, she forsakes all, and cleaves to it as her life-thread. But ah, poor doomed girl! whilst one day caressing it, and telling her love for it, it stings her. Yea, verily, stings the hand that feeds it—that dear hand which nursed it so oft, so patiently cared for all its wants. All, all, are sacrificed; and, in her last dying gasp, she murmurs, "Had I minded the sting when first seen, I had not have died." And this, dear reader, is the true character of unconverted man. Beware—beware of them. Flee the first sign of stings. Stay not to parley with the tempter. Flee ere it is too late; for hear what the Scriptures saith, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted?" Also, "Cursed be man who trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." Again, "It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man;" for with God "there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning;" but 'vain is the help of man.'

A WAYWARD SHEEP IN CHRIST'S FLOCK.

THOUGHTS OF COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT FOR A
BELOVED FLOCK.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT LOVE OF GOD.

"Proclaim inimitable love!
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

"He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans!
The Prince of life resigns His breath,
The King of glory bows to death."—WATTS.

MAN, in a state of nature, does not know God. He cannot know Him so long as he remains the servant of sin. When Adam fell, he and all his posterity became the slaves of sin; and it is only by the mighty power of Divine grace that any are delivered from that state of ignorance and slavery, and made children of God, heirs of glory, and partakers of everlasting life.

If we look back upon the history of the world, we shall find that sin darkened the understanding of man as well as corrupted his heart. We shall find that sin closed the eye of the soul, so that it could not see and know God, as well as closed the door of the heart, so that no feelings of love, no warm affections could rise in it and flow forth towards God.

The philosophers and wise men of the world could not find out God. With all their worldly wisdom, they were ignorant of that knowledge which is the most important of all, the knowledge of God. They could not even find out that God created this world—that the heavens were His handiwork, and that the beautiful stars which throng the firmament and the glories of this lower creation were all made by Him. They did not know God even as a Creator. As the Apostle Paul tells us, in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, 22nd verse, "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." And, again, the same Apostle says, in his 1st epistle to the Corinthians, "Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."

Man being by nature in this state of ignorance, how can we sufficiently admire the wonderful condescension, pity, and compassion of God in stooping to reveal Himself to us? It is an act of wondrous love and condescension, that He reveals His glories even to those bright and spotless spirits before His throne, who have never sinned. But how much more wondrous is the love—how much more deep the condescension, when He deigns to make Himself known to us sinners. He does this in His own most precious word. We find Him in the Bible graciously making Himself known to poor rebellious sinners. And in what a wonderful manner does He do it! How full of exquisite tenderness, how overflowing with goodness and mercy, is the way in which He reveals Himself to our guilty race! Who could ever have thought that when the great and holy God was about to speak to polluted, rebellious creatures, He would have

spoken in such language! Who would ever have supposed it possible that the sweet and gentle words which His lips would utter to His fallen creatures would be "GOD IS LOVE?" Oh, is there not enough here to melt the hardest heart? Is there not enough to thaw down the ice of our cold and selfish souls? *That* God against whom we have rebelled, whose commandments we have broken, whose word we have neglected, whose authority we have despised—that God is LOVE.

Oh! how hard must the heart of that sinner be, how stiff his neck, how stubborn his perverse will, who does not feel inclined to lay down the arms of his rebellion and give up his sins, when he hears that that God against whom he has been sinning is LOVE!

If the reader is such an one, one who has never given himself up to God, but who continues, in spite of all the warnings he has received, to go on still in his wickedness, let me beseech him to ponder seriously this one truth—that that God against whom he is now living in enmity, is a God of LOVE.

My poor fellow-sinner, do not, I beseech you, be any longer content to live a stranger to that God who is LOVE. When tempted to sin against Him, oh, remember that He is a God of boundless love—that His commandments are all love—that He withholds no good thing from them that love Him, and that all that He has forbidden is and must be hurtful to the soul in the end; for God is LOVE. Do not be deceived by the false promises of sin; the devil and your own heart may try to make you think that you will find pleasure in sin, and that you may take your fill of such pleasure with impunity. But, "be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." It is love in God to warn us and to command us not to sin. Just as a tender and wise father will keep poison and sharp tools out of the reach of his children, for fear of mischief, so does our heavenly Father keep us out of the way of sin, and leads us in the path of righteousness. Whenever you feel yourself tempted to sin, then, remember in your own mind, who it is against whom you think of sinning—a God of infinite LOVE. Oh, say to yourself, with righteous indignation at the thought of such a thing, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" against God who loved me so tenderly that He gave His only-begotten Son to die, that poor sinners might be washed from their sins in His infinitely meritorious blood, and enter into the paradise of God? How can I possibly think of sinning against that God who loved me so wisely, that He gave me beautiful precepts in His own holy word, to show me what I ought to do, to enable me to avoid all the snares of the devil, and all the pollutions of a wicked world, and all the corruptions of my own fallen heart, and to lead a life of usefulness to others and of comfort to myself? How can I ever consent to sin against my good and tender Shepherd, who laid down His life for my soul? How can I be so base and ungrateful to my heavenly Father? How can I so grieve His Holy Spirit, which He has promised to give me to cleanse my heart, and teach me and prepare me for all the great and unutterable joys of the world to come? How can I sin against boundless mercy, unmerited compassion, and infinite love? Oh, if we remembered more this delightful description of our heavenly Father, "GOD IS LOVE," we should find our hearts less ready to fall into the sinful follies of the world; we should find ourselves more anxious to please Him who, in His glorious nature, is one shoreless and fathomless sea of love.

I should like to address such a question as the following to the hardened and impenitent, to those who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God: What

do you suppose will be the the end of those who reject the Gospel of a God who is love? If you receive the Gospel now, by which life, pardon, salvation, are proclaimed, its terms are, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Is not this the language of a God of love? The Eternal God condescends to reason with you and to show you the folly of continuing in sin. He seems to say to you, "Alas, poor sinner! you know not what you do! I beseech you, do not so madly. Why should you choose death, when life is proclaimed? Why should you be the slave of the devil, when you may be my child? Why should you determine to go down to hell, when you may rise to heaven? Look at my great salvation, which I have prepared in my love to sinners; behold my Son; see Him dying for such; believe on Him as your Saviour, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Can you find it in your heart to resist such reasoning as this? Can you listen unmoved to the gracious and touching words of your compassionate Creator? Oh, let me intreat you, in love for your own soul, do not despise the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering; do not, in hardness and impenitence of heart, treasure up to yourself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God. Remember that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance. Remember that God has declared that He will render to every man according to his deeds—that, while He has promised "glory, honour, and immortality to every man that worketh good," He also declares that, "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God," and that He will pour down "tribulation and anguish upon every soul that obeys not the truth, but has pleasure in unrighteousness." Remember that there is no other Saviour but the Lord Jesus Christ. You must be saved by Him, or not at all. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." If you put from you the message of reconciliation—if you pay no heed to the words of love and grace which God speaks to you in His Gospel, then you seal your own eternal ruin, your blood will be on your own head, and you will learn to bewail your folly and your madness in that fearful place where hope never comes, "where the worm never dieth, and the fire never shall be quenched;" where, throughout the countless ages of eternity, there shall be nothing but "outer darkness, weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." Will you not pray God, from your inmost soul, that you may never pass into that place of torment, that you may never wake up in hell to know what an awful thing it is to reject the Gospel of Christ? But I trust my reader is one of those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and who have been "enabled with all saints to comprehend what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

There is a short text in the Bible which is one of the fullest and the richest in the whole of God's precious word—"GOD IS LOVE." It is so full of glorious subject for profitable meditation, that the mind of the highest archangel could never exhaust it. "God is love." They are short words, beloved brethren, but they are sweet and precious words—full of heavenly comfort and spiritual cordials for the believing soul. A child may indeed learn to lisp them, they are so short and plain and simple; but the mind of man can never grasp all their weighty import, take in all their vast meaning in its length and breadth, or dive into all the sublime and glorious depths of their consoling truth. No mind can soar so high, or penetrate so deep. It is one of those beautiful texts so common in the word of our God, which resembles a costly diamond taken

from a mine of jewels. Turn it which way you will, you catch new beauties, it sparkles with fresh lustre, and giving out more brilliant colours every time you gaze upon its loveliness.

Let us try to enter into some of the delights furnished us by our gracious Master in this simple but noble text. It was written expressly for us, and is one of those numberless sweets which the Lord has prepared for the refreshment of our souls in the Gospel feast. It is true that in this world we can never expect to realize all their fulness; the world to come will make known to us depths in them of which we dream not now, and show us heights in them which are too high for the flight of thought to reach now in all its wide range and scope. Let us look at God as He has made Himself known to us in three ways, in each of which we shall find, the truth of the statement, "God is LOVE."

1st, In His CREATION.

2nd, In His PROVIDENCE.

3rd, and chiefly, In the GOSPEL OF HIS SALVATION.

1st. In His CREATION.—Look around you, dear reader, and see what a world this is in which God has placed us. Oh, it is a lovely and a glorious world, after all that sin has done to mar its beauty and spoil its fair loveliness. It was good when it came first from the hand of its great Maker; God Himself looked upon it with satisfaction, and pronounced it "very good," while "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." And it is good still. There is nothing evil in it but sin and sinful men. Oh, that God must indeed be a God of love who could prepare so beautiful a residence for man! The whole creation teems with wonders, and on every one of them all is written with the finger of truth, "God is love."

The voice of love is heard in the waving of our corn and the murmuring of our streams—in the warbling of every feathered songster that enlivens the grove with his notes of praise, or pours down his flood of melody from the sky. The impression of God's love is stamped on every fruitful field, and painted on every glowing landscape, and pencilled on every lovely flower that gladdens our fallen world. The expression of God's love may be heard in every falling shower that refreshes the parched herb, and in every breath of wind which moves among the trees, carrying with it fragrant health and cool refreshment. It may be seen in the wide expanse of sea, with its myriads of fish, good for the food of man. It may be seen in the softness of the green carpet which He has spread beneath our feet, and the glorious firmament which He has spread like a curtain above our heads. It may be seen in every star that sparkles in the midnight, and in every beam of light that reaches our world. There is one voice in all the furniture of this habitation of man, and that voice is loud and deep and clear, that the name of that God who fashioned so wonderful a world must be LOVE. Yes, from every portion of the planet in which he dwells, there is a voice which speaks to man of the love of the Creator; and every plant that blooms around his steps, and every insect that flits across his path, tells forth the same great truth to man, that God who made them all is LOVE.

2nd. In His PROVIDENCE, God is love.—Oh, how many are the comforts which we must trace to the good hand of our God! His hand supplies our daily wants; His tender care provides for all our need. To Him we are indebted for all the sweet enjoyments of domestic life. The happiness of our firesides, the kindness of our friends, the love of our relations—all are the fruits of His good providence. That we enjoy health of body, and peace of mind; that we pass quiet nights and enjoy tranquil slumbers—all depend on Him. Then think of the great blessing of a pious education; of being born in a land

where the light of His Gospel shines, though in the midst of much surrounding darkness. Think of the great mercy of being permitted to enjoy the word of your God, and to worship Him in spirit and truth. Think of the goodness of God in raising up and sending you pastors after His own heart, to feed your souls with heavenly manna, and discourse to you Sabbath after Sabbath of the love of Jesus and the salvation of your immortal souls. All these are strong marks of love. They all seem to speak to you in a voice you cannot mistake, and to tell you, that, whether in preventing dangers or crowning you with blessings, the God of providence is a God of love.

3rd, and chiefly, In the Gospel of His salvation God is love.—Herein is love indeed, that when we were enemies by wicked works, Christ died for us. Though all God's works proclaim Him to be love, yet most conspicuously and brightly does this sweet and precious character shine forth in the redemption of our lost and ruined race. Who can look upon a dying Saviour and fail to read in His agonies and groans, His drooping head and bleeding side, that God is love? Oh, it was love indeed to come down and die for man. It was love indeed to look down with an eye of grief and pity when we were at the very gates of hell, ready to drop into the burning gulf. Was it not love, beloved brethren, in God to stop you when you were fast rushing down the broad road that leads to death and hell? Was it not love to give you the wings of faith, and bid you soar up to His own abode of peace and love? Was it not love to send His Spirit into our hearts, teaching us to cry, "Abba, Father?" Was it not love to send to us His ministers to bid us gaze on the Lamb of God, till our cold hearts felt warm, and the rock of flint was melted by the soft fire of His love into a heart of flesh? Was it not love to warn us of our sad state by nature, bid us flee from the wrath to come, and invite us to find peace and life in His arms? Was it not love to save us from His own wrath which our sins had provoked, by the death of His own Son? God in Christ indeed is LOVE. Who that has read the story of the life of toil and sorrow, and the death of shame and cruel suffering which the Son of God endured for sinners, can doubt that "God is love?" Who that has felt the sting of sin, and the shame of guilt, and the tortures of a troubled conscience, and been led to wash away all the crimson stains of his soul in the blood of the Lamb, can doubt that God is love? Who that has a hope of the crown of life and the joys of a world free from sin and sorrow, as the free gift of God, can doubt that "God is love?" Who that has tasted the solid peace and substantial joy shed forth in the heart by God, when His word is read or the knee is bent, and the soul enjoys sweet communion with her Maker, can doubt that "God is love?" Oh, how vast must His love be, if God is love! No bounds to God, no bounds to His love. The sea has its shores, but God's love is a sea without a shore. No end to God, no end to His love. "I have loved thee," He says, "with an everlasting love"—an EVERLASTING LOVE. How large that heart must be in which the infinite God condescends to dwell. And He dwells in the heart of every one who loves Him. How this love must make the heart put forth its strength and expand its wings! Oh that all men had this heavenly Guest in their hearts! What a world of love would this then be! How free from angry strife! How full of dovelike peace! How emptied of selfishness! How full of disinterested kindness! Would that all men would write on their hearts these three short words—"God is love."

If God so loved us, surely we ought also to love one another. The sight is sweet of Christians walking in love. I remember the love of Christians been compared to lines drawn from the circumference of a circle towards

centre; the nearer they approach the middle, the nearer also they approach one another, till they all meet and blend in one in the centre. So it is with Christians; Christ is their centre, and the nearer they live to Christ, the warmer they love Him, the nearer will they live to one another, and the warmer will their hearts glow with kindly affection one for the other, till at last they all meet in one in heaven, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Dear reader, if we are God's children, let us see to it that we dwell in love. "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him," for "God is love." What is it that gives the best joy and the strongest pleasure to the heart of man? Is it not love—the love of one of his own race? The love of a father or a mother; the love of a child, or a sister, or a friend, or a wife, will often fill him with a joy so unutterably great, that words are feeble to express it. If the love of a poor fellow-sinner can give him such cause for joy, and make him thus rejoicing at heart, how much more joyful would he be, how far more happy and glad at heart, if he knew the love of God. Let me invite you, my dear reader, to feast upon this love. Let me entreat you never to close your heart and refuse an entrance to so divine a visitor. Where the love of God comes, there it brings happiness—happiness in this world, and eternal glory in the next. It is not like the love of our fellow-creatures: they may desert us, or cease to love us; not so with God. "Having loved His own, He loves them unto the end." His firm promise is, "I will *never* leave thee; never, no never, forsake thee."

"Thine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death."

"Can a woman," He asks in Isaiah—"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good." Drink deeply and fully of the streams of this love. We are fast journeying to the heavenly Jerusalem, that blissful abode of perfect and uninterrupted love. Every day brings us nearer and nearer to that glorious place, where there is fulness of joy, because there is fulness of love, for evermore. As we press on our heavenly march, let us cheer one another, and comfort and strengthen our own hearts by thinking much and talking much of the boundless love of that Saviour whom we are going to see as a King upon His throne, surrounded by all His saints in glory, and all the myriads of the angelic hosts. The thought of His love will sweeten many a bitter cup, and soothe many a grievous pang, and soften down many a rugged path. It will support us in the dark hour of trouble, and on a dying bed; for it is stronger than death, and more mighty than the grave. It knows no change. It grows not weak or old. It will last as long as the heart in which it dwells, as long as the soul on which it rests. It is not the love of one too weak to do much for us; it is the love of one who is OMNIPOTENT, whose word is law, and with whose almighty arm no power in earth or hell can cope. It is a love higher than the heaven from which He stooped to save us—deeper than the grave in which He once lay—more ancient than the foundations of the world, and as lasting as the interests of our immortal souls. It is the love of one who will spread His wings as a shield over those He loves, and with His own right arm defend them from every foe. It is a love free and full—wide as the poles, and as high as the throne of Christ, for "God is love." "I am persuaded," is the language of one who knew what the

love of God was—"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come; nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the LOVE OF GOD, which is in CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD."

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

"Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

"See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

DISTRESS UNDER FELT-DESERTION.

WE received, a short time since, the annexed message from a painfully-bereaved and personally deeply-afflicted sister. As her case doubtless is but one of many, we quote the message in question, in order that others may see they are not alone, and with the hope that the position of our dear troubled sister may be laid upon the hearts of our readers. It is good to "weep with those that weep," as well as to "rejoice with those that rejoice."

Speaking of the afflicted one, another beloved correspondent writes:—"She has just given me this message for you. Your letter is not likely to be one suitable for her. Her very kind love, and you must go to the throne for her, a poor lost sinner who wants Christ—His blood to cleanse from all her sins, which rise mountains high. She has nothing but a sin-sick soul, which never has been cleansed, but wants to flee to Jesus—that never has been in a right way—made a profession; never been a possessor. Do plead with Him that He will forgive her for Christ's sake. Wants to come to Jesus now—to abide in Him—a word from Him to say He has pardoned, and to live upon Him, which she never has before. I am sure you will plead mightily for her. Oh, my dear brother, I cannot tell you how painful it is to me to see her thus oppressed by the enemy; for I am sure it is his work. She now adds, 'Tell him it is the blood of Christ that must wash out my sins.' Do not cease pleading till she knows He says, 'I have blotted out,' &c."

We thought it not a little remarkable, that, by the self-same post which brought the foregoing, we received also the proof-sheet of the following, which forms a part of Nos. 23 and 24 of the *Bristol Tracts*, now in course of issue. We can scarcely conceive of anything more adapted to the case; and, coming as the two did together, we could but regard it as the finger of God, and we pray Him that He may be pleased, not only to bless it to the dear sister in question, but also to other poor tried, tempted, and Satan-harassed souls. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"—ED.

"UNDER A CLOUD.

"I have known, or I think I have, some of the sweets of pardon; but the very mention of them, or the contemplation of their enjoyment by others, only seems to aggravate my misery: inasmuch as I have lost every once-precious sensation of them, and am left in a cold, careless, and altogether comfortless condition." Well, reader, upon the very threshold of the subject, cannot you say, 'Oh that I were as in months past!' You know that Job (that 'perfect and upright man, one that feared God,

and eschewed evil") said precisely the same. So that you have at least *one* family feature.

"There was another desire of his which we fancy will express also the very language of your heart (Job xxiii. 3, 4), 'Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments.' Be honest, now, to your own conscience, to that divine work which the Lord the Spirit hath wrought in your heart, and say whether there is not (as it were) bubbling up in your heart that little gentle desire, though but as a still small voice, thus:—

"Do not I love Thee, dearest Lord!
Oh, search this heart and see;
And from my bosom tear——"

"[How do you repeat that word '*tear*'? Is there not a degree of vehemence with it? Are you not almost suiting the action to the word, and, in the agony of that jealous fire which the Holy Ghost hath enkindled within, are you not making bare your bosom, exclaiming, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him?']

"And from my bosom *tear* the part
That beats not true to Thee."

Reader, this is the quintessence of love. Suppose we, or any one else, were at this moment to say a word derogatory to the wisdom, or the power, or the justice, of your precious Lord, what would be your feelings? We know that (barren and benighted as you may now feel) you would rise in holy indignation, and very speedily show, not only whose you *are*, but whom you *serve*. So that goodness and mercy are really following you, though you are in measure ignorant of the fact. You are learning some profitable lessons in the midst of this felt-desertion; that 'though you believe not, He abideth faithful;' that the *security* of salvation does not consist in the *sweets* of it, but solely in that indissoluble union, covenant faithfulness, and unchangeable love of Jehovah, in and by which you shall everlastingly stand. These are among the glorious, soul-comforting truths which can only be learnt in connexion with barren frames, dark dispensations, and cloudy circumstances; but most precious truths they are as realized in the heart and mind.

"Beloved, 'it is well!'
God's ways are always right;
And perfect love is o'er them all,
Tho' far above our sight.

'Beloved, 'it is well!'
Tho' sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill only make the joy more dear
That ushers in the day."

PILGRIMS.

THE character of the pilgrim is exemplified in the history of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and in every saint whose name stands recorded in the book of life. It was an easy thing in the days of our early kings to be pilgrims—to follow Peter the hermit, and rush on with blind zeal in crusade attire—Pellerine—from which we have the term pilgrim. They knew not whither they were bound; asking at every place they came to, "*Is this Jerusalem?*" But to follow Christ as a pilgrim through the waste howling wilderness of this present evil world, our feet bleeding from the rough stones of the way, our graces languishing from the burning sands of indwelling corruption, our hearts wounded within us because of the stumbling blocks of false professors, and the fiery darts of the wicked—oh, thus to follow Jesus in the regeneration and power of the new life, upheld by the arm of His strength, is indeed the true pilgrimage life of God's elect.

The first mention we have of the pilgrimage state is in Gen. xlvii. 9, where Jacob, brought in by Joseph, stands before the Egyptian king in the dignity of old age, with a spirit chastened and subdued, and replies to the question, "How old art thou?" and answers with the beautiful simplicity of divine teaching, "The days

of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in their pilgrimage." The days of a hundred and thirty years seem many to us, Jacob called them few; and they were so to him in the retrospect as he compared them to those of his fathers. Jacob speaks of it as "*my pilgrimage*." It was a personal matter with him, for a pilgrim he had been since the day that he fled from Beersheba, had a stone for his pillow, and sojourned in Padan-Aram during twenty years of toil. Then pitching his tent in the land of Seir, on that memorable night of wrestling with the Angel of the covenant, journeying to Succoth, and on to Shechem, where his soul was troubled because of his children. Then to Bethel, where God spake with him in the way of comfort, just previous to his great sorrow, as he laid the wife of his heart in her grave, and set up a pillar over it. Then his next journey is to Mamre, where he buries his father; and the next account we have of him is that he dwelt in the land wherein Abraham was a stranger, the land of Canaan. There he becomes the mourner again, refusing to be comforted because of Joseph; and now, for the last time, he takes one more pilgrimage, goes down into Egypt, and dies a pilgrim in a strange country.

The Israelites partook of the Passover in the attitude of pilgrims; their loins were girded, that their garments might not impede their progress through the way to the promised land; shoes on their feet, ready for departure to the shores of the Red Sea; and the staff in their hands, to defend and support them from desert to desert—those weary, dreary six deserts through which they had to journey. The picture is a perfect one. Fancy the six hundred thousand Israelites thus equipped, and hastily eating of the paschal lamb in "that night to be much remembered," when the angel of death passed over them, and they came out of the land of their sorrows, carrying along with them the bones of him whose history was the first link in the chain of their own.

"Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning," said the Lord to His disciples; and, as Christian pilgrims, we would say Amen to that, and pray that the bidding may be enabling. We need no hindrances to our daily walk and work, though ever failing in both. There are pitfalls in the way, and how needful are the lights! He who put the oil into the lamp will keep it burning to the end; if it were not so, alas for our lamps! The fire on the altar of the Israelites was never to go out (Lev. vi. 13); and the light kindled by divine grace in our dark souls shall burn to the last: it shall never be put out.

In conclusion, let us look for a moment at the Christian pilgrim described so truly by Paul, "The loins girt about with truth." What truth? Many answers would be given to the question of Pilate to Jesus in these days, when the standard-bearers of truth are fainting, and so few that a child may write them. Is it Christ Himself? Is it the word of God? Or is it the doctrines of the Gospel of the grace of God? (Gal. iii. 1). Dr. Gill says, "Truth here is meant the Gospel, and the several doctrines of it; and to have the loins girt with it, shows that it should be near and close to the saints, and never departed from: and that it is a means of keeping them close to God and Christ, and strengthening them against the assaults of Satan." Then we have righteousness for our breast-plate, and shoes better than iron; faith for our shield, salvation for a helmet, and the word of God for a sword. Christian pilgrim, this is your armour. For yet a little while you shall need it no longer; but, in the coming glory, praise Him for the grace manifested to us when we were pilgrims and strangers on the earth.

H.

SIGNS OF LIFE.

It has been well said that "dead children never cry;" and it is also said that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (2 Cor. iii. 17): liberty from the power of sin as a reigning monarch, although the effects of sin will be felt until this mortal put on immortality (1 Cor. xv. 54). Whom the Lord loves He loves to the end (John x. 28, and xiii. 1). To be re-born is to be heaven-born; it is to become a new man in righteousness and true holiness (Eph. iv. 24). Such an one has been united to Christ by faith; he has received power to follow Christ, and his life will show by the fruit he bears that he is in Christ: for the fruits of the Spirit only flow from one in whom the Spirit dwells, and where the Spirit is given, there He abides for ever (John xiv. 16). A desire for life is a sign that life has been already given; for "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor. xii. 3). No man in his unregenerate state calls upon God for any spiritual blessing; nor are we anywhere taught in holy Scripture that he asks for regenerating life. Every quickened person is a saved person; the presence of the Spirit in the man is neither to save him, nor to help him to save himself, but to give new life, to enlighten his dark understanding, to show him what Jesus has done for him, and thus testify of Christ. "He shall take of mine," saith Christ, "and shall show it unto you" (John xvi. 15). Each of the Persons in the Trinity is engaged in the work of redemption. The Father designs, the Son works out the design, and the Holy Spirit reveals the plan of redemption to the believer in showing him his interest in the death of the Saviour. The promise was, the woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head (Gen. iii. 15). When the fulness of the time was come, the Promised One came (Gal. iv. 4, 5); finished the saving work (John xix. 30); ascended to His Father's right hand to make intercession (Heb. vii. 25); and sent the Holy Spirit to illuminate, teach, and comfort His people, till He should return again and take possession of His purchased property (Eph. i. 14). This, believer, is for thy comfort, trembling though thou mayest be, and afraid thou wilt be lost at last. If thou hast been sitting near Mount Sinai, and hast been told to save thyself by keeping the law, thou mayest well tremble. Take thy seat at the foot of Mount Zion, and there thou wilt hear the Gospel thou needest to make thee happy. Jesus kept the law to release thee from its fiery obligations, and set thee free from sin for ever (Heb. x. 14), having been made sin for thee (2 Cor. v. 21); and, having saved thee by His death, He has engaged to bring thee to glory. Reject the Romish lie that thou must do thy part in order to be saved. Jesus taught it not, the apostles taught it not, the Scriptures teach it not; and, if thou art wise, thou wilt not believe it. He who saved thee on the cross keeps thee now, and thou wilt be His for ever. God help thee. Amen.

Sheffield.

J. R.

CONTENTION.

"WHY should we differ by the way?
 Why should dissensions come?
 We hope to spend an endless day
 In *one* eternal home."

WHAT ST. JOHN SAW.

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud : and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire."—REV. x. 1.

THIS chapter is a preliminary phase to the sounding of the seventh trumpet, "when the mystery of God is finished." There were some things required, for clearness' sake, to announce and precede that trumpet ; and here we have them. St. John "saw another mighty angel come down from heaven." This angel was distinct from the seven angels ; and, indeed, of a different nature from theirs ; for this angel is one who exercises a sovereign jurisdiction over human affairs—a supremacy over the whole world. And this honour was never conferred upon created angels : "For unto the angels hath He not put in subjection the world to come, whereof we speak" (Heb. ii. 5). This other angel is the Angel of the Covenant, the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the mighty angel—the Almighty. Christ is the sole universal Monarch ; "Lord of all" (Acts x. 36). "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. xxviii. 18). He has power and dominion over angels ; He has power over all flesh ; He is in all causes, and over all persons, supreme Moderator and Governor. St. John saw this angel come down from heaven. He is now about to produce that consummation of which all the prophets had spoken : "The time is come for Him to lay to His hand ; yea, the set time is come."

The description given of this angel sufficiently bespeaks Him to be the Lord Jesus Christ. "He was clothed with a cloud." The cloud betokens the divinity of the angel. Clouds and darkness, as well as light, are the tokens of God's presence. God dwelleth in the light. He also says, "I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy-seat" (Lev. xvi. 2). Upon His head was a rainbow—the faithful witness of the covenant between God and Him. The Lord Jesus is crowned with glory and honour : crowned as Mediator ; crowned in accordance with covenant arrangements made between the Father and the Son—the agreement being that the Son should undertake the office of man's Intercessor ; that He should suffer and die, and upon that condition He should have the honour and power of universal Monarch. "Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, because He made intercession for the transgressors" (Isa. liii. 12). His being crowned with a rainbow betokens Him also a priest upon His throne : "He shall be a priest upon His throne ; and the counsels of peace shall be between them both" (Zech. vi. 13). "His face was as it were the sun." The body of the angel was enveloped in a cloud. In addition to this being indicative of the angel's divinity, we may state farther that it is indicative of Christ's bodily absence. "Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh ; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more" (2 Cor. v. 16). His face, however, was as the sun—[there is His spiritual presence, bright and comforting—the face of Christ]—that sun-lit face is the glory of Christ revealed in the Gospel ; and this glory is not veiled. "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. iii. 18). The words, "And His face shone as the sun," remind us of those of the Apostle : "For God, who commanded the

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light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

"*And His feet as pillars of fire.*"—This can only refer to Christ, who hath all things in subjection under His feet. His feet are as pillars, capable of crushing all His foes—as pillars of fire. Fire is the emblem of wrath; and we read of the wrath of the Lamb; and that wrath is about to burst forth against all His enemies who are impatient of His authority, and act in opposition to it. "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry," &c., "if His wrath be kindled" (Psalm ii.)

"*And He had in His hand a little book open*" (ver. 2).—This book, we gather from the last verse of this chapter, is the sum and substance of all that follows from the next chapter to the end of the Revelation. It is a little book, and therefore all the more precious. It is now open, by which is intended that all the future is naked and open to the eyes of the angel. He sees from the beginning to the end.

"*And He set his right foot on the sea, and His left foot on the earth.*"—After the revelation of the red dragon, &c., there rose out of the sea, out of the turmoils and movements of an extraordinary and eventful time, the wild beast (chap. xiii.)—emblem of the Papacy—standing on its threefold basis. Already had arisen out of the earth, out of the inveterate prejudices of mankind, out of their natural partiality in favour of any system, however absurd and corrupt, if it be sanctioned by a long antiquity, that other wild beast, emblem of the Papacy, transformed and standing on its narrower basis. These two religious systems had already risen, and for centuries had wearied God's saints, usurped their privileges, and had exercised a deadly hatred against them. The close of the second woe is considerably after the 1260 days—that is, after the rise of the Papacy as it now is; and it is in the narrow gap and interval between the close of that woe and the beginning of the third woe that the scene we are now considering is laid. The symbolic earth and sea had been Christ's foes. He now sets His right foot on the sea, and His left foot on the earth, in order to show that He has at length taken to Him His great power, and is about to exercise His rightful dominion over all things here below, as soon as ever the seventh trumpet shall begin to sound. The figure is borrowed from a lion springing upon his prey, and standing upon it prostrate; so now prostrate under the feet of the angel are those twin foes, out of which had sprung up the ecclesiastical institutions which had hitherto done such mischief to God's cause and people. Why the figure is used is evident. The Angel of the Covenant is the Lion of the tribe of Judah. So is the Lamb called (ver. 5), because He has power to open the seals: the name being doubtless suggested by what is said of the tribe of Judah (from which the Messiah came)—"Judah is a lion's whelp," &c. (Gen. xlix. 9).

"*And cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth*" (ver. 3).—Here the figure is sustained: "Will a lion roar in the forest, when he hath no prey? will a young lion cry out of his den, if he have taken nothing?" (Amos iii. 4.) The Angel of the Covenant put His feet upon His prey; and He "cried with a loud voice, as a lion roareth when he hath taken the prey: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices." A great event was now about to take place, viz., "the finishing of the mystery of God;" and we have, therefore, the interposition of the Three Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity. This is what we might reasonably expect. When Jesus was baptized—praying—there was a voice from heaven; when He was transfigured, there was a voice from heaven; when He said, "Father, glorify Thy name" (John xii. 28), then came a voice from heaven, like thunder. So now there comes, responsive to

that loud cry that announces the coming of that great event, a voice from heaven—thunder; the voice of God: seven thunders. When John was told that the Lion had prevailed to open the seven seals, he looked and saw a Lamb, “as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God, sent forth into all the earth” (Rev. v. 6). So here we have seven responsive thunders—the seven thunders, according to some editions; and we prefer the insertion of the article. *The seven thunders*; for they are the voice of the Spirit: they are the seven spirits which utter their voices.

“*And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write: and I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not*” (ver. 4).—As the roar of the lion is indicative of what he is about to do to his fallen prey, so the loud cry of the angel was indicative of desolating, destroying judgments, with which he was about to visit the earth and the sea. The reverberations of the angel’s voice were definite, articulate sounds; they were distinct, intelligible interpretations of all that was characterized by that loud cry. This is evident from St. John’s being about to write them; but he says, “I heard a voice from heaven,” evidently the voice of the Father, “saying unto me, Seal up,” &c., “and write not those things,” &c. And why must he not write them? Obviously because the judgments which they announced were not to be inflicted till after the sounding of the seventh trumpet, till which time the mystery of God was not finished. Then why, it may be asked, did the thunders utter distinct voices, if they were not to be written? We answer, that the voices being distinct proves them to be the voice of the Spirit; and the voice of the Spirit, and the voice of the Father, commanding His servant to seal them—to put to His seal, as being true—assure us of the presence of the Three Persons on this occasion; their will and knowledge, all in harmony, assure that the events just about to transpire are of the highest importance, that God had established the things, and would shortly bring them to pass.

“*And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven*” (ver. 5).—St. John saw the angel standing in this position when he made the oath which he proceeds to record. He “lifted up his hand,” the usual attitude in taking an oath, as if one called heaven to witness (Gen. xiv. 22; Deut. xxxii. 40; Ezek. xx. 5, 6), and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever. The angel swore by the *ever-living* God—the Son by the Father. The Son’s swearing by the Father intimates that the Father was under covenant engagements to establish that which He has sworn shall be performed. With the word *ever-living* is associated the idea of *immutability*—“I am Jehovah; I change not,” &c. He ever lives; He changes not; He does not, cannot by any possibility alter His purpose or retract His word. “Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Hath He purposed, and shall it not come to pass?” Being ever-living, He is infinite in all His attributes; and all His attributes are engaged in keeping His covenant inviolate, in upholding His decrees. He has infinite power, infinite wisdom, infinite right to rule and control all things. “He created heaven, and all things that are therein.” There is much force in the addition of “all things that are therein” to the three divisions of the universe of which God is the Creator. He made the *angels*, ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation; He made the stars; He made the thunders and lightnings. All these are instruments in God’s hands for the bringing about His eternal purposes; for the defeating the power of the enemy. He made the earth, and *the things that are therein*. Here we are reminded of that promise in Isa. liv. 15, “Behold, they shall surely gather together, but not

by me : whosoever shall gather together against thee shall fall for thy sake. Behold, *I have created the smith,*" &c., "and I have created the waster to destroy," &c. How, then, shall hell or earth by any possibility defeat the decrees of heaven? They cannot carry on their design without arms and weapons of war, and the smith that makes those weapons is God's creature ; and God, if He pleases, can tie his hands, so that the project of the enemy shall miscarry, as many a project has done, for want of arms and ammunition : or the smith that forges the weapons is perhaps put here for the council of war that forms the design, blows the coals of contention, and brings forth the plan of war. These can do no more than God will let them. They cannot carry on their design without men ; they must have soldiers ; and it is God that createth the waster to destroy. He therefore can restrain them when He pleases ; He can serve His own purposes and designs by them. It is God, also, who made the mouth. There are tongues ever ready to rise in judgment against the Church ; ever ready to demand a dominion over it, as if God's children were their lawful captives : pretending an authority to oppress their consciences, ever ready to misrepresent them and falsely accuse them, and by slanders and calumnies endeavour to make them odious to the people, and obnoxious to the government. But these tongues God created ; and these threatening, insulting tongues God can enable other tongues to condemn. God can enable His servants to answer the insolent demands of their enemies, and silence all their malicious reflections. Who made the sea, and the things that are therein ? the storms, the waves, the sunken rocks, the shoals ? He sinketh whole navies when He pleases. *Deus flabat ; dissipabantur naves.*

(To be continued.)

TRUTH AND ERROR.—WHAT IS OUR DUTY ?

Is it right to connive at error ? Is it right to patronise or to sanction it in any way ? No !

I. Reasons why not.—(1.) Because error is opposed to God's word. (2.) It is denounced by God. (3.) It ripens men for destruction. (4.) It deceives the ignorant. (5.) It perplexes God's children. (6.) It gratifies the devil. (7.) It fosters men's pride. (8.) It brings the soul into bondage. (9.) It should not be countenanced, because doing so is a waste of precious time to listen to it. (10.) It betrays a want of faithfulness to God's truth. (11.) It encourages its propagators to continue its dissemination. (12.) It renders us liable to being suspected as men-pleasers. (13.) It puts a stumbling block in the way of those who are seeking to know "the truth as it is in Jesus." (14.) It produces deadness in the soul. (15.) It tends to decrease the Christian's knowledge and love of the truth. (16.) It beclouds the mind. (17.) It offends God and grieves the Holy Spirit. (18.) It may afford matter for regret in a dying hour.

II. Reasons why a child of God should not go to where error is taught or preached.—(1.) Because he has no business there. (2.) He cannot ask God's blessing upon what he feels and knows to be unscriptural. (3.) By doing so he affords room for suspicion that he is not one of Christ's sheep, for "a stranger will they not follow." (4.) Doing so is not the way to honour God. (5.) And by doing so he is helping forward the enemy's cause. (6.) Because it is no part of the Christian's duty to aid in any way the spread of error. (7.) The divine command is, "do *all* things in the name of the Lord Jesus ;" but how can a Christian sit under an unsound ministry in the name of the Lord Jesus ? While Christians are sitting under such a ministry, suppose the Saviour were to

address them in the words, "Children, have ye any meat?" The only answer they could truly give Him would be, "No, Lord, not here."

III. Reasons why some persons do attend places where the Gospel of Christ is not preached.—(1.) Because their great-great-grandmother and father went to such places, and all their ancestors since them. (2.) Others, some of whom may be children of God, go, because they do not like to offend man, perhaps the preacher, or parents, or husbands, or wives, being not prepared to forsake all for Christ and His truth's sake: are not such persons ignorant of the honour which God confers upon those who are called to suffer for it? (3.) Fear of causing dissension amongst those with whom they have been living in a so-called peace. (4.) Fear of being regarded as a troublesome person—one who ought to be avoided. Will not all such excuses be blown to the winds when the Holy Spirit applies the words with power to the soul; "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and *touch* not the unclean thing?"

IV. Note what those Christians may expect who, by the aid of the Spirit of truth, oppose error.—(1.) The hatred of the devil. (2.) The contempt of hypocrites and false professors. (3.) Their characters maligned by scribes and Pharisees. (4.) Shy looks from all the tribe of free-willers and work-mongers—which is legion. (5.) To be called "narrow-minded," because they cannot swallow Satan's lies as well as God's truth; but, is it not better to hold the truth in what is sneeringly termed a "narrow mind," than to hold error in what is falsely called a "liberal mind?" It is better to have the Lord's Spirit to contract the mind, so that it shall resist error, than for Satan to enlarge the mind so as to take it in. (6.) In some cases such may expect losses in business—the custom and patronage of those who dislike their principles. Now, for just a glance at the bright side of what such Christians may expect. The inward and happy consciousness of God's approval, the testimony of a good conscience, refreshing manifestations of the presence of the Lord Jesus, and an unearthly boldness, strength, and determination not to give error any quarter, whenever or wherever it is met with.

Dursley.

F. F.

THE WONDERFUL WORK OF GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE LATTER-DAY GLORY.

"WE are now in the state of the Church of Sardis. We have a name to live, and are dead; the great things are ready to die away out of the minds of professors, yet there are a few names in Sardis who walk with Christ in the present day."

"In the present state of the Church of Sardis, all wise and judicious men must allow that there is but very little spiritual knowledge, holiness, or brotherly love; the Church is in the wilderness, confined to very narrow limits, and very obscure, and tarnished with errors and lukewarmness. The pagan world extensive—the Mahomedan empire standing—the Popish world in a horrid state—the Jews in black darkness—the Protestant world appears to know little of true religion—the kings of the earth pay no cordial regard to the Church of Christ—worldly riches and pleasures engross the minds of millions of nominal Protestants, and a general apostasy from Christ draws on apace. But, blessed be God, things will not be always in this sad condition. *Popery and Mahomedanism arose together, about the year 606, and they will fall together. The reign of the beast is to be no more than 1260 years, so that we may hope for his ruin about the year 1866, that is, in 80 years' time.*"—*Extract from an elaborate Treatise on the Holy Spirit, published in the year 1786. No author's name attached.*

PROTESTANT BEACON.

POPISH PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

THE annexed has been forwarded to us by an old correspondent for insertion in our PROTESTANT BEACON. The facts which this letter discloses are of the most painful and appalling character. It appears to us as though a blind infatuation had taken possession of our rulers, when we think of the countenance and aid given to that accursed thing, Popery. The fact is, since the admission of Roman Catholics to Parliament by that fatal and destructive act of '29, a system of Popish intrigue has been carried on but too successfully in this country, sapping her good old Protestant constitution to its very centre. It is but for any one calmly and dispassionately to consider the effects of that act, and such must candidly confess that a most fearfully Popish leavening influence has been at work throughout our land, and in connexion with all our institutions. In the most wily, treacherous, but most successful way have the agents of Rome been working, craftily assailing and gradually but effectually undermining the foundations and the battlements of our country. Once succeeding (as the Papists unhappily did) in getting in the thin edge of the wedge, nothing either would or can satisfy them but a total subjugation of our whole constitution. With *toleration* or even *equality* Rome never was, nor ever will be, satisfied; she must be *supreme*—she must *reign*—or she will never be content. The pages of history, and the career of other countries, even in our own times, too plainly prove this; and yet, in a blind indifference, or recklessness, or fanaticism, Popery (accursed thing as it is—destructive both to the souls and bodies of men, though it be) is fostered and encouraged in every possible way in this (to our mind) doomed land. Tell us not, there is no ground for fear—that we have too much light, too much intelligence, too much independence, ever to have Popery thrust upon us again. All such arguments are vain. Give it once the power—continue to concede to it, as ye are conceding to it, ye rulers, and soon shall England know, to her cost and her humiliation, that in proportion as she has aided Popery, in that very proportion has she annihilated her independence—her prosperity—and her religion as a nation.—ED.

"LIFE IN A CONVENT.

"To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph.

"Sir,—It seems to me that one of the most cheering signs of the prosperity of this country is to be found in the general disposition which Englishmen feel to abate or abolish abuses of all kinds, whether in Church or State.

"I beg permission to call your earnest attention to a very great abuse, which is increasing every day in our midst, and yet remains entirely unchecked. I suppose no one will dispute that the Roman Catholic Church is improving her position, and gaining a good many converts in this country. There are many more of her priests among us now than there were fifty years ago; their influence is somewhat felt in society, and is beginning to tell upon the House of Commons. They are once more becoming an aggressive power in England, and we may be sure that any power given to them will be stretched to its utmost limits. Now, wherever there are many priests, care is taken that convents shall be established. I am sorry to say that their number is increasing every year. And I wish to inform those of your readers who may be ignorant of it, that Romish priests, wherever they have opportunity, are now making constant efforts to induce young Englishwomen to take the veil. I am not using too strong language when I affirm that many girls are ensnared into these convents. They have, most of them, only an imperfect notion of the sort of life they will be required to lead. After a probation as novices, during which time the idea of convent

life is rendered attractive to them by arts which their superiors know well how to employ, they are induced to become veiled nuns. This step is practically quite irrevocable. From the day on which it is taken they are entirely lost to the outside world. In this way they are condemned to life-long imprisonment. Their escape is carefully prevented, even should they find reason bitterly to regret the choice which has, in many cases, been made in a moment of weakness or enthusiasm. They are under the complete control of the priests. They are compelled to confess every prohibited thought, word, and deed to men who, by a monstrous perversion of authority, are forbidden to marry. Their offences are often punished by penances of a degrading kind. All the terrors and all the attractions of a picturesque superstition are employed in order to gain the absolute submission of their will, and the complete surrender of their liberty of thought and action. In fact, these poor nuns are as destitute of the protection of English law as if they lived in the interior of Africa. Now, Sir, I am describing no new state of things. All that is new about the convents in this country is the recent increase in their number. These institutions flourished in the full perfection of their wickedness before the Reformation. They were then happily suppressed, along with many kindred abominations. And I think we are bound to listen to the warning voice of history, unless we think ourselves fated to 'turn perpetually within the same circle of passions and misfortunes.' At the time of the Reformation there was issued a Royal commission, directing a thorough inspection of these so-called religious houses. What were the facts disclosed? Bishop Burnett, quoting from the report made to the King and Parliament by the Royal commissioners, which report he himself had seen, tells us that 'such was the lewdness of the confessors of nunneries, and the great corruption of that state, that whole houses were found in which the nuns were almost all with child.' He further says, that in a hundred and forty-four convents that were inspected 'brutal practices' prevailed, equal to 'the abominations of Sodom,' not fit to be spoken of. Sir, I ask any one who reads about these results of what I may call a system of *consecrated seduction*, whether it is reasonable to expect that convents which at the time of their last inspection were hotbeds of vice, and altogether 'a mystery of iniquity,' are at this time retreats sacred to the practice of piety and the protection of purity? No. Vice and superstition are twin sisters. We may always expect to find them allied in one shape or another.

"Of course it would be quite unfair to condemn any set of men indiscriminately. None can doubt that some pious priests are able to reach that degree of virtue and self-denial which, if it were universal among them, would go far to justify their rule of celibacy. But no set of men are fit to be trusted with irresponsible power over their fellow-creatures. And that kind of power is fully exercised, without any hindrance, over young women who have been persuaded to immure themselves in nunneries. When men are conscious of rectitude they never fear inquiry into their proceedings. Do the Romish priests invite inquiry into the subject of which this letter treats? On the contrary, they oppose it with all their might. It must not be forgotten that the members of the Ultramontane party, both in Parliament and out of it, are devoted to priestly interests. Obedience to their spiritual directors is considered by these men to be one of the highest of Christian virtues. It is fresh in my recollection how, when a motion was made in Parliament not long ago for inquiry into the state of religious houses, Lord E. Howard got up on behalf of the priestly party, and by a clever evasion of the question before the House contrived to divert the minds of members from a subject of discussion which his spiritual guides might possibly have found highly unpalatable. Our duty, however, is plain. Let public opinion pronounce itself strongly against institutions which flourish in secrecy and obscurity, sheltering much that will not bear the light of day. I beg to submit to your judgment whether a careful inquiry into the present condition of nunneries in this country be not urgently needed; or whether we are to tolerate the imprisonment of English girls in places from which they have no means of escaping, and where they are entirely under the control of unmarried priests.

"In Italy the Government has lately abolished a number of these houses, to the great rage of the priests and to the great relief of the people. *Does England intend to foster abuses which even Italy is shaking off?* I should hope not. Let us, then, by

all constitutional means, endeavour to move our Government and Legislature to action in this matter. Our newspapers give their powerful votes fearlessly in favour of reform, where reform is needed; and, with your help, Sir, much may be done to mitigate the dire abuse concerning which I have written. Let us put a stop, if we can, to the growth of an un-English and unnatural institution. Let us chivalrously interfere on b-half of some of our countrywomen who are silently appealing to us for protection. I have faith enough in the manly and truthful spirit of my countrymen to believe that an appeal of this sort will not be entirely neglected.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN."

HOW "SISTERHOODS" SAP PROTESTANTISM.

IN the course of his speech at Bath, the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour stated some striking facts on the above-named subject:—Some time since, I received a letter from a lady in Gloucestershire, stating that her daughter had been beguiled into one of the modern Protestant sisterhoods, and, after being there for a long time, had discovered her error, and had returned home. There was a great desire to speak to me, and I went, of course, to see the lady. I had an opportunity, owing to the circumstance of meeting her in a summer tour, of having much conversation with her. She told me what was the religious system taught in these sisterhoods, and taught generally by what is called the school of Tractarianism. I will describe it concisely. They taught there, that there are three branches of the Catholic Church, viz.: the Greek Catholic Church, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Anglican Catholic Church; that the Anglican Church, which is our Church of England, was overloaded and overborne by Protestantism at the Reformation, and that afterwards it was overlaid by Puritanism; so that the Anglican Catholic Church was overlaid by Protestantism on the one hand, and by Puritanism on the other. They taught that it was the duty of her children to help to eliminate its Protestantism, and to eliminate its Puritanism, and to teach and practise Catholic doctrine and Catholic practices in their stead. This explains how it is that so many of those Tractarian clergymen still remain in the Church of England, eating the bread of the Church of England, while they teach the doctrines of the Church of Rome. They hold it is their duty to remain in the Church of England, and occupy themselves in eliminating her Protestantism and her Puritanism, and teaching Catholic doctrine, and inculcating Catholic practices. Well, but this is not all. She told me that in these sisterhoods, which are limited necessarily in number, because parents will not allow their daughters to go to them—they have adopted the system of having affiliated sisters. They are to select young ladies in every family and affiliate them, without the knowledge of father or mother, to the sisterhood. Then it is their duty in their family, and among their friends, to eliminate all Protestantism and Puritanism, and to promote all Catholic doctrines, and to inculcate all Catholic practices. So that here is a system by which a Judas or a Jesuit may be placed in every parish, in every school, and in every family amongst us. I will state an illustration of this. I know the case of two young ladies, extremely intimate friends of each other. One of them went on a visit to a clergyman in the south part of Somersetshire; he taught her so much about Catholic principles, that when she came back, she said she must become a Roman Catholic, and she did so. Then her companion followed her example, by going to pay a visit to the same clergyman. She, too, heard so much about Catholic doctrines and Catholic principles, that when she came back, she avowed to her mother that she must become a Roman Catholic. And both became so, while the clergyman continued, and continues to this hour, a Church of England clergyman. Again, in the

South of Devonshire, I met a family who had become Roman Catholics. I spoke to the father, and he told me the truth. He said that the curate of the parish was exceedingly attentive to his family, inculcated Catholic doctrine, spoke of the love of the Catholic Church, and as good as intimated that they ought to become members of it, so that in the end, the family became Roman Catholic. After this, they asked the curate why he did not follow their example? He said he could not blame them, but at present he could not see his way; but after a time he saw his way, and became a Roman Catholic. In discussing this point, I would simply repeat, that we are in the midst of men who are eating the bread of the Church of England, while teaching the doctrines of the Church of Rome. We hear a lot of unctuous cant upon the principles of the Anglican Church, and upon the sacramental system of the Anglican Church, and upon the Apostolic succession of the Anglican Church, but it is only a mask under which to introduce the principles and practices, the sacramental system and the whole Apostolical succession of the Church of Rome.—*Record*.

“THE ASSURANCE OF FAITH, AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT.”

We had the pleasure, in the *Gospel Magazine*, some years ago, to publish a letter addressed to us by a lady mentioning a remarkable instance which had come under her notice, of the good which had been done by a work entitled, “GOD IS LOVE; OR, GLIMPSES OF THE FATHER’S INFINITE AFFECTION FOR HIS PEOPLE.” Since then, Mr. James Grant, author of the work in question, has brought out a series of similar works, amounting to eight in number, to be followed by a ninth in two or three weeks, under the title of “STEPS AND STAGES ON THE ROAD TO GLORY.” Our object in calling attention to this series of works on experimental divinity is to mention the fact, that the last of their number, “TRUTHS FOR THE DAY OF LIFE AND THE HOUR OF DEATH,” in which Mr. Grant has devoted more than 250 of its pages to the momentous question, “THE ASSURANCE OF FAITH, AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT,” has been singularly blessed to doubting believers. As we reviewed the work in terms of warm commendation, dwelling on the good which it was adapted to do, we are gratified to see our opinion confirmed by actual facts, as will appear from the following letter, which the Rev. Aubrey Charles Price, the excellent and able minister of the Lock Chapel, London, has addressed to the *Record*, and which has been published in that journal:—

To the Editor of the Record.

“SIR,—Some little time ago you reviewed very favourably an excellent book, entitled ‘TRUTHS FOR THE DAY OF LIFE AND THE HOUR OF DEATH,’ written by the author of ‘*God is Love*,’ ‘*Our Heavenly Home*,’ &c., and published by Virtue Brothers, Paternoster Row. Considerably more than one-half of the volume is devoted to the subject of ‘*The Assurance of Faith, and How to Obtain It*.’ It may interest you, and will encourage the author, to know that three cases have recently come under my notice in which the book has been made, by the Holy Spirit, the means of bringing peace and joy to the troubled conscience.

“One case is that of an old Indian Officer, who for the last five years had been deeply convinced of sin, but unable to realise his interest in the atoning work of Christ. A friend gave him this book. He read and re-read it, and he is now rejoicing in an assured hope of heaven.

“The second case is that of a lady, who, to use her own words, ‘had been for some months in despair,’ but who is now able to rest in quiet confidence on the finished work of the Saviour.

"The third case is equally interesting. It is that of a young man, a solicitor, who during the last two years has been a regular member of my congregation. Eighteen months ago he came to me in great trouble about his soul. I shall never forget my first interview with him. I have never witnessed such deep agony of spirit. Again and again I have conversed with him, and have sought by every argument I could use to remove his doubts, but all in vain. Six weeks ago I asked him to read 'Truths for the Day of Life and the Hour of Death.' He did so, and, the next time I saw him, said, 'I am happier. I think I see what my fault has been. I have been trying to base my peace on the Spirit's work in me, instead of on the Saviour's work for me.' A few days afterwards he called again. His face was radiant with joy. There was no excitement, but there was calm, solid peace; and he said—tears of joy filling his eyes as he spoke—'I shall never cease to thank God that He placed this book in my way, and to pray for blessings on its author.'

"Surely, Sir, it is matter for no little thankfulness that in these days of trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy, God had enabled one of His servants, amidst avocations of the most urgent and onerous nature, to write and publish book after book full to overflowing with sound Gospel truth. The Church of Christ owes him a deep debt of gratitude, and ought to uphold him with many and fervent prayers.

"I am, Sir, very sincerely yours,

"AUBREY CHARLES PRICE,

"Minister of the Lock Chapel."

We will only add, that it is well that such instances of signal usefulness should be made known to the author, when they do occur, because they are eminently calculated to encourage his heart and strengthen his hands in his desires and endeavours to edify and comfort the people of God.

NEWLAND CHURCH, NEAR MALVERN.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—Many are not aware of the inroads tractarianism, alias popery, is making in the rural districts, where, out of the care of public opinion, that wonderful detective which keeps many in check, the Puseyite carries on his pranks and conforms the Church service to the pattern of the mass. The subjoined extract from a private letter is but a sample of the way Church matters are managed in many of the village districts. The upper classes become infected by the outward show, and those in authority are too supine—if not already tainted—to put a veto upon such popish performances. The world truly is ripening for judgment, and when power is given to the beast he will find a house in many a Protestant Church in the British Isles. Yours in the faith.

J. D. E.

"One Wednesday, as we were taking our usual walk after breakfast, the church bell struck out close by us. We often heard of the strange doings there, and wished to witness them, as we were but lately at the consecration. It happened to be St. Bartholomew's day. We entered at the beginning of the service, the Litany. A fine-looking young clergyman was kneeling at a low desk in the middle of the front aisle, looking at a finely-executed statue of the Lord Jesus on the Cross, over the Communion table. All about the altar was handsomely decorated, with little images of angels, flowers, and an immense pair of candlesticks, with the largest candles I ever saw. He intoned the service admirably, with the responses answered by twenty-four little boys in surplices. None of the

Word was read, but when the prayers were ended, a bell rung. This was to dismiss any who wished to leave before the exhortation for St. Bartholomew. While the bell was ringing the two candles above-mentioned were lighted. We remained to see it out, the organ playing very softly. When that was finished, a very jiggling tune struck up, and a hymn was given out; the boys began, and they sang fourteen or fifteen verses. Then some prayers followed, deeply intoned by an elderly man. The exhortation was all in praise of the Saint, and if we followed his example we were sure to get to Paradise. After this, a man came round to each one, with a finely worked long bag, shaped like a watch pocket, and held it till something was put in. I had to say several times, "I have nothing;" he looked thunder at me. He was not in keeping with the rest of the people employed in the church. It is true he had on a surplice, which was once white, and never intended for him, it came a little past his knees only, and displayed a pair of boots dirty and clumsy, only fit for the barn or pigstye. We staid as long as we could patiently, but did not wait for the Communion."

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AND THE APOSTATE BISHOP.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—In the *Bath Chronicle*, of the 19th instant, there is an account of a banquet, given by the mayor, at which Bishop Colenso was present, *and on rising was received with long-continued applause.*

That men who know not God should worship talent, is no matter of surprise to Bible readers, but as the bulk of the guests no doubt professed Christianity, it is a point of grave import that they should unite to do honour to a man who has turned out in a new dress the threadbare doubts of by-gone sceptics. It speaks ill for science when men, for its sake, can drop their faith to pay homage to the enemies of revelation.

Colenso can lay no claim to a martyr's spirit as the proof of his sincerity. He had his "scruples," as he calls his infidel assertions, long before he was Bishop of Natal, and he is now eating the bread of a church which professes to draw her articles of faith from that Book, the authenticity of which he disputes. He got his rank and emoluments under cover of the Book, at any rate, and he is determined to keep them as long as he can.

If both clergy and laity agreed to cheer Colenso at the mayor's banquet, it is some consolation to know he got a very decided hiss from a middle-class assembly who received him in the Bath Pump-room, and who very unequivocally expressed their opinion of his infidel views and dishonest conduct. I remain yours,

J. C. W.

[It was with deepest grief we read of the reception at Bath of the would-be Bishop Colenso. That he should have been invited to the banquet and seated on the mayor's right hand, is not so much a matter of surprise, because (as we are informed) the mayor himself is a Unitarian; but it is a matter most deeply to be regretted that the members of that Association (so many of whom are both the clergy of the Church of England and ministers outside her pale) should have tolerated the presence, and especially the taking part in the proceedings, of so dishonest a man. We unhesitatingly say that, did Colenso, as a commercial man, act the pitiful, unprincipled part he has acted as a bishop, he would justly be scouted by every member of the trading community. No man would trust him, were he a

trader, and we wonder he is not treated with that consummate contempt which is due to him. The way in which this wicked man has been received at Bath, and by such men as hold similar opinions in the British Association, bespeaks to us that England is rapidly ripening for the judgments which are in reserve for her.

The Bishop of Peterborough acted a noble part the other day in preventing this apostate from preaching in his diocese; and, had the members of the British Association acted as it behoved them to do, to say the very least, they would have ignored such a man's taking any part in the proceedings. One of its members (Captain ——), speaking to us upon the subject, said, that, had he been present at the banquet, he should immediately have withdrawn when he saw Colenso rise to propose the health of Dr. Livingstone. The latter (if alive to the present position of things) would have regarded such a toast, from such lips, as anything but complimentary or desirable.

Surely, the British Association should not overlook the very solemn warning they received on one of the mornings of their sitting, by the non-appearance of one of their most prominent members. That a man who had braved the many dangers of both sea and land in the prosecution of his researches, should have been called hence so suddenly, and in so simple and unlooked-for a manner, as Captain Speke was, may well speak as with trumpet-tongue to all with whom he was associated. Such facts cry aloud to the heart and conscience of one and all, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—ED.]

REVIEWS.

The Charge delivered in July and August, 1864, at his Second Episcopal Visitation, by the Hon. and Right Rev. SAMUEL WALDEGRAVE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Carlisle. London: Hunt and Co., 23, Holles Street, W. Carlisle: Charles Thurnam and Sons; T. W. Arthur.

THE Bishop opens this remarkable and comprehensive Charge with the following solemn fact:—

"It seems, my reverend brethren, but yesterday that my Primary Visitation brought us together. And yet, since that day, three full years have well-nigh run their course; since that day, twenty-four from amongst ourselves have been summoned into the immediate presence of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls;—since that day, more than nineteen thousand from amongst our people have been taken from our parishes, to be kept, against the Great Assize, as witnesses to the measure of fidelity with which we have laboured to be pure from the blood of all men."

Upon the foregoing statement, his Lordship offers the annexed appropriate reflections:—

"Their opportunities of serving and being served are gone for ever. Ours still remain. And yet how much further they shall be lengthened out to us none can tell. The ratio of change will probably be the same. The numbers we can reckon. But who shall divine the names which shall complete the list of another triennial period? They were not all men full of years that died. It was not lingering illness which took them all away. More than one-third of the clergy deceased were comparatively young men when they departed, and nearly one-third of them were very suddenly called.

"May the Lord Jesus Christ, according to His own most true promise, be present amongst us to-day. May He, by His Spirit, so order my speaking, so direct your hearing, that we may depart hence humbled, comforted, encouraged, quickened, blessed. Then, whether we are suffered or not to meet on earth again, it shall indeed be well with our flocks and with ourselves :—well with our flocks that we have been provoked so to labour for them, that when we have to give account we may do so with joy and not with grief;—well with ourselves that we have been stimulated so to trade with the talents given to us, every man according to his several ability, as, at the Master's return, to hear Him say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

The Bishop then proceeds to review his diocesan history for the last three years, and he does so with a minuteness and a comprehensiveness that exceed all we ever remember to have met with in a charge. Whilst he has, in that comparatively short space of time, acquainted himself with all the varied details and minutiae of his wide-spread diocese, it is at the same time most cheering and spiritually refreshing to contemplate what has been accomplished by the good hand of his God upon him. Had the same been effected in or near London, Liverpool, Manchester, or some southern diocese, we should not have been so much surprised; but in a diocese so remote, and so proverbial for its want of true spiritual light, energy, and fervour, we are the more struck, and the more compelled to exclaim, "What hath God wrought." In his review of what has been accomplished, the Bishop may well "thank God, and take courage."

Passing from the secular to the spiritual, and speaking of the men he has ordained, and what ought to be the real character of every true minister of Christ, the Bishop says :—

"I can thankfully record that, as each Ember season has passed away, I have felt renewed reason to praise my heavenly Master for permitting me to ordain and send forth such men as I have around me into the sacred ministry of His holy Church. For indeed, my brethren, the great care which, as in duty bound, I have taken before accepting any, and especially non-university candidates, has hitherto resulted in securing to the diocese the services of many valuable pastors—shepherds whom I know to have won the respect and affection of their flocks to a remarkable degree.

"For do not, I pray, let anything which has now been said leave on your minds the impression that it is, in my judgment, impossible for humble men to gain the respect and affection of the people committed to their charge!

"There have been, alas, as is too well known, moral causes in active operation amongst us for many generations, which have tended to diminish, if not altogether to destroy, the legitimate influence of the clergy amongst the people. Thank God, my brethren, that those causes have now become, with regard to the vast majority of our number, a matter of history. But their effect is, even now, too painfully felt, in the suspicion with which every new appointment is regarded;—in the reluctance of the people to render any homage whatever, *virtute officii*, to the ordained minister of the Lord Jesus Christ; in the tardiness with which even a truly Christian life, with all its unselfish service, extorts, at the length, the confession that "this is a holy man of God which passeth by continually." Still that acknowledgment is ever ultimately made, where it can really be justly rendered. And then how cordial is the attachment of the cautious and observant northerner! The humble origin, the narrow means, detract not from the true love with which the pastor is cherished!

"For it is essentially to character, genuine Christian character, that our people pay reverence. That minister, therefore, will never command their affections, even though he be correct in moral deportment, who is still, to all intents and purposes, in his maxims, his habits, his pursuits, and his pleasures, the man of this world. His flock may allow and excuse these things in themselves, they will never allow and excuse them in him. The salt has lost its savour, and it shall be trodden under foot of men. "Nil est tritius quam qui vult divinus haberi, ac non est." Nor will he be able to lead a people whom he cannot drive, who comes before them clad in that sorry sub-

stitute for true spirituality of heart and life, the garb of priestly assumption. A sorry substitute indeed it is. It utterly fails to give peace to him that wears it. It utterly fails to conciliate the allegiance of his parishioners. The very worldlings amongst them see through and despise the flimsy disguise. They secretly fret against, even when they may be too apathetic to oppose, the various innovations by which he would fain keep up a form of godliness, even while he denies its genuine power. And the best of his flock, the holy and humble men of heart whom he should nourish and cherish, and by whom he should himself be nourished and cherished in return, they mourn in secret for his pride, as they reiterate the prophet's pathetic lament, "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost" (Ezek. xxxiv. 4).

The Bishop then exhorts :—

"Let us then, my brethren, whatever our previous story may have been, be of good courage. Let us be what we ought to be, what we have promised to be, and then all legitimate influence, all wholesome success will assuredly be ours—men of our Bibles, men of prayer, men of single eye, men of honest conversation, men of unworldly life, men of unselfish aims, men, in short, answering to the lineaments of that striking portrait, which hangs in the vestibule of the greatest of sacred and uninspired allegories. 'Then said the interpreter, come in, and I will shew thee that which will be profitable to thee The which when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back. It stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head.

"CHR. Then said Christian, What meaneth this?

"INTER. The man whose picture this is, is one of a thousand; he can beget children (1 Cor. iv. 15), travail in birth with children (Gal. iv. 19), and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou seest him, with his eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth writ on his lips, it is to shew thee, that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners; even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men; and whereas thou seest the world as cast behind him, and that a crown hangs over his head, that is to shew thee that, slighting and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure, in the world that comes next, to have glory for his reward."

The way in which the Bishop has commented upon the "Essayists and Reviewers," as well as upon the notorious (we had nearly said the despicable) Bishop Colenso, is so striking, and so well worthy our readers' careful perusal, that, even at the expense of our space, we feel compelled to quote his Lordship's remarks in full :—

"When last I addressed you from this place the land was, with one voice, bewailing the treachery of men, who, ranked among the presbyters of our Church, had not shrunk from such 'free handling' of the Truth, in that notorious volume the 'Essays and Reviews,' as left us, if their conclusions were sound, little if any of the distinctive features of Christianity. Their work however was one rather of suggestion and of insinuation than of direct gainsaying. Far otherwise is it with volumes which, bearing the name of a Bishop on their title page, have followed each other in rapid succession. In his 'Critical Examination of the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua,' Dr. Colenso has done his utmost to brand these and other Old Testament Scriptures with the stigma of pious frauds. Nor is it the Old Testament alone which shall thus suffer at his hands. The New Testament must inevitably share in the disgrace of the elder volume. For, throughout its pages, our Lord and His Apostles not only refer to the alleged events chronicled, as is asserted, by Moses, as to historical facts, but also recognise him as the true author of the narratives that bear his name. Hence it

follows, that if Dr. Colenso be right, then they—upon whom as foundation and corner stone the Church is built—are either deceivers or deceived;—and where are we? The only volume which had, upon investigation of its external evidences, and, as we had fondly thought, of its internal character also, seemed to be a Revelation from God, is convicted of forgery and falsehood, and we are left, without chart, without compass, without pilot, to battle with ‘the waves of this troublesome world,’ not only ignorant of the course to be followed in order to reach ‘the land of everlasting life,’ but utterly in doubt of the very existence of any such land at all.

“It is true, my reverend brethren, that the objections—I might better say the cavils—of the Bishop of Natal have not, for the most part, the merit even of novelty. In many cases centuries have passed since first they saw the light, and centuries have passed since first they were met and refuted. But it is characteristic of religious error—a characteristic which would, even if we had no other information on the point, at once determine its parentage—that when, in the lapse of years, it comes forth again to kill and to destroy, it ever obtrudes itself upon the Church, with a lying effrontery, as the recent discovery of men of the current generation. The main difference is, that, as might be expected in the machinations of a subtle, practised, and a versatile foe, the outward form and appearance of the plot is altered, to suit the temper and habit of the age in which it is to be executed. Thus that ill-disguised atheism which called forth the genius and the industry of a Cudworth and a Stillingfleet, was the appropriate weapon of offence at the licentious epoch of the Restoration. Thus that exaltation of natural religion at the expense of the Revelation of God, to which we owe the Analogy of Butler and the Evidences of Paley, was the watchword of the foe, in the more correct times that followed. Thus, yet once again, in this our day, a period of high classical tone and deep religious feeling, the foe patronizingly takes the Lord Jesus Christ under his care, and, while he extols that grand unselfishness, that gentle sympathy, for which truly He was distinguished, professes to vindicate His honour from the unworthy aspersions of the antiquated theologians, who can still dare to teach that man did need, and that his Creator did exact, a propitiatory sacrifice for sin. But the object of the enemy and the result of his tactics, where they have succeeded, have been in every case the same, the separation between the sinner and his Saviour, and the consequent ruin of his soul. And so it is in the present case. Bishop Colenso may disclaim the malignant bitterness of Celsus and of Porphyry, he may shun the coarse profanity of Bolingbroke and of Paine, and yet it is after all but to betray with a kiss the very same Scriptures which were the objects of their more open enmity, and by one traitorous blow to deprive us both of Moses and the prophets, and also of Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write.

“It is also true that the attacks of Bishop Colenso have been repelled, and thoroughly refuted, by many of the replies which they have called forth. Amongst these, if you regard the assailant as an arithmetician, a character to which he has undoubtedly a very considerable claim, I might name the pamphlet of the Rev. Thomas Lund, in which the difficulties of the African prelate connected with the numbers of the Pentateuch are summarily and effectually dealt with,—if you are content to treat the caviller as an Hebraist, a title to which his right is, in the eyes of competent judges, somewhat questionable, I would have you refer to the masterly treatises of the late Dr. M'Caul—one who has been taken to his rest, too soon alas for us, though not too soon for himself—‘the righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken from the evil to come.’

“It is certainly marvellous, that the conscience of Dr Colenso has not proved sensitive enough to compel him quickly to escape from his present anomalous position. That an Englishman should, of his own free will, enlist in the military service of his country; that he should attain to the degree of one of the captains of its host; that, at each step of his advance, he should, by vows the solemnity of which cannot be overestimated, pledge himself to maintain the security of the realm and the honour of its Sovereign against all and every possible foe: that having done all this he should, at the hour of his native land's greatest peril, enter into deliberate correspondence with the enemy, and sow treason broadcast among the troops he has been appointed to command, and yet should continue to retain the commission, to wear the uniform,

and to draw the pay of his rank, is an hypothetical case, the enormity of which can only be equalled by its impossibility. And yet it has found its actual parallel in the conduct of the Bishop of Natal—with this fearful aggravation, that the interests betrayed are those of Christ's Church, the treason perpetrated is against the 'Lord of lords, and King of kings.'"

The parallel is a just one, and stamps the hapless Colenso as a traitor to his church, his country, and his God!

Our review of this most timely and important Charge has already extended to so great a length as to compel us to reserve our further remarks for a second notice.

Selected Letters from the Correspondence of the late REV. HARRY GREY, of Torquay. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

LETTERS of both point and power. Take a specimen:—"How strange was our mistake in former days, when we looked for happiness and enjoyment in that broad road which, neither in its commencement, progress, nor end, ever included real enjoyment. But we have been led into a better road, where Christ is our guide, Christ is our object, Christ is our strength." Most blessed of all discoveries this! Here, and here alone, is the true source of enjoyment.

Memoirs of the Life and Philanthropic Labours of ANDREW REED, D.D. Edited by his Sons, ANDREW REED, R.A, and CHARLES REED, F.S.A. London: Strahan and Co., 32, Ludgate Hill.

WE are reading this volume with intense interest. The labours of the deceased were Herculean. We stand amazed in the contemplation of them, and are ready to ask, "How was the thing possible?" In an early number we shall (D.V.) return to this volume.

The Complete Works of RICHARD SIBBES, D.D., vol. vii. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

The Practical Works of DAVID CLARKSON, B.D., vol. i. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

The Complete Works of STEPHEN CHARNOCK, B.D. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THREE more volumes of this invaluable series of old standard Divinity are now before us. Of the works themselves we need not say anything. Their value is of world-wide notoriety, as far as those who know and appreciate the truth are concerned. Our business is to commend the enterprise to our readers. It has been faithfully and admirably carried out. The publisher is entitled to every encouragement; he has undertaken, and thus far carried successfully through, a noble work. We can but wish him, in every sense of the word, God-speed.

The Sea, and other Poems. By EDWARD DALTON, Rector of Tramore, County Waterford. London: Dalton and Lacy, 28, Cockspur Street.

OUR dear friend, the Rector of Tramore, has, during his recent illness, added to his previous list of books the volume before us, which cannot but be read with deep interest by every lover of *poetry*, in the strict sense of the word.

Holly and Ivy; a Story of a Winter's Bird's Nest. Bath: Binns & Goodwin. London: Marlborough, Houlston and Wright.

DURING our recent visit to Ireland, it was our privilege to visit the "Bird's Nest," of which the volume before us furnishes an account. We can do no more in our present number than say, both the book and the work of which it treats are highly important and interesting. We hope to take up the volume again next month.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDRAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 95, }
NEW SERIES. }

NOVEMBER, 1864.

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OLD SERIES.

CHILDLIKE CONFIDENCE.

"Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me."—MICAH vii. 7.

THE Lord is ever wont to speak of His gracious acts, and He loves to keep them in His people's remembrance. Upon these grounds glory redounds to His name; for, in proportion as the Holy Ghost is pleased to operate as the Remembrancer, will there be a grateful review and recollection of His mighty doings. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me;" and, as the Lord the Spirit leads back, in sweet and lively remembrance, over the pathway already trodden, there will be at least the springings up of *desire* to bless and praise His great and holy name. There will be the renewed setting up of "Ebenezers," testifying that up to the then present moment—yea, that "Hitherto—the Lord hath helped us." This brings glory to God, and it is that in which He delighteth. Such testimonies from the lips of poor sinners on pilgrimage through a world of sin and death, and with hearts of their own "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," bring Jehovah a revenue of praise infinitely more God-glorifying than the adorations of angels. *They* are sinless beings; they never encountered danger, nor have they ever had to meet the tremendous assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil. With these poor pilgrims ceaselessly wage war; therefore for these—who are themselves personally the subjects of sin—yea, virtually, all sin—to shout the praises of the great Captain of their salvation, whilst yet in the very heat of the battle, must indeed be glorifying to Him whose name they adore, and whose cause they have espoused.

Would to God that His poor little, feeble, trembling ones could see this, and that they could, in some little measure, enter into the interest which Jehovah must necessarily take in their welfare.

In regard to the subject before us, let us look, dear readers, first, at the *confidence* with which the prophet waits upon God. He had, as you will see by the opening of the chapter, been mourning over his solitariness, and testifying to the vain and perishing nature of both men and things. Contemplating the times in which he lived, and those which were in prospect, in the destruction of Jerusalem and its people going into captivity in Babylon, the prophet Micah felt much of that desolation of heart and loneliness through the force of circumstances of which

the prophet Elijah complained when he exclaimed, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword: *and I, even I only, am left*: and they seek my life to take it away." Speaking of men, the prophet Micah says, "The best of them is a brier, the most upright sharper than a thornhedge;" and then, by way of counsel, he adds, "Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide; keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom." This is caution indeed! and yet experience would seem to be the ground upon which he gave the caution; "for," says he, "the son dishonoureth the father, the daughter riseth up against her mother, the daughter in law against her mother in law; a man's enemies are the men of his own house." In order that our subject should be a practical one, we would remark that such lessons as these, in order to teach us to "cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," are painful to the last degree; and yet the Lord sees the necessity for teaching these lessons, because He knows the proneness, even of His own children, to creature idolatry. He knows that without rebukes, and cautions, and admonitions, they would be resorting to the creature rather than to Himself. The conduct of literal Israel, in all their varied positions and circumstances, is but too true a type and representation of spiritual Israel in every age. What Israel *were*, that Israel *is*. As of old, so now there is the "going down to Egypt for help." "Any helper rather than the Lord," is the language of our poor fallen nature, and why? Because it is *ignorant* of the Lord—yea, more, at *enmity* with the Lord—and because it would, if it could, be *independent* of the Lord. It is upon these grounds that *flesh* and *faith* must ever be at issue. They are contrary the one to the other, and must perpetually remain so. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

The prophet feels his defeat in regard to any hopes or dependence upon the creature. We would remark that the prophets in olden time, and the apostles in their time, were wont to speak of matters concerning the Church of God as though they were strictly personal. So deep was their interest in the cause of their Lord and Master, and so intense was their solicitude for the well-being of Zion, that they spoke of things at large as though they were of a special and individual character. As it was then so is it now, where the Lord has laid the interests of His Church and people deeply upon the hearts and consciences of His servants. They are not—they cannot be—indifferent spectators. They cannot be callous about things of such infinite moment. Whilst yet writhing under his disappointment, the prophet comes to this wholesome conclusion, and decides upon this scriptural course: "Therefore," he says—that is, upon these very grounds—upon these lessons which I have been taught—"I will look unto the Lord;" I will cease from man—I will no more look to, nor hope from the creature; but "I will look unto THE LORD;" yea, "I will wait for the God of my salvation." Here is patience and holy confidence. It is as if the prophet would say, "He may not come at my time, nor in my way, but I will *wait* for Him, nevertheless, for He is the God of *my* salvation." It is the utterance of one firm—bold—decided, and bespeaks a decision arrived at by laborious conflict—anguish of heart, issuing at length in this holy conviction, "He is the God of my salvation." And then, in keeping with this belief and assurance, is the conviction also, "My God will hear me." How beautiful are the tracings of faith in this sweet succession of resolves and reliances, all based upon the Spirit's leadings and teachings, in connexion with a course of wholesome discipline in regard to creature dependencies. It brings out a contrast. It causes the God

to shine in-contradistinction to the creature. Man is abased, Jehovah is exalted, and thus it should be. All is profitable that works thus. All experience leading to such results is blessed, and must be God-glorifying.

The same confidence is still apparent in the words which the prophet addresses to his enemy. Whether he is speaking in his own behalf, or as the representative of the people upon whom he foresaw severe chastisements were about to come, the language is equally blessed and consolatory. His words are still those of simple, childlike reliance. "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me" (Micah vii. 8).

How sweet was this confidence, and how blessed, beloved, is the precious realization of the mercy. Brought down—laid low—humbled in the very dust, yet so specially at that very season feeling the Lord Jehovah to be one's light and one's salvation. The very circumstances of desolation and apparent desertion, contributing to the then present conviction that the Lord alone is the staff and the stay by which one is supported and upheld. Without doubt the true spiritual Israel among the literal Israel realized this in their captivity in Babylon, and when that state of things came to pass which the prophet here foresaw. Without doubt there was the intermingling of hope and holy expectation amid the plaintive lamentations of the 137th Psalm: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem; who said, Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof. O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." How obvious was the expectation and the confidence of captive Israel in that expression, "O daughter of Babylon, *who art to be destroyed.*" Not more certain were Israel in Egypt of their full and final deliverance, than were Israel in Babylon. If Jehovah said to Abram respecting the former, "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years; and also that nation, whom they shall serve, will I judge: and afterward shall they come out with great substance" (Gen. xv. 13, 14): so we have a "Thus saith the Lord" to His servant Jeremiah: "That after seventy years be accomplished at Babylon I will visit you, and perform my good word toward you, in causing you to return to this place. For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end" (Jer. xxix. 10, 11). It was upon the faith of these gracious promises that captive Israel could base her dependence, and say, "O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed." And so now, whatever calamities may be coming upon the earth, and however Jehovah may be about to chasten His people, and visit upon their own heads the sins and transgressions of an ungodly, truth-despising world, yet will He continue to be "ever mindful of His covenant." Babylon is to be destroyed. "Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her" (Rev. xviii. 8). His ancient people the Jews are to be brought in with

the fulness of the Gentiles ; and in the full confidence of hope and assurance may the people of God rest, knowing "He is faithful who hath promised ; He will not deny Himself." They may, also, feel confident, that, as the going down of Israel both into Egypt and Babylon, did, in the issue, contribute essentially to their benefit and the Lord's glory, so shall it be with respect to any of the trials or distresses with which their God, in His inscrutable wisdom, may see fit to afflict them.

We have now to pass on to our second point, namely, *The Confession* of the prophet ; and this is at once an important and interesting theme. Speaking again on behalf of Israel, and doubtless feeling very much his own guiltiness upon the self-same grounds, he says, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, *because I have sinned against Him*, until He plead my cause, and execute judgment for me : He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness" (Micah vii. 9). Ah, how sweet is this spirit of meekness and confession, when wrought in the soul by God the Holy Ghost. It differs as far from the confession which is imposed upon their poor deluded votaries by priests and semi-papists, as light differs from darkness—heaven from hell. Personally, we declare we would not have our mind made the receptacle for the filth and abomination that these agents of the prince of darkness extort from their poor miserable victims—no, not for ten thousand worlds. The system of auricular confession (so called) is so satanic—so demoralizing—so destructive, that every right-minded person must recoil from it with horror and disgust. Nor is that man worthy the name of husband or father who allows his wife or his child to be subjected to such an accursed, soul-polluting ordeal. What says the apostle James upon this subject ? "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." It is to be a *mutual* acknowledgment of wrong—and a *united* appealing to the throne of grace. What priest or what Puseyite, we should like to know, would be willing to act upon this principle ? How fearful (to say the least) would be the amount of *mental* enormity such would have to disgorge. How awful that catalogue of sins which had been mentally cherished and indulged in, as based upon the information imparted by poor simple fellow-mortals in the confessional. How different was the counsel given by the apostle Paul. In writing to the Ephesians, he says, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers" (Eph. iv. 29).

With respect to confession, how blessed was the conclusion to which the Psalmist came, "I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord ; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." With the like spirit was the prophet Micah imbued, in the language before us. He felt convicted and condemned. To justify himself or his people he could not. He felt both on his own behalf and theirs, verily guilty. Again did he sympathize with the Psalmist, in his acknowledgment, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight ; that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest." He knew that on account of sin, both of omission and of commission, he justly merited the Lord's indignation—His chastenings, fatherly rebukes ; and to these he was willing to submit—these (divine grace enabling) he was content to bear.

Oh, it is blessed, reader, when the soul is brought to this point—to be able, sincerely and unfeignedly, to say, "I have sinned against the Lord." In his distress and dismay, a poor soul may undervalue the mercy, and not as yet be able to discover the source of it ; but it is a mercy nevertheless, and God the Holy Ghost alone is the Author of it. *His* prerogative it is to "convince of

sin;" and, where He does so, He will in due time lead on to the knowledge of the forgiveness of it.

It is worthy of remark here, that whenever the soul is brought by divine power to this point, from that moment the *self-justification* which is so natural to the creature, and which is so universal a proof of our poor fallen state and condition, ceases. And it may be said, that where self-justification ceases, Gospel hope begins. The shifting, and extenuating, and seeking to place the blame elsewhere, had its birth in the garden of Eden, and was an immediate fruit and consequence of sin. "I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, *because I was naked*; and I hid myself." "The woman which Thou gavest to be with me, *she* gave me of the tree, and I did eat." "The *serpent* beguiled me, and I did eat." In this sense mankind fell below devils; for Satan, in the form of the serpent, made no reply to the charge and condemnation addressed to him.

But how blessed is it, when by grace divine, this seeking to excuse or vindicate self, is brought to an end; and the poor smitten one stands self-convicted and condemned. "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it;" and because I have so sinned, Thou hadst a perfect right to chasten and to condemn. "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him."

Again we say, it is a blessed place to be brought to. It reminds us of a case we once knew, where there was a certain profligate son, who was the child of godly parents, and had been the subject for years and years of many prayers. Upon one occasion his praying mother said to him, "I shall never have any hope of you, as long as you continue to justify yourself." Years passed away; both the father and mother were called to their rest, but they saw no fruit of their prayers in the object of their intense solicitude. At length the Lord laid His hand upon this poor apparent castaway, and brought him indeed low both in body and mind. It was the writer's privilege to visit him in his last illness, and one of the first thoughts that struck him was the entire absence of that self-justification in which he had been wont to indulge. He sat a poor smitten, self-condemned soul, crying day and night for mercy—yea, so earnestly and ardently did he sue for pardon, that the neighbours affirmed that they heard him cry for mercy all the night long. At our last interview we repeated to him the greater part of the 51st Psalm, and prayed with him. "Ah!" said he, "it's all true, but *I want Him to say to my soul, I am thy salvation.*" "And that's what I want Him to say to you," was the reply; and then the Lord's astounding mercy to David, and Manasseh, and Saul, and the dying thief, and Mary Magdalene, was brought before him. After we had left, he requested that the 51st Psalm should be read again to him; and, whilst commenting upon its blessedness and power, he commended the truth to his wife and daughter whilst standing by his bedside. He then, within about an hour of our taking leave of him, turned over upon his back, clasped his hands together, and, looking up, exclaimed, "Precious Jesus! precious Jesus! precious Jesus!" and then immediately and peacefully closed his eyes in death. Reader, was not this "a brand plucked out of the fire?" We never think of this case, without contemplating the mother's words about the indulgence of the spirit of self-justification, and its marked absence when the Lord the Spirit had really touched that poor sinner's heart.

Totterdown, Bristol, Oct., 1864.

THE EDITOR.

Who thinks of a watchman for his soul?—*Rev. W. Borrow.*

STRAY THOUGHTS.

THE sum and substance of true religion consists in living *in* Christ, and *on* Him, and *to* Him.

There must be experimental godliness in the heart before there can be practical godliness in the life.

Do not some of God's people feel it easier to say how the work of grace will end than when and how it is begun?

It is better to be in the "narrow way" with a narrow mind, than to be in the "broad way" with a broad mind.

The Psalmist said, "By my God have I run *through* a troop," not *to* it; "by my God have I leaped *over* a wall," not run *against* it.

When a child *asks* his parent for a piece of bread or a drink of water, how earnestly he *watches* till it is brought him. Does not this illustrate Christ's injunction, "Watch and pray?"

Slippery tongues, feet, and ways, are very dangerous things: the good Lord deliver us from them!

"All things are of God." How true this is in what relates to salvation! And if so, what is there of man? The conclusion that some people arrive at after hearing a free-will sermon is, that some things at least in this important matter are of man.

When a poor sinner feels that God has done a great work *for* him as well as *in* him, he will feel no disposition to boast or talk of what he is doing for God.

He that enjoys the grace of truth will love the truth of grace.

It is better to be one of the Lord's "little ones" than one of Satan's great ones.

Man by nature runs into error and away from the truth. It is the work of the Holy Spirit to guide him into the latter, and withdraw him from the former.

A person may be forward in speaking for the truth, but backward in suffering for it, which is quite a different thing.

The sinner will never take a firm hold of the truth till the truth takes a firm hold upon him.

The way to "live in peace" is to "walk in love;" for where there is the absence of love there is the absence of peace.

The best biography that can be found is the life and character of the Lord Jesus Christ; nor have the microscopic eyes of devils and men ever detected the least flaw therein. No new and improved edition of Christ's life will ever be needed, as that given by the inspired evangelists is as perfect as it can be—God Himself being the Author.

It is easier to cross some persons tempers than their hands.

It is better to pass a cross road than a cross man or woman.

A good action is better than a great one, although the world thinks more of the latter than of the former.

One bad action performed by a child of God is more noticed and longer remembered by the world than ten wicked actions committed by a child of the devil; as black marks upon a white ground are more easily seen than black marks upon a dark ground.

Dursley.

F. F.

A SALUTATION FROM THE VENERABLE "CRISPIN."

MY DEAR BROTHER in the Lord, whose we are and whom we serve in the Gospel of His Son,—A Pilgrim, over whom the snow of seventy winters has passed, greets you in taking a retrospective view of the various way-marks that appear upon the beaten pathway of the wilderness, that denote the goodness and mercy that hath been shown him by the Angel of the everlasting covenant, who is still with me, engaged to keep me in all places into which I may be brought, with the promise of being brought into the land; He hath promised to give with His whole heart and with His whole soul, and not left until He has done that which He hath spoken of. The enjoyment of these things by experience construes every wilderness-step into the house of God, and the very gate of heaven, for the heaven of every traveller in the desert is constituted by the presence of his God. Under feelings of a soul-animating nature, which must be endearing to one like myself, fast descending the downhill of life, and whose faith-vision must soon give place to sight, I have presumed to look in upon you this morning in your editorial *niche*, to call up with myself your attention to those things as revealed unto us in the divine volume, and realized in our hearts by the unctuous power of its divine Author; for, be assured, my dear brother, it is no small mercy in this degenerate age, to be found approving the things that are excellent; or, as the margin renders it, "differ," for a greater difference was not put by the Lord Himself between the Egyptians and the Israelites in the days of Moses, than is now found in the separation of the precious from the vile, like the bulk of Gideon's army. The greater part of even the professing Church of the day bow down upon their knees in their endeavour to do something that shall commend them unto the Lord, or qualify them to perform some enterprise, while few, very few, in token of their own unworthiness, put their hands to their mouths, and their mouths in the dust, in acknowledging of the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. This man of valour alone obtains salvation. Surely, my brother, as you are put *in trust* as an editor of a publication which has long shone with lustre in the hemisphere of the Gospel, it is more than ever incumbent upon you to see that the provender (of which there is enough) be clean, winnowed with the shovel and the fan, that the living Church may be fed with the living bread, and, from having tasted, be constrained to cry out, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." Indeed, what is the tendency of all the teaching of the Glorifier of the Lord Jesus, but that His people may understand the difference between the holy and unholy—the clean and the unclean? that as the High Priest of old bore the insignia, "Holiness to the Lord," to personate the Lord Jesus as the holiness of His people; so are they declared to be all holy as they are in Him, and by Him. Thus the leading feature of the whole scheme of salvation is not so much the salvation of the Church as the personal honour and aggrandizement of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Head of that church, or rather as the Christ of Jehovah. Thus the Church is called upon to behold Him as the Servant of the Lord, His Elect, in whom His soul delighteth, and in Him it is that they are constituted "a peculiar treasure unto the Lord above all people," arising from that indissoluble union so very blessedly set forth by the Lord Jesus Himself: "I in them and Thou in me, that they may be perfect in one." The maintenance of these fundamentals of our holy faith will not place you as an editor, or your publication, amongst the rank of popularity; but it will signalize you as one who dares to be honest in the midst of a crooked and

perverse generation, and in unison with your dear Master. The blessing of those who are ready to perish from the breaking forth of the religious volcano of our times will come upon you, and we shall have to rejoice that there is one faithful in the land. My heart is towards you, and in my going in to make a visit unto the King, I will not fail to file a petition before His divine Majesty, "to the end that He may stablish your heart unblamable in holiness before God," even our Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all His saints. The Lord comfort you, make you strong in His grace, give you daily to prove that all your sufficiency is of Him.

I shall weary you, or I could give you a few dottings of the pathway of Providence. Suffice it to say, that, while no longer strong to labour as heretofore, and the great influx of young Cushis, who ran with tidings, The yoke is laid upon the ancient (Isa. xlvii. 6), yet a handbasket from my God, through the ministration of His servants from time to time, supplies my need from the fulness of the riches of Christ Jesus, so that whether accounts be cast up monthly or yearly, there is no lack of that which is good. The Lord have you in His keeping.

London.

CRISPIN.

IT IS WASTED.

"Do not throw away those tracts; you can see there is no one near to find them." So said one friend to another, as, standing on a gentle eminence in the midst of a fine piece of pasture land, he saw the tract wafted by the wind over the hedge, and caught upon a thorn. "No," said his companion, "my faith tells me it is not wasted; 'He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.'"

As they walked on they watched the fluttering leaflet, and presently a gust of wind carried it over the hedge, and it was lost to sight. "There now," said his companion triumphantly, "your tract is done for; I told you it was wasted." The friend smiled, and the matter peacefully ended.

Some days after this little circumstance happened, two rough-looking labourers were seen making their way into a prayer meeting in the evening. Their anxious, earnest look made it manifest they came with an object in view. After the service was ended, they stepped back to speak a word to the minister, and in much simplicity told their story. They were sitting under a hedge during their dinner hour, enjoying their meal, reckless and thoughtless about their souls' interest, without God and without hope, when a gust of wind carried over the hedge a tract. It was read by one to the other, and carried conviction to both; their eyes were opened to see their danger, and they had that evening walked many miles to inquire about the way of salvation. The Lord was pleased to bless the communications of the minister to the enlightening of their understandings; and, under the teachings of the Spirit, they were both led into the enjoyment of pardon and peace.

L.

The disposition to wait is a sure pledge that you shall not wait in vain.

Every thing is an idol, which usurps that place in the heart which God should fill.—*Rev. W. Burrows.*

A SECOND VISIT TO FEN-OTTERY,

THE SCENE OF THE BLESSED TOPLADY'S LABOURS.

A PERSONAL visit to Broad-Hembury and Fen-Ottery, as described in this Magazine at the time, had only served to make us additionally anxious to visit those places again, as well as other spots rendered deeply interesting by their association with that dear servant of God, the blessed TOPLADY.

Hence, on a very recent occasion, accompanied by two dear friends from the North, we took the early train from Bristol; and, on reaching Exeter, returned by the South Western line to the Ottery St. Mary station, and thence by coach to the latter place, a distance of about three miles.

At Ottery St. Mary there was much to interest in the fine old church, which has of late been renovated. It was whilst preaching in this church (which is capable of holding some 800 to 1000 people) TOPLADY gave the illustration to which we alluded in our former account of his labours; and which having been heard by the father of our informant, was treasured up by him as the only remarkable fact connected with his ministry. (This gentleman was the churchwarden of Fen-Ottery; and, since our previous visit, has been called to his account. Poor man! it was evident that he was ignorant enough then of the glorious truths which had been from time to time proclaimed within the walls of the humble church in which he took so great an interest.)

There was so much to arrest the attention in this very beautiful structure, that it was really difficult to get away, although our time was extremely limited, as we were under engagement to reach Plymouth that afternoon.

The pulpit was the same as in TOPLADY's time, only changed in position. The organ gallery was very old, and the wooden structure connected with the clock, whose loud tick might be heard distinctly in the church, was very ancient also. With these things he must have been familiar, and there was something to our mind most impressive, as we thought that, in all probability, some of those sermons of his which for so many years have been read with such interest and profit by the people of God, were delivered from that pulpit. Many upon whose outward ear those sermons fell, listened, it is to be feared, with far more anxiety for the striking of that clock to announce that it was time for the preacher to close. The clock still ticks; and hour after hour is struck, but where are the listeners now? Of the preacher's happy estate there cannot be the shadow of a doubt; but his hearers, what of *them*? None more keenly felt the ignorance and the listlessness of his people than did TOPLADY, if we may judge from various remarks in his writings.

We have before us, as we write, a photograph of this Church of Ottery St. Mary, as it was in TOPLADY's day, with its then gallery and closed high pews. The pulpit was then much higher than now, and over it a huge sounding board. We contemplate the man of God, as he stood in that pulpit, and we imagine the earnestness with which he gave utterance to those glorious truths still left on record in his published sermons. How fervent his appeals! how earnest his exhortations! how intense his pleadings at the throne of grace, that the word of truth might reach many a sinner's heart and conscience! Oh, could that pulpit speak, that roof and those walls echo and re-echo the grand and glorious truths formally enunciated there! We felt as we stood in that and the other pulpits once occupied by TOPLADY, how glad should we be to stand for once there, to

catch up and to give forth, in however humble strains, "the certain sound" he loved to proclaim—salvation by rich and free and sovereign grace.

We were at once interested and amused, upon leaving the church of Ottery St. Mary, with the young sextoness who had shown us over the church. When asking for the family to whom we referred at the close of the account of our former visit, and who reside in the neighbourhood, she said, "There is one of them has become religious, and he preaches, and he explains the Bible very well."

Leaving Ottery St. Mary, we now drove direct to Fen-Ottery—that obscure little hamlet to which we formerly referred. There stands the church still in the same out-of-the-way place, so out of the way as scarcely to be seen by the passer by, unless his attention were specially called to it. Although, however, only four years have elapsed since our previous visit, sundry changes have taken place in the interim. The old sextoness who then came running in such breathless haste, to open the huge lock with her ponderous key (nearly a foot long) had died, and her husband too. Yes, and the churchwarden to whom in our former account we alluded, and with whom we had then conversed upon the grand, essential, indispensable truths which TOPLADY had proclaimed, was, as previously stated, gone also. We should be glad if such of our readers as have the number of this Magazine for Dec. 1860, would turn to it, in order to see what passed between this gentleman and ourselves upon our former visit. There we stood—the one insisting upon the importance of these truths, the other apparently utterly ignorant of and as indifferent to them. Now "the one was taken, and the other left." Hard by the spot where we then stood was *his* tomb; by reference to which we find he died (after a few days' illness) just six months after our visit, at the age of fifty-four years. It was a solemn reflection, how soon after our then conversation he was personally to test the reality of the truths then adverted to. They were no longer to be denied nor despised. How matters finally stood with him "the day must declare;" suffice it for us to say, it is an awful thing to rush upon the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler. Underneath the record of his departure are inserted the words, "Rest in peace;" but, if he knew nothing savingly of the Prince of Peace, ere he closed his eyes in death, he knows nothing of rest now. To die ignorant of Jesus—out of Christ—it were better a million times for such a man that he had never been born.

The present churchwarden was most obliging. He opened the old chest alluded to in our last account, where we hoped to find some records in TOPLADY's own handwriting; but in this we were disappointed. The parish-books were either at Harpford or Ottery St. Mary. There was, however, in an old Prayer Book, the annexed form of prayer, which had been most carefully kept, and was now in good preservation. This document was, without doubt, often in TOPLADY's hands.

A Form of Prayer to be used on Wednesday, 29th day of this present April, throughout the whole kingdom, being the Fast-day appointed by the King and Queen's proclamation to be observed in a most solemn and devout manner for supplicating Almighty God for the pardon of our sins, and for imploring His blessing and protection in the preservation of their Majesties' sacred persons, and the prosperity of their arms both at land and sea.

BY THEIR MAJESTIES' SPECIAL COMMAND.

WILLIAM R.

Our will and pleasure is, that the Form of Prayer prepared and registered by the special direction of our dearest Consort the Queen for the Fast-day of this present April, be accordingly used on the said day, and continue to be used on the respective Fast-days appointed to be solemnly kept every third Wednesday of the month successively during the present war.

Given at our Court at Whitehall, the 13th day of April, 1691, in the third year of our reign.

By His Majesty's command,

SYDNEY,

London: Printed by Charles Hills and the executrix of Thomas Newcomb, printers to the King and Queen's Most Excellent Majesties. MDCXCI.

The reading Bible is dated 1727, and is in good preservation. We think there is little reason to question its being the identical Bible from which TOPLADY, from time to time, read the lessons publicly in the church.

The churchwarden (Mr. Haydon) brought from his house the churchwarden's book, dated as far back as 1772, but we could see no reference to Mr. TOPLADY in it. There were many singular items, however. Among them we observed the following, year after year:—

For the Rev. Mr. Luce's dinner	2	6
For a prayer for the Prince's birth	1	0

This was, of course, for the printed form of prayer. The Rev. Mr. Luce is alluded to by TOPLADY in his Diary. We find, in a later year, the 2s. 6d. for his "visitation dinner" is suddenly raised to 5s.

The communion-table in Fen-Ottery church is about 30 inches long by 18 wide, with about 18 inches at either end between it and the rails, so that there is not much room for the genuflexions of high-churchism.

From Fen-Ottery we drove to Harpford, over Tipton Bridge; but, though doubtless occupying precisely the same site as in TOPLADY's time, it is not the same bridge as that to which he refers in his Diary, when so indulged with communion with his God, for the bridge has been rebuilt.

The distance between the two churches is about a mile and a half. In passing over it, one could but think much of the now sainted servant of God, in his frequent journeys to and fro over that identical spot. The hedge-rows, the shady lanes, the stately trees, the wide-spread meadows, the sparkling stream—all and everything seemed vividly to bring to remembrance him who had formerly there "sung and made melody in his heart unto the Lord," or walked hither and thither under a felt realization of the sentiment, "the burden of the word of the Lord." But what a glorious exchange his now!

As we traversed the road (our fellow-travellers having been hearers of the late dear Mr. NUNN, of Manchester), the conversation turned from TOPLADY to him. He had said to the mother of one of them (a long and deeply afflicted woman), "The Lord has placed you in the very best of positions for you, and visited you with the most suitable exercise and trial. It is all in His hands." Again, said our friend, "When they were carrying him up-stairs (just as he had been seized with his last illness, which in three or four days terminated his valuable life), he exclaimed, 'What a lump of corruption!'" Oh, thought we, what a truth in regard to our poor mortal frames; and yet to think that such should be precious in His sight; that "whoso toucheth"—body as well as soul—"toucheth the apple of His eye." Redeemed bodies as well as redeemed souls; oh, what a mercy; and how cheering amidst the contemplation of death and dying scenes! Not *lost*, but eternally secure in Him who declared, "My flesh also shall rest in hope;" "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me: for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Oh, blessed, heart-cheering truth!

On the stone over the porch at Harpford Church, is inserted—

I H S

A D 1601

Over the door in the porch—

"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

The church contains thirty-seven pews; some (as in the Fen-Ottery Church) very old and worm-eaten. In the aisle, and close by the reading-desk is a stone with the following inscription:—

Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Catherine, wife of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Martin, late Vicar of Seaton, who died April the 5th, 1735, in y^e 63rd year of her age.

Here also lyeth y^e body of Mrs. Hannah, wife of y^e late Mr. Jos. Gitling, who died y^e 29th of April, 1753, in y^e 74th year of her age.

And here also lyeth y^e body of the Rev. Mr. Jos. Gitling, Vicar of this Parish, who, after he had [serv^d] it near 37 years and half, and lived in great pain and misery, died the 28th of August, 1733, in y^e 63rd year of his age.

In reading the lessons, TOPLADY and his successors had to stand hard by—nearly upon—this stone. As recording the death of a previous minister, it was a perpetual and a striking lesson of mortality.

In this visit, which was necessarily hurried, we regretted we could not see the present clergyman, who we understand is a somewhat aged man.

At a little distance from the churches of Fen-Ottery and Harpford, a new church has not long been erected. This would seem to be almost the only thing that indicated change since TOPLADY's times, as to the actual appearance of the locality. We inquired at Harpford if there were any very aged persons living, from whom we hoped we might have gained some information respecting the former minister; but we were told that there were no very old people now living there.

Those who are familiar with TOPLADY's journal will remember that it was at Harpford the parsonage was burnt, and which he and his friend beheld from the neighbouring hill, at the time utterly unconscious that it was the vicarage which was in flames.

TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

THE late Rev. A. M. Toplady, the redoubtable champion of Calvinistic theology, whose hymns have rejoiced and strengthened the minds of thousands, died in the year 1778, and was buried within the walls of Tottenham Court Road Chapel, where he had often preached the joyful sound of the Gospel in common with good old Berridge, Romaine, Whitfield, and others who have gone to their heavenly rest. But the record of Toplady's decease and burial, in the shape of a tablet to his memory, has never appeared till within a few weeks since, when the chapel having fallen into the hands of the Committee of the London Congregational Chapel Building Society, they undertook to redeem the neglect of others. This spacious and "beautiful house" was re-opened on Thursday, the 29th Sept., previous to which we had the gratification of inspecting the new tablet in the

north-east corner of the chapel. It is very neat—it expresses no sickening eulogy—but a single fact is recorded quite sufficient to awaken the gratitude and veneration of many of the *Gospel Magazine* readers who love his name. Nothing can exceed the beautiful simplicity of the following inscription:—

WITHIN
THESE HALLOWED WALLS,
AND NEAR THIS SPOT,
ARE INTERRED
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF THE
REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY,
VICAR OF BROAD HEMBURY, DEVON.
BORN 4TH NOV., 1740;
DIED 11TH AUG., 1778;
AGED 38 YEARS.
HE WROTE—
“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Stepney Green.

C. G.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

“There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God.”—
PSALM xli. 4.

Oh glorious river ! precious streams ! But what know we of them in realization ? The Lord has declared they shall make glad the city of God, by which I understand the souls of His people. But the bare statement (though a precious truth) that “there is a river,” will not be enough to satisfy the living child of God. It may do for the mere formalist or dead professor ; but the soul made alive by the Holy Ghost longs to partake of the waters, even “as the hart panteth after the water brooks.” Well, then, have the soul-gladdening streams found their way into our poor heart ? If so, it has not been the work of chance, depend upon it ; but they have come to us under the well-directed eye and hand of Him who is “wonderful in counsel and glorious in working.” And mark you, if the streams have in very deed flowed into the heart, we shall have something to tell of here, and something to sing of hereafter ; and the song will be an everlasting one from everlastingly redeemed sinners. “Happy are the people that are in such a case ; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.” But let us not lose sight of the river or fountain head from whence flow the precious streams. This, perhaps, is too much overlooked even by God’s dear people. There is such a thing, I believe, as being so taken up with the streams, living too much upon them, while the source from whence they spring may be in a measure overlooked. Hence arises confusion very often in our poor minds ; those frequent ebbings and flowings. But it is our mercy, and a great one, that though the streams may and do sometimes run low, there is no diminution in the fountain itself ; that is ever full and ever flowing. And this it is which affords matter for praise and rejoicing in Him the Head, who is our life, and hath said, “Because I live, ye shall live also.” Where there is life in the Head, there shall be no death in the members. We read that the brook Cherith, by which the prophet Elijah dwelt and was sustained, after awhile dried up (1 Kings xvii. 7) ; this, however, shall never be said of the streams now under consideration. Now, just a word about faith, which is one of the streams, and a very prominent one ; so also is that of repentance, “without which no man can see the Lord.” “No salvation without

a new birth" (that I read very lately on the tombstone of John Berridge, in Everton churchyard); and blessed truth indeed it is—"Ye must be born again." But neither faith, repentance, nor regeneration, are properly our salvation. Oh no, they are precious marks and unmistakable evidences thereof; blessed fruits flowing out of that covenant "in all things ordered well." And we shall always do well so far as the Lord may be pleased to enable us to distinguish between things that differ. Faith is not Christ; Christ alone is the sinner's salvation. He it is that hath wrought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness which is unto and upon all them that believe, whether young or old, noble or ignoble, Jew or Gentile; for there is no difference in this respect, both male and female are all one in Christ Jesus. It is by believing that we arrive at the comforting knowledge of salvation, which is wholly an effect wrought in the soul by the power of the Holy Ghost; so that, instead of there being anything meritorious in faith as an act of the creature, it serves to plunge us deeper and deeper into the debt of love and gratitude to the God of all grace for the bestowment of so rich a blessing. The Lord might have provided an inheritance for us, and yet have kept us altogether in the dark about it all our days, had He so designed; but not so. He hath been pleased in love and mercy to come down to us; yea, to come near to us, revealing these blessed realities by and through the regenerating grace of God the Holy Ghost. Up to that moment the Church is altogether in the dark; she is dead until quickened: there can be no middle state between life and death. "We know," saith the apostle, "that we have passed from death unto life;" that is, from one extreme to the other: the greatest that can be—and that act is an instantaneous one, done once and for ever, and done completely. We do not begin to live a little to-day, and a little more to-morrow. Life is life, and death is death. A child of an hour old, and the man of a hundred years, if both alive, are equally so; but I believe that this life or divine change may pass upon a dear child of God a long time before he is himself fully made acquainted with it: he "hears the sound thereof;" and learns by solemn feelings that things are not with him as once they were. Yet he cannot account for this change until an after day opens up the matter to his astonished view; then he begins to understand the apostle's meaning where he says, "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God" (1 Thess. i. 4); and, if the sight and sense of this does not set a man blessing and praising God, I know not what will. Then he can sing with the poet very sweetly:—

"'Twas grace that wrote my name,
In Thy eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took."

That verse seems to point particularly to the fountain of grace, the following one referring more to its streams:—

"Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go."

The next strikes me as a beautiful closing up of the whole:—

"Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

Fletching.

H. H.

STRANGERS.

"I AM a stranger with you," said Abraham to the idolatrous children of Heth, as he stood before them to ask for a burying-place for Sarah the beloved. More than ever he must have felt himself a *stranger* when he spoke of *his* dead. But such the Patriarch had been during his sojourn in Canaan: such was the promise that he should be, and doubtless he was content to have it so. The apostle Paul tells us it was a strange country to him (Heb. xi. 9); his eye of faith was fixed upon the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker had revealed Himself to Abraham as the Almighty God.

Moses gave the name of a *stranger here* to his firstborn, in commemoration of his own exile-state. Egypt had been a strange land to Moses, and it must have been by a revelation of the God of Israel to his soul that he knew it to be such. In his early history we have no mention of this, but again in the 11th of Hebrews we are told "by faith he forsook Egypt," and esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than its treasures.

"I am a stranger with thee," said David, "and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." The court of Saul was never a home to the son of Jesse; he was driven from it into one wilderness and then another—nor was the throne his rest, he must leave it to pass over the brook Kidron and the mount of Olivet, weeping as he went—the same Kidron and the mount of Olives where his great antitype was to pass in the fulness of time.

Look at the prophets—Micaiah in his desolate prison; Daniel sitting solitary with his windows open towards Jerusalem; Jeremiah in his lonely dungeon; Ezekiel by the river of Chebar: the picture of the *stranger* is represented in each of them—but the Lord met His servants in their furnace of affliction, where He nourished and fed them with the hidden manna and living water.

From the manger to the cross Jesus our Master was pre-eminently the stranger. With "heaven for His throne and earth for His footstool," He was content to leave the one that He might tabernacle in the other as a wayfaring man. Like Noah's dove, the earth had no rest for Jesus; and He in whom His people find both rest and home, passed along the world He had created as the houseless and homeless stranger, to teach them in a measure that "as He was so are they in this world."

But are we really strangers here? Strangers to the world's maxims, precepts, fashions, and customs? A foreigner coming into our country is easily known; for his accent, manner, appearance, taste, and habits, all proclaim him the stranger. Do we as believers have the same impress of our strangership among those with whom we come in daily contact—those who are without—lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God? Oh, they watch for our halting, and we are not always on our guard; they make us offenders for a word, and we often speak unadvisedly: they ask us to taste a little of their honey, and without asking counsel of God, we draw near to take it, and start as we find ourselves standing by a *wasp's nest*.

But, believing reader, do you know what it is to be a stranger not only in the world, but in the Church? to stand in your *own* estimate unknown and unloved among the people of God? to feel there are times when you are misunderstood by them, and can find no sympathy where you looked most for it? to go in and out among them in the confidence of love, and then to be met with the "cold averted eye," the suspicious glance, the jealous inuendo, the envious frown, and the withering bitter word? Oh, it is then with a trembling lip and a sick heart we exclaim, *I am a stranger here*. "My mother's children were angry with me."

But once more. Christian reader, do you know what it is to be misunderstood by those near and dear to you? Why does the Church of God look coldly on us? Wherefore do the dearest ties often fail to meet us in fellowship of spirit? Surely because rest and satisfaction were never promised in any one or any thing *but Jesus the Lord*. When nestled in the bosom of His love, we feel at home and in peace; but the moment we leave that resting-place for another, be it ever so lawful—Christian intercourse—the ministry of the word—the home circle—we shall find none of them can satisfy us: we must part from each and all when we come to the brink and the swellings of Jordan—there is but One who will go over its waters with us. Therefore, dear reader, it is to the same nest you and I must return, the heart of Jesus—that tender, loving heart—even as a little child would seek the bosom of its mother, and sweetly fall asleep thereon.

H.

THE TEMPTED PILGRIM.

PILGRIM on life's rugged road,
Tearful, fainting 'neath thy load,
On the Lord thy burden roll;
He with strength renews thy soul.
Hath not Jesus said to thee,
"As thy days thy strength shall be?"

In the bitterness of grief,
Though thy prayer find no relief;
Bowed, forsaken, and forlorn,
Though thy sighs prevent the morn—
Tarrying long, He comes at length,
To revive thy fainting strength!

When temptation cometh in,
With a surging flood of sin,
And the burning billows swell
From the lowest deep of hell,
O my Saviour, say to me,
"As thy days thy strength shall be!"

Some, distrustful of their Lord,
Fear to rest upon His word:
One day, by the hand of Saul,
They are fearful they shall fall:
But His word is sweet to me—
"As thy days thy strength shall be!"

Though thy Saviour long forbear,
He will hear His people's prayer.
What though He, when sorrowing sought,
Make as though He heard thee not—
Watch, and, without ceasing pray
That thy strength be as thy day.

What though His approach be late,
It is good on God to wait;
He will prove His promise true
By His gifts—not small nor few;
His salvation thou shalt see—
"As thy days thy strength shall be!"

Brooklyn, America.

When wild winds thy vessel sweep
O'er the dreary, boisterous deep,
And thy prostrate strength shall fail
As she drives before the gale,
Then cry mightily and say,
"Let my strength be as my day!"

Dark may be thy midnight hour,
With death's shadow covered o'er,
Yet, how drear soe'er the night,
God will say, "Let there be light."
Jesus will, if thou canst pray,
Turn thy midnight into day.

Art thou tempted oft to say,
God with thorns hath hedged my way?
Dost thou sit alone and weep?
Doth thy heart sad vigil keep?
Weeping may endure a night—
Joy shall come with morning light.

As Thy people once were fed
With the heaven-descended bread,
Feed me thus in righteousness
In life's barren wilderness,
And, when fainting on my way,
Let my strength be as my day.

Oh, thou comfortless and lost,
In thy Jesus put thy trust!
Lo! the Dayspring from on high
Speaks thy great Deliverer nigh!
Leave thy fatherless to me,
"As thy days thy strength shall be!"

Oh, when death, with iron blow,
Strikes thy dearly loved one low,—
Vale of shadows! though despair
Walk in mournful silence there,
Light in darkness thou shalt see,
"As thy days thy strength shall be!"

A. DICKENSON.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

HEARTFELT RELIGION.

[Read Job i.]

"God maketh my heart soft, and the Almighty troubleth me."—JOB xxiii. 16.

RELIGION, with some people, seems to be a very easy sort of thing. Such sail on smoothly enough day after day; they appear outwardly very devout; they would not neglect attending the public ordinances of God's house on any account; and yet, if you were to talk to them about "brokenness of heart," or "sharp exercises of soul," of the Almighty being a "troubler," they would not understand you. Surely such a religion is the "wood, hay, and stubble" which God's word declares shall be consumed in the last day of account. Now the language before us betokens a different kind of religion altogether. Here were sharp exercises of soul indeed, and God's servant declaring that, by a secret yet salutary process, God was making his heart "soft," and the Almighty was "troubling him." Here was the eternal Breaker at work with the heart: "God maketh Job's heart soft." Some think that all God's discipline with His servant was on account of outward sin; but this can hardly be, when God saith that "he was a perfect and an upright man: one who feared Him, and eschewed evil." Then, it may be asked, Was there a need-be for all his suffering? We respond, Yes; it was the discipline an all-wise and loving Father took to sever his heart from earthly dependencies. Hence, He takes away, first, "his cattle and oxen." This might be to show him that the God whom he was to trust was a God of providence—Jehovah-jireh—the Lord who will provide; and to prove to him that "the barrel of meal" shall not be wasted, nor "the cruse of oil" run out, all the journey through.

Secondly, God took away "his servants and camels." This might be to show him that he was not to sit on the couch of worldly ease and comfort, but be up and doing, resting upon the promise, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be."

Thirdly, God took away "his children." This might be to show him that he must have "no idols;" for God is a jealous God, and wants the *entire heart*. Oh, what salutary lessons are learnt beside the grave of some fond child, who during its little lifetime has been too much of an idol.

Fourthly, God suffers the wind to blow upon Job's house, and it falls to the ground. This may be to show him that in this wilderness world he must be "a dweller in tents," a sojourner, and a pilgrim, seeking "a city whose foundation and builder is God."

Fifthly, Job's wife proves false to him. This may have been permitted to show him the frailty of an arm of flesh, and that he might lean alone upon that "One" who is "mighty to save."

And, lastly, Job's friends prove miserable comforters—doubtless that he might be driven to the only true and safe Refuge, the Lord Jesus Christ. Well, now, dear reader, this is the sort of work that softens the heart, and brings down the poor sinner to very nothingness of spirit—that is, of course, if such afflictions be sanctified. And what will be the result when the heart is thus softened? We might observe,

First, a softened heart is made ready to receive impressions, just as the

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softened wax receives readily the impress of the seal stamped upon it. Christ is alone God's EXPRESS image, but the real child of God is Christ's *impress image*. His name, His work, His righteousness, &c., are sealed upon the heart by the power of the Holy Spirit; hence, God's dear, blood-bought children are called "*sealed ones*." And then,

Secondly, a softened heart will be shown in the daily walk, life, and conduct; for to say that the doctrines of grace will lead to licentiousness is the most palpable absurdity that can be uttered; nay, beyond this, it is a libel upon the Holy Ghost. No; let a man's heart be thus softened, and "old things have passed away, and ALL things have become new." Sin is loathed, and he is a follower of the Lamb of God, where before he was a slave of Satan.

But, lastly, a softened heart is prepared for fresh supplies—ever craving. As the earth thirsts for more rain, so the softened heart longs for more grace and fresh displays of God's mercy and favour, and cannot be satisfied with anything short of it.

Oh, then, may we, fellow-pilgrims, be thankful that the Lord is not letting us alone, for nothing can be more solemn than His mandate, "Let it alone." Better, by far, find Him to be the Almighty troubler, than to remain settled on the lees of human depravity. Reader, may our hearts be right before God!

"Oh come, thou much expected Guest,
Lord Jesus, quickly come;
Enter the chamber of my breast—
Thyself prepare the room."

In prayer, give Him thanks that He is making thy heart soft, and stirring thee up day by day, and ask Him for faith to believe that all His discipline is right.

G O D A W A T C H E R.

[Read PSALM XXXV.]

"*This Thou hast seen, O Lord.*"—PSALM XXXV. 22.

How blessed is the consciousness that God's eye is upon us—that He knows all about us. "Thou hast seen, O Lord." It was this hallowed consciousness that made David look up to the Lord with prophetic faith, and say concerning his numerous enemies, "Let them be confounded and put to shame that seek after my soul: let them be as chaff before the wind;" that is to say, they *shall* be confounded—they *shall* be as chaff; Thy covenant declares it. I will be calm in the midst of my persecutors, knowing that their way and my way is before Thee, O Lord: "Thou hast seen, O Lord." And, reader, is not a greater than David here? Is it not the Lord Jesus Christ Himself that thus appeals to the Father, especially in the 19th verse, "They hate me without a cause;" and did not He know what would be the end of all those who were at enmity with His work and people? Oh, it is sweet to view the Lord's people as in Jesus—He their Covenant Head, their sorrows His sorrows, their enemies His enemies, and they partakers with Him of His, while the eternal Father knows all; so that concerning every fresh difficulty, every renewed opposition on the part of the world, the flesh, or the devil, they can say, "This Thou hast seen, O Lord;" I leave it with Thee; Thou canst and wilt, according to covenant promise, overrule it for my good, and bring me to render unto Thee "the calves of my lips."

Beloved, art thou thinking that thy affairs are too mean for His notice? "The eyes of the Lord are in *every place*, beholding the evil and the good" (Prov. xv. 3). Art thou imagining that God's favour is surely not with thee, because providences are dark and the way dreary? let me remind you of His own promise concerning His children: "I will set mine eyes upon them for good" (Jer. xxiv. 6). Art thou fearing that, because thou hast been so troublesome to Him, surely He must be weary of thine importunity? recollect we are told that the eyes of the Lord are open towards His people *day and night*, and that He is a God who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens, and fainteth not, neither is weary. So, then, in this way may we get the greatest comfort, from the assurance that concerning every step of the way we can look up and say, "This Thou hast seen, O Lord;" while, on the other hand, His eye is upon all that oppose, and He will be a Shield and Buckler to hinder them in their purposes, and save His people out of their hands. May these facts animate our souls, so that we may press on, exclaiming, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

"With Him is no futurity,
He stands enwrapt in purity—
Unchangeable—the same.
The great First Cause of all events,
He gave decrees, and ne'er repents,
And holy is His name."

Pray, that amidst all the trying circumstances of the daily warfare you may be kept looking up to the Lord, and that you may so recognize the fact that He is ever looking down upon you as to be enabled to say with holy calmness, "None of these things move me."

"GO IN PEACE."

[Read JUDGES xviii. 1—6.]

"And they said unto him (i. e., Jonathan), Ask counsel, we pray thee, of God, that we may know whether our way which we go shall be prosperous. And the priest said unto them, Go in peace: before the Lord is your way wherein ye go."—JUDGES xviii. 5, 6.

The tribe of the Danites sought them an inheritance to dwell in, and therefore they sent forth five men from their midst to spy out the land. These five men came to Mount Ephraim, and lodged in the house of one Micah. In this house was a young man of the name of Jonathan, who had become a priest in the house of Micah; and the spies, recognizing the voice of the young man as one who had come from among themselves, appealed to him in the language before us: We will not stay to ponder over the painful position of this young man, we will only mark the nature of the request made to him, as reminding us of the blessed fact, that the way of God's children is ever spread out before Him. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Oh, how precious it is to know that our way is before the Lord! that, however difficult it is for us to understand the why and the wherefore of many a matter that He permits, yet "our Father knows." All our chequered pathway is before Him. He scans and plans every step of the way, not overlooking the most minute circumstance of our life's history. "Before the Lord is your way wherein ye go." If we could feel this, and realize it more, surely such a know-

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ledge would tend to deliver us from many a fretting day and sleepless night. And then it is very precious, when the way is felt dark and difficult, to recognize the voice of some brother in the Lord, as these five men recognized the voice of Jonathan (verse 3), and to appeal to such an one to ask the Lord to counsel and direct us, and bid us which way to turn. How it encourages us when a man of prayer is able to say to us, "Go in peace : before the Lord is your way wherein ye go ;" roll your burden upon Him, and speed on your way. Look up with a trustful, humble spirit, and proceed, conscious that His almighty eye is upon you for good. "Go *in peace*," said Jonathan. And why not, beloved ? Since Jesus is ours, what have we to fear ? the end must be well, when He leads the way. Let us ever remember, then, that our way is spread out before the Lord ; He will overrule all for our good, and never suffer any of His sheep to perish.

"Safe in Thy hand, my covenant God,
Beloved and cleansed with precious blood ;
I'll trust Thy faithfulness and care
When dangers, foes, and fiends are near."

Pray to be delivered from over anxiety concerning the things of time, and for the peaceful assurance that "before the Lord is the way wherein ye go."

THE HEAVENLY MANDATE.

[Read PSALM cv.]

"*Touch not mine anointed.*"—PSALM cv. 15.

Oh, what a precious mandate from the courts of heaven ! It is this that has preserved God's people in all their wanderings, when they were but few men in number—a handful amidst a host of enemies—yea, very few, and strangers in the land. When they went from one nation to another—from one kingdom to another people—He suffered no man to do them wrong ; yea, He reprov'd kings for their sakes, saying, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." Yes, the power of kings was held in subjection by the King of kings, and His preserving mercy was around His chosen people ; and so it is now ; He hath remembered His covenant for ever, the word which He commanded to a thousand generations. Hence is it that with the people of God in all ages "no weapon that is formed against them shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against them in judgment they shall condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

Then, beloved, we are in the Lord's hands ; from above His almighty eye is upon us, underneath are His everlasting arms, and around us is the halo of His command, "Touch not mine anointed." Oh, well may the Psalmist close this wondrous exhibition of the goodness and faithfulness of a covenant God with those emphatic words, "*Praise ye the Lord.*" Yes, we will praise Him ; as long as we live will we adore Him, and rejoicingly sing, with dear Toplady—

"My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase—
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Pray to realize the fact of the eternal security of all Christ's blood-bought people, and go forward, confident

"That He who hath helped you hitherto
Will help you all the journey through."

NO REST BUT IN THE ARK.

[Read GEN. viii. 1—12.]

"*But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark.*"—GEN. viii. 9.

At the end of forty days, Noah opened the window of the ark, and sent forth a raven, which went to and fro until the waters were dried up from off the earth. Also, he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground: "*But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark.*" What a lively figure we have here of the child of God, who can find no rest upon life's ocean, no rest but in Christ. Truly does he feel that

"Life's rough and stormy billow
Rises and falls amid the howling storm;
Its changeful waters yield no resting pillow
For weary wing and fragile, fainting form."

No, it is in the ark alone that the tired, weary one, finds sweet repose; it is in Jesus, and Jesus alone, the Christian realizes a solace that the world can neither give nor take away. Oh, for more of this resting on Him! The world is so tiresome, with its oft-gathering and crushing cares, that it is so sweet to soar above life's billows, and wing one's way into the ark.

And then, further, notice, when the dove returned to the ark, Noah put out his hand and took her in; so will the Lord Jesus take in the weary one who seeks shelter in His embrace. Art thou hovering about the ark, dear reader? Go, by prayer, *close to the window*, and the Lord Jesus will take thee in, for He never yet said to the seeking seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain;" there is rest and peace for thy troubled soul in Him. You will find life a boisterous ocean, without a spot of ground whereon to place the sole of your foot; but it is safe standing on Jesus, and all we enjoy and experience in connexion with Him is but a foretaste of the bliss, and rest, and peace that is in store for us.

Ah, beloved, do we not often, in this tiresome world, find ourselves putting up the exclamation, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest." But

"Let us be patient. Soon our spirit's anguish
Will find relief upon the Saviour's breast;
No more beneath life's ills to sigh and languish,
Nor ever leave that *deep and tranquil rest.*"

Pray that amidst the billows of life Jesus may increasingly be a source of refuge and rest.

SALUTARY ADVICE.

[Read PSALM xxxvii. 1—20.]

"Trust in the Lord . . . Delight thyself in the Lord . . . Commit thy way unto the Lord . . . and Rest in the Lord."—PSALM xxxvii. 3, 4, 5, 7.

The apparent success which attends the movements of evil-doers is sometimes a puzzle to the Christian, and he is apt, in forgetful moments, to exclaim, "Why does not the Lord cut them off at once?—why does He permit such a state of things to exist? Surely it would be better if He would speedily make an end of it." But all such expression is but a running before the Lord. Whatever occurs, we may depend upon it, His almighty eye is watching. He never sleeps or slumbers, and our position is just to do as the Psalmist advises: "Trust in the Lord; delight ourselves in Him; commit our way unto Him; and rest in Him." Let us look, beloved, at this fourfold injunction—and may the Lord the Spirit cause it to be as wholesome food to our souls.

First, *trust* in the Lord. What a precious word! conveying, as it does, the idea of *credit displayed without examination*. Oh, this is what we want, dear reader, to manifest day by day. Just to credit God's word, without daring, with our finite comprehensions, to ask the why and the wherefore—letting it be sufficient for us that God has said it. Oh, for such a reliance as this! what peace it would bring; what a relief from that fretting of spirit so often exhibited, and which is so dishonouring to God; and how we should realize the promise connected with such trusting, "Verily thou shalt be fed." And then the Psalmist says, "*delight thyself in the Lord.*" Another joyous word, which, if realized and practised, must bring sunshine into the soul. Surely we have the idea here of constancy, as if the sweet singer of Israel would say, "Let His work and ways be thy constant source of contemplation; joy in Him, and rejoice in the God of thy salvation. If you look at men and their manners, you will mourn; if you look to the creature, you will be discomfited; but look to the Lord—'Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;' 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desire of thine heart.'" And then this servant of God further advises, "Commit thy way unto the Lord;" from which expression we gather the thought of *putting the matter into a place of safety*. Thy cares, thy wants, thy concerns, for time and eternity, if in His hands, are in safe custody. Nothing can touch the Lord's anointed: Deity surrounds the new-born child. Or, to take another view of this expressive word "commit," it means, roll thyself entirely upon the Lord; unburden all, and put all into His hands. Do not take thy concerns to the throne only to bring them back again, and carry them afresh, but roll them entirely upon the Lord. And then, lastly, *rest* on the Lord. Of all the golden words of the Bible, none is more precious to the wayworn pilgrim than this word *rest*—cease, as it were, from disturbing calculations—keep hallowed silence before the Lord: "Be still, and *know* that he is God." Oh, for the quietness of such a reliance! oh, for the realization of such a rest!—a foretaste of that Sabbathism which remains for the people of God. Beloved, we leave with you these four words—Trust, Delight, Commit, and Rest. May the Lord the Spirit grant that your life and mine for the future may continually display them. Then shall we be enabled to sing, Dearest Lord,

"Safely lodged within Thy breast,
What a wondrous change I find!
Now I know Thy promised rest
Can compose a troubled mind."

Pray for those precious influences of the Spirit of God which shall keep you, amidst apparent contrarieties, trusting, delighting, committing, and resting in the Lord.

THE TWO ARMIES.

[Read ROMANS vii., from verse 14 to the end.]

"What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies."—SOL. SONG, vi. 13.

Surely the apostle Paul saw, as it were, the company of two armies when he uttered that experimental language (in which all the people of God more or less participate), "For that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." And again: "For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." And he concludes this exhibition of the Christian's daily warfare with those well-understood words, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death (or this body of death)? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." Surely this last expression is the secret of the matter: with the new nature I serve God, for that nature cannot commit sin; but with the flesh—the old Adam nature—the law of sin. And here is the mercy—that, with all the strivings of the old nature, it shall not prevail: the Spirit shall overcome the flesh; grace shall keep under sin; "thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Very often, dear reader, do you and I see, as it were, "the company of two armies," and feel the dire effects of the strange warfare; very often do we enter into Jacob's experience, when, having parted from Laban, and being in danger from his brother Esau, he saw the angels of God as two bands, and therefore "called the name of the place Mahanaim," which signifies two hosts, or two armies. We have often to repair to Mahanaim in divine experience; but as Apollyon could not overcome poor Pilgrim in his hard wrestling with him, no more will he be permitted to destroy, or even really harm, one of the children of God. How truthfully does dear Newton set this forth when he sings—

"Strange and mysterious is my life—
What opposites I feel within:
A stable peace, a constant strife,
The rule of grace, the power of sin.
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my Head.

"Thus *different powers* within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail:
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And victory hangs in doubtful scale.
But Jesus has His promise passed
That grace shall overcome at last."

Pray for grace to keep under the strivings of the old nature, and for the sword of the Spirit to enable you to resist the power of Satan.

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

We are not called upon to invite sinners in their sins and hardness of heart to partake of mercy; but to warn them that except they repent they shall perish everlastingly.—*Rev. W. Borrowes.*

WHOSOEVER MINDETH
TO TAKE PROFIT BY
READING SCRIPTURES
MUST . . .

- 1st. Earnestly and usually pray unto God that He will vouchsafe to
- 2nd. Diligently keep such order of reading the Scriptures and prayer as may stand with his calling and state of life, so that
- 3rd. Understand to what end and purpose the Scriptures serve, which were written to

Religion, and the right wor-
shipping of God . . .

- 4th. Remember that Scrip-
tures contain mat-
ter concerning . . .

Commonwealths and govern-
ments of people by . . .

Families, and things that
belong to household, in
which are

The private life and doings
of every man in

The common life of all men
—as

- 5th. Refuse all sense of Scripture contrary to the . . .

- 6th. Mark and consider the

- 7th. Take opportunity to

OLD BIBLE OF 1589.)

Teach the way of His statutes.
Give understanding. } Psalm cxix.
Direct in the path of His commandments. }

At the least twice a day this exercise be kept. (Deut. xi. 19.)
The time once appointed after a good entry be no otherwise employed. (Luke ix. 62.)
Superstition be avoided.
At one other time that be done which is left undone at any time. (Eph. v. 16.)

Teach, that we may learn truth.
Improve, that we may be kept from error.
Correct, that we may be driven from vice. (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.)
Instruct, that we may be settled in the way of well-doing.
Comfort, that in trouble we may be confirmed in patient hope. (Rom. xv. 4.)

Faith in one God, . . . { Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost.

The state of mankind by . . . { 1. Creation.
2. Fall and sin.
3. Regeneration in Christ.

The Church, and the Government thereof . . . { Before Christ.
Since Christ.

The word of God written in the Testament . . . { Old and
New.

Sacraments . . . { Before Christ.
Since Christ.

The end and general judgment of the . . . { Good.
Wicked.

Magistrates . . . { Good.
Evil.

Peace and war.

Prosperity and Plagues.

Subjects . . . { Quiet.
Disordered.

Husbands . . . {
Wives . . . {
Parents . . . { Godly blessed.
Children . . . { Ungodly plagued.
Masters . . . {
Servants . . . {

. . . { Wisdom and folly.
Love and hatred.
Soberness and inconsistency.
Mirth and sorrow.
Speech and silence.
Pride and humility.
Covetousness and liberality.

Articles of Christian faith contained in the Common Creed.
First and second table of God's commandments.

1. Coherence of the text.
2. Course of time and ages, with such things as belong unto them.
3. Manner of speech proper to the Scriptures.
4. Agreement that one part of Scripture hath with another, whereby that which seemeth dark in one place is made easy in another.

Read interpreters, if he be able.
Confer with such as can open the Scriptures. (Acts viii. 30, 31.)
Hear preaching, and to prove by the Scriptures that which is taught. (Acts xvii. 11.)
T. G.

LEAVES FROM THE HEALING TREE, AND STREAMS FROM THE GREAT RIVER.

"If the Lord were pleased to kill us, He would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would He have showed us all these things, nor would as at this time have told us such things as these."
—JUDGES xiii. 23.

THE history of Manoah is brief; nevertheless his life, with his wife's, is most instructive, and couched beneath are spiritual lessons of intrinsic value and benefit to the Lord's people.

They were visited by the Lord, and a revelation was made to them in reference to the birth of Samson, who was to be a Nazarite from the womb—a man of valour and conquest, and undoubtedly was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, "the Lion of the tribe of Judah."

As a type, he was born according to promise, separated to the Lord's work, and was judge in Israel, subduing His enemies, and maintaining the rights of His people. The Messiah was foretold; the prophecies concerning Him are richly scattered throughout the whole of eternal truth, from the Adam fall in Eden till the eventful incarnation of the Redeemer in little Bethlehem—apt place for Him who is the bread of life to be manifested; Bethlehem signifying "the house of bread." Set apart for the Lord's work—even salvation—which He completed. "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do," was His own testimony to His Father. He is also a prince ruling and judging in and for Israel. Samson was of mighty strength; his antitype of almighty power being the omnipotent Jehovah. May the Divine Spirit help me to write upon the above Scripture, and you, my readers, to realize the same with joy.

1st. The fears of Manoah, which called forth the words under consideration. They had seen God, as he expressed himself, and "we shall surely die." The first manifestations of the Lord are calculated to distress and make fearful, because such seasons are times when the depravity of nature is revealed, and the holiness of the thrice Holy One is made known; sin is laid upon the conscience, and the Holy Ghost shining into the heart makes the soul uncomfortable and feelingly defiled, and with Isaiah cries, "Unclean, unclean." Daniel on one occasion saw the Lord, and by the sight "his comeliness was turned into corruption." This work of the Holy Ghost is necessary; self-sufficiency must be subdued, creature power brought into the dust; and when we have nothing, then He in a way of mercy comes and bestows all. "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." Each saved soul goes into the stripping room before the robes of salvation are experimentally put upon him. In a word, he must feel himself a sinner, ill-deserving and hell-deserving, before he realizes the results of God's eternal love, and the merits of Christ's precious life, death, and blood. Souls made sensitive by divine life imparted, and being instructed in the mystery of iniquity, and led to contemplate the vast salvation of God in Christ Jesus, and hope it is theirs, will sometimes when dwelling upon eternal verities and their own shortcomings and worldliness, fear it is after all a delusion, and that it will terminate in their going back like the "sow that has been washed to its wallowing in the mire"—that these visits are but forecasts of His coming to judgment; but such fears are entirely baseless. No manifestation of the Holy Spirit here except to such whose names are written in heaven; in accordance

with which great truth was Manoah's wife's reply in answer to his groundless apprehensions. "Let him alone," is God's general conduct towards reprobate sinners; sealing up the vials of His wrath until the eventful day of retribution. The reverse is His behaviour towards His own by adoption, as well as creation; those He visiteth in terror experimentally realized, sequelling it with a knowledge of pardon and interest in divine favour. Physicians draw and probe a wound before healing it; so the Lord breaks and binds, wounds and heals, causes distress and bestows comfort, casts down and raises up: yea, imparts a knowledge of sin, which is truly a rankling wound, and then a sight of Christ crucified, which is an entire cure—an effectual remedy. Jesus Christ is emphatically "the Healer." "He healeth the broken in heart, He bindeth up their wounds."

2nd. The answer of Manoah's wife to these fears of her husband in its four-fold character:—

(1.) He accepted their burnt offering, which was typical of the vicarious and one efficient offering of the Lord Jesus Christ. The burnt offering was fulfilled in Him, and by His death was atonement fully made. Zion how unutterably blessed!

"Flow our praise—for ever flow,"

for such unmerited salvation. Bloodshedding and the remission of sins are necessary the one to the other. The Lamb slain is the way by which the Church reaches her destined rest—the rest prepared for her beyond the reach of foes there, as in the parable of the virgins and the marriage chamber. The wise with the Bridegroom within closed doors—"the door was shut," to the exclusion of all and everything with which they and we were and are harassed in the desert. Sin, Satan, the world, a heart of unbelief, and all beside done with for ever.

"There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
And from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

The burnt offering was accepted; hence those for whom it was made are benefited. God was manifest in the flesh to take away sin. He bore it in His own body on the tree. He endured all its curse, felt all its pangs, suffered all the wrath which sin had incurred, and the hottest resentment from the holy nature of Jehovah which transgression had provoked. So He endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now seated at the right hand of the majesty on high. His work finished and accepted, and we accepted in the Beloved. Therefore with Manoah's wife we say, Had God intended to slay us, He would not have accepted our burnt offering, Jesus Christ the righteous, the Lamb without blemish and without spot.

"Jesus has triumphed, His people are free."

(2.) And our meat offering, which eloquently sets forth the complex Saviour. The ingredients of which it was composed were fit emblems to illustrate Him who was the unspotted Surety of the Church, and also represented the provision for their souls' sustenance; for "he that eateth of the bread that I shall give him shall never hunger;" and again, "I am the bread of life." In the meat offering Jesus Christ was typically offered, who is a sweet savour unto God; and in the eating of it is set forth the reception of Christ into the heart, and feeding upon Him as the alone nourishment of the soul; which supply if withdrawn altogether

would result in death, which never can be: and even if apparently suspended a famine is experienced—"Not a famine of bread, but of the word." We cannot now enter fully into all the beauties of these two offerings, and how aptly in all particulars they declare that a greater than the ceremony is here.

(3.) Revelation: "showed us all these things." He did wondrously before them. How significant! He revealed Himself as the uncreated Angel of the covenant; consumed the sacrifice and ascended in the flame which He had kindled upon the altar. How like the dealings of the Lord in a way of grace with His people. He makes known wondrous things, showing them their sin and His holiness; and in His light they see their deformity and depravity. A revelation of the sinner's misery leads him to cry to God for mercy, who has an efficient remedy for guilt-burdened souls and sin-smarting consciences; and when Christ the Son is revealed in the heart, what a suitability is felt to be in God's salvation in Christ for such great transgressors, and for souls so deep in sin. God's mercy alone can alleviate the pangs of a heart wrung with remorse on account of sin shown to the soul by the Holy Ghost, of whom it is declared "He bringeth all things to remembrance."

(4.) Communication. God reveals in His written word all the wonderful things that pertain to Himself in connexion with the Church's salvation; but the communication of them to the objects of His mercy is what we may describe as an experimental revelation: and where there is a soul the subject of so God-honouring, Christ-exalting, sinner-humbling, and soul-saving work, the Lord Jehovah does not intend to destroy such. Of these He has said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Then, Manoah, thy fears are groundless, and what thou wast so distressed about is an evidence that God's thoughts are peace and not evil. His unbelief was well argued against by his wife's faith, which we have been contemplating. The Lord smile, and then His blessing will be added. Amen.

Hoxton.

W. C.

SELF JUDGMENT.

"If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged."—1 Cor. xi. 31.

THESE words put before us a truth too little understood, viz., that though the Lord will chasten for sin, His only object in so doing is to make us sensible, if His people, of our sin; to make us repent of it, forsake it, and turn to Him: and that if this object may be obtained without the rod, then the rod shall not come upon us—in other words, God will not allow sin to pass unnoticed in His people, and therefore He will judge them; but, if we through His grace are led to put ourselves through this process of judgment, then, the end of the chastisement being obtained, the chastisement shall be prevented. The mercy and faithfulness of God are here richly made manifest. It is a great mercy for us that God will so deal with His children that they shall not perish. To be chastised is a very great mercy, seeing that it is that we may not be condemned; better to be chastised than to be let alone: but who that knows the painfulness of chastisement, the hidings of God's face, the restrainings of His Spirit, the covering of His throne, and the apparent givings up to Satan which often constitute a part of His rod, will not feel it to be a greater mercy to have spared to him the necessity of

that rod. In these words the apostle shows us how that necessity may be spared. Do not let me be misunderstood here. I do not say that *trial* and *conflict* shall be spared; chastisement is to be distinguished from these, and this broad line of demarcation may be laid between them: *Chastisement* has special reference to *sin* in us, and therefore a guilty conscience will more or less enter into it; whereas *trial* has reference to *grace* in us, as when God tried Abraham: and the same is true of *conflict* with the world, the flesh, and the devil; for "he that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Paul's thorn in the flesh was a sore trial, and he had hard conflict with the messenger of Satan; but in the infirmities here made manifest he could glory. *Faithfulness* to Christ will ensure trial, and conflict with Christ's enemies, but it is *faithlessness* to Christ which brings upon us God's chastening rod.

How certain it is that sin dwelleth in us; and not only so, but mightily worketh in us. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us;" and if our eyes are well opened, and our consciences are tender, we shall find ourselves being again and again brought into captivity to this law in our members. In how many things shall we be discovering error, anger, pride, worldliness, covetousness, uncleanness, carnality, &c., within, and our spirits are often carried away with these things; and not only so, but they will cause wrong words to come from our lips, and many times cause our hands to be doing wrong things: and these failings in thought, word, and deed, if not soon discovered, will bring hardness and insensibility into our hearts, will deaden our consciences, will leave us exposed to more open wanderings from God, will prepare a way for parleying with Satan and falling into his temptations, and will cause a restraining of prayer before God, and an irksomeness in every duty, till—

"If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find we cannot feel."

Now these are the beginnings of God's chastisements, yet may not be enough to open our eyes, nor bring us to search and try our ways; but we may still go on frowardly in the way of our hearts, and then God will begin sooner or later to cause His hand to go out against us: unconscious of our own wanderings, we begin to pity ourselves, to see something of our deadness, and to try to excuse or comfort ourselves with the thought of our own helplessness, and may be putting the blame upon God because He is not putting forth that power by which alone our souls can spiritually live, and move, and act. This brings on a spirit of slavish fear and legal bondage, God putting us to jealousy, and our souls becoming more and more bewildered and confused; yet in all this we may not discern His chastising hand, so that it comes more heavily, crushing, breaking, and spoiling us, until at last we are brought to spiritual exercise, made sensible of our vileness, and, under the grace of the Holy Ghost, are once more made to know that He restoreth our souls. Now this is a long and a dreary road—the end indeed is good, but I observe our text shows a nearer and a more profitable way to the same end. True it is not a way that we have of ourselves power to walk in. It is only (you and I, dearly beloved, well know) by God's working in us that we take any right road; and therefore I do not speak to you about what *you can do*, but about what it is well that the saints *should do*, that you, thus learning God's will, may be made the more inwardly conscious of your own weakness, and so be led to seek more divine strength, by the power of which alone you can walk in the directions of my text.

I confess I am not one of those who fear to use God's precepts, or to point

Christians to what is right, because they have no strength in themselves. It is by high aiming that we learn the more of our own helplessness, and the more spiritually sensible we are of our own weakness, the more are we on the road to strength. "When I am weak then am I strong."

Now to our text. If God's people, we must be judged in this world; our sins must be brought to light, and the matters involved in them settled in this world. The majority of people God lets alone till death, and the settling of all accounts in the final judgment; and that will be a judgment unto condemnation. But not so with His own; condemnation they shall escape, but not judgment: and this judgment is with them a continuous thing. There is a *legal* judgment, and in that God acts alone. He judges us and brings us in guilty and self-condemned; and then shows a ransom that He Himself has provided. But the judgment we are considering is a *gospel* judgment, in which those are concerned who are already "justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses."

The question is, is God to judge us by His chastening hand, or will we spare Him that necessity? If we will judge ourselves, we shall not be judged.

We have a court of justice.

There are laws.

There are witnesses.

There is a judge.

1st. There are laws. The law of God's house is not the law of Sinai. If we have indeed believed in Jesus Christ, all that belongs to that law is already settled; but we are not "without law to God," but "having* a law to Christ," even the Gospel, which is the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, and which calls us to faith, to love, and to good works; to separation from the world, to prayer, to thankfulness, to chastity, to honesty, to humility, to truth, and all righteousness, through the inworking of the Holy Ghost. All its precepts, all its ordinances, are for our guidance, and in keeping its commandments there is great reward.

Now in a court of justice all things must be done according to law. God will judge His people according to this law, and if we are to judge ourselves we must have knowledge of the law by which we are to judge. God has commanded us to keep His precepts diligently; but how shall we judge ourselves unless we understand them? Therefore we have need to cry again and again, "Teach me Thy precepts." Oh, seek to know your Lord's will, for *there are stripes* to him that knoweth it not; though *many stripes* to him that knoweth, and doeth it not. That we may judge ourselves, then, we have need to be searching God's word with earnest cries, "Make my heart sound in Thy statutes, that I be not ashamed."

2nd. But again, in a court of justice we must have a prosecutor and an indictment. Shall God be the Prosecutor? Shall He come with His rod, and set our sins in order before us? He stays, and says, "If you will judge yourselves, you shall not be judged." Prosecute yourselves, make out your own indictment, bring your own charges; but mind, this work must be thorough work. If we leave anything out of the work, God will take it up. Be putting yourselves close by the law of Jesus; ask for more light, seek to know the very worst. Be not afraid when the catalogue seems to be swelling. Refrain not to put this down and the other down because there are so many aggravating circumstances attending them;

* Which is the real meaning of 1 Cor. ix. 21.

put plainly and clearly every aggravation that you can discover. Seek as far as possible that your offences may not be made graver than you have made them ; and when you are at this work, cry, " Search me, O God, and know my heart ; try me, and know my thoughts ; and see what wicked way there is in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

3rd. There are witnesses. God has been a witness of all. But now God says, Judge yourselves, bear witness against yourselves. Here comes confession—"I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and my iniquity have I not hid." "I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." Have you played the harlot? Have you been going after idols? Have you been walking after the flesh? Have you been indulging a light, trifling, and worldly spirit? Have you been guilty of any secret sin? Oh, seek a spirit of open, honest confession. I want more simplicity and thoroughness in confession. Our sense of sin and our confession of sin is too vague and general. It may be deep and real, but not particular enough. Seek to be clear in the *items* of sin. True I know sometimes you become bewildered by the multitude of your transgressions, for they come up before your eyes more in number than the hairs of your head ; but still watchfulness would, I believe (I alter the word and say, I know, for there have been times when God has made me prove it), with a tender conscience, be catching at the prominent points of our sins, and putting them in simple, honest, childlike confession before God.

And now comes judgment. No plea of *Not guilty* can come in. Judge yourselves—be your own jury. Is there any recommendation to mercy? Oh, no! Our sins are no light sins. *Devils' sins* are light compared with *Christians' sins*.* They are sins against not only manifested holiness and purity, but against revealed mercy, goodness, grace, compassion. It has been the adultery of the base woman, who has wickedly turned aside from the tenderest and kindest of all husbands to give her love to His enemies. It has been the treachery of the pardoned traitor, who, having been admitted to his Sovereign's love, has again turned his eyes upon the rebel camp. Clothed by Him, washed by Him, saved by Him, comforted by Him, and safely lodged by Him, we have decked ourselves with the ornaments He has put upon us, and cried "I have other lovers, and after them will I go." Oh, guilty, guilty, guilty, inexcusably guilty, must our souls fall before Him!

Well, now, the last part of the matter is sentence. If you look at the law which God gave by Moses, you could only pass sentence of death upon yourselves ; and truly we must confess ourselves poor, wretched, hell-deserving sinners. But then *faith* will judge by *Gospel laws*. She will point to the flowing blood and the spotless robe, and plead here for pardoning love ; pardon in herself all undeserved and unmerited. But yet in judgment we lie low, we shall be for putting the rod into God's hand. "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him." But no ; when brought here the rod shall pass. "If we will judge ourselves, we shall not be judged."

And now what repentance and godly sorrow shall be kept alive in this soul. "If we would judge ourselves." When? How often? Always. The process I have been speaking of, I have known what it is to walk in at times for some days together. Beloved, it is then always discovering, always confessing, always pleading guilty ; always fleeing to Jesus, always repenting, always at peace, always sad. Oh, there is no legality here. What Mr. Hart says of repentance, which is in fact judgment in the soul, is sweetly true:—

* From our heart we believe this.—Ed.

"Nor is it such a dismal thing
As is by some men named;
A Christian may repent and sing,
Rejoice and be ashamed."

Now look at the blessedness. "We shall not be judged." That is, first, we shall not be judged by the rod. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Those painful strokes which are often required to bring us to search and try our ways shall be spared. The Lord deals with us rather as a *Spirit of grace* than as a *Spirit of judgment*; for look not on this work of self judgment as being anything but *His own work*. It is *He* who keeps our eyes open, *He* who softens and humbles our hearts, *He* who opens our lips to confess our sins, *He* who draws us to the precious fountain, *He* who enables us to lay hold on Him in whom alone we have righteousness and strength. Without this working of His Spirit, the knowledge of sin leads to legal fear, drives us from God; we fear to judge ourselves, and God takes the work into His own hand. No spirit is so far from this spirit as a legal spirit.

2nd. We shall not be judged when the world is judged. God's people are brought to judge themselves and to condemn themselves; but in Jesus they find a Redeemer. God laid their sin on Jesus, and they are brought to Him, saying,

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

"By Him all that believe in Him are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." Jesus has passed the judgment for them, and though condemned in and by themselves, "there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Self judgment drives them from themselves to the dear Redeemer, and they take His garment that "is surety for a stranger." "He that believeth hath everlasting life, and shall never come into judgment,* but is passed from death unto life." "If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged."

Devizes.

C. H. MARSTON, M.D.

"HE IS ALL IN ALL."

THE Lord He is my strength and stay
When sorrow's cup o'erflows the brim:
It sweetens all if I can say,
It is from Him—it is from Him!

When, humbly labouring for my Lord,
Faint grows the heart, and weak the limb,
What strength and joy are in the word,
It is from Him—it is from Him!

I hope for ever to abide
Amid the shining seraphim,
Delivered—pardoned—glorified;
But 'tis through Him—through Him!

Then welcome be the hour of death,
When nature's lamp burns low and dim,
If I can cry with dying breath,
"I go to Him—I go to Him!"

* John v. 24—where the word translated condemnation literally means judgment.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, OF PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

"I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord."—2 COR. xii. 1.

WE expect of a man of God that he should have experience in divine things, and we expect he should be able to tell something of what the Lord has done for his soul ; His dealings with him ; how he was brought out of nature's rubbish, and out of the filth of the fall ; when Christ was revealed to him ; how he came to know his lost and ruined state ; and something of where he now stands ; what he knows of sin and its workings ; the evils of his nature, and conflict therewith ; and what he knows of grace, pardon, love, joy, peace, in and through a precious Christ. I say we expect these things of a man of God ; and of a man of God we expect them not in vain : but we expect it not from the unrenewed, who are still in their sins. But not so of God's people ; they have realized something in sort—in kind—of the things I speak, and that through sovereign grace which makes the difference. We expect these things of men of God, and we expect them not in vain. We find these things were experienced by the apostle Paul ; and we find it in connexion with our text, wherein he tells us what great things the Lord did for him : and my purpose at the present time is to meditate upon some of them, if the Lord will. For be it known to those who know it not, and to those who do I would remind them, that " whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning ;" for instruction in righteousness, to show us what kind of religion is the right kind : for all religion is not right religion, be it remembered. There are often fatal mistakes in this matter ; but the word of truth, God's record, shows us what kind is right : and therefore what our religion should be, lest at the last we be found out deceivers, foolish virgins that took no oil in their vessel, and when they most wanted their light it expired in darkness. They had not the right religion ; they had no transactions with God, and God never had any dealings with them. They were never brought in guilty, never were pardoned ; therefore no salvation for them.

And now I desire to take you through the opening verses of this chapter, and get to the text if we can. "It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord."

First, then of the unspeakable favour bestowed herein upon Paul. Says he, "I will come to speak of visions and revelations of the Lord." Some of you cannot. Now it need not be open visions, that is, something discovered to the natural sight, in order to understand and realize what Paul did ; but revelation to faith. All discoveries are not open vision, as we see in Gal. i. 15 ; there the apostle says, "When it pleased God to reveal His Son in me, I conferred not with flesh and blood." It came with such divine satisfaction that it was enough ; he had no need to confer with anybody as to the nature of it. This was a revelation to faith, satisfactory and confirming in itself, requiring no outward vision. Now, in this respect it is the same with all the family of God ; they come to visions and revelations as Paul did, not in extent, but in degree. The same sort you must have, or you have no communication with God. All God's people must come to visions and revelations of the Lord ; a time of revelation, a day of vision, when Christ is revealed, and they behold His glory. And so the apostle goes on to speak of himself : "I knew a man in Christ fourteen years ago." What ! not in Christ till then ? Oh yes, always in Christ ; in Christ before the foundation of

the world. When Christ is revealed to us, we are not then placed in Christ; but Christ is revealed because we were in Him. You never would have had a revelation of Christ unless you were in Him; but when He was revealed then you could trace it all back to the fountain head of eternal love: and the streams of grace you have sipped in the wilderness here, you find issued under the throne of God and the Lamb before all worlds, that shall flow back to God again in glory. "I knew a man in Christ," saith Paul, when he speaks of himself. Do you know such an one? If so, how long have you known him? When was Jesus revealed to you? When did He show you your ill and hell deservedness? When did the arrow of conviction enter thy heart? When did you feel you were lost and damned if God did not show you mercy? And have you found out "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus—no damnation (it is the same word)—who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." This is the character of those for whom there is no condemnation; they walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. They are drawn off from the flesh. This is the nature and effect of the revelation made to them, they walk after the Spirit, not after the flesh as they once did, and as some of you still do. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." But of the apostle. "Fourteen years ago," he says, "I knew a man." Some of you can look back to more years than that since you were first called by grace. Some of you are older than Paul was at this time. Some of you have seen more years in the wilderness than Paul had, and you have been kept, preserved; and many a precious Ebenezer can you set up to the freeness and all-sufficiency of grace which chose you, and has kept you, and will never cast you away. Ask yourself, then, how old you are? Did you ever know a birthday? Men, women, and children, are fond of keeping their birthday in nature; but had you ever a birthday in grace? and if so, when, where, how? If you never had a birthday in grace, as to the fact, though you may be doubtful about it in feeling, you are still in nature's darkness, and in the flesh; and "they that are in the flesh cannot please God." So you must perish in your sins. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

But of Paul. He describes this revelation as being "caught up" into the third heaven. What a power was this exercised in and over him, so that he forgot himself wholly—so blessed the communication made, so unspeakable the love imparted, so divine the bliss enjoyed, that he could not tell whether he was in or out of body. Ah, friends, this is going great lengths—these are great things—an extent that surpasses most of the experience of God's people; but, when brought into the liberty of the gospel, when released from the bondage of the law, when rescued from the thick darkness of nature, when brought to the pardon of sin, when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart—why, friends, it all partakes of this same spirit the apostle here describes. It is a catching up of the soul into the third heaven; it is raising the soul above and out of earth; it is a getting out of the world, and a getting into God in Christ—the heaven of the soul. Did Christ ever break into your soul thus?—did Jesus in His love ever shine upon you? To be filled with the love of Jesus takes the soul off from, and out of, the world and its cares, and hopes, and joys. It is a catching up into the third heaven that draws the heart from earth and all its delusive attractions; it is a higher atmosphere—another element; it is the opposite to all that is earthly, sensual, fleshly, worldly. And this was the nature and character of Paul's revelation; the same in kind, though not in degree, that you have enjoyed, if called by grace. "But what is revelation?" ask some. It is not human imagination, it is not intellectual power, it is not dreams and speculation.

Revelation differs from all this—it is divine power, producing a supernatural discovery, that acts with divine influence upon the soul, opening the mind, and drawing the heart, whereby the soul is led above and beyond nature and the world and things within and around—led to God in Christ. Revelation is God's act upon the soul, by which the darkness is chased away, and the true light shineth ; so that if God does not bestow it, man cannot have it. He cannot see it, understand it, receive it, comprehend it ; but when God reveals, the man receives, which before he could not do. Further, revelation gives sound experience ; for Christian experience is acquaintance with things revealed. Revelation by the Spirit of God is needful, because man is incapable of receiving through his intellectual capacity, divine truth in the love of it. The apostle came to revelation—so must you, if you are saved, and so have you who are saved and called. We had never seen Jesus if God had not revealed Him to us. We had never had right views of our sinful selves and our lost state—our heart as it is, its lusts, its evils, its sensuality, its devilishness—if God had not revealed it to us by the Spirit. Poor sinners, dead in sin, are insensible of this. Why ? Because, unrevealed to them, they know not their awful state ; but God's people have views of themselves as sinners, because this is revealed to them ; and, amid all the cares, and sorrows, and griefs of life, cursed sin is their greatest woe. Not so with some of you. You can make light of sin—you can laugh at it ; you nourish that viper, and play with it. Beware, lest God make light of you, and, at the last, throw you and it off together, as Paul did the viper that fastened on his hand, into the fire—ay, into fire that never shall be quenched. But the Lord makes His people very tender of sin—little sins as well as great sins. He plants His fear in their hearts ; and the fear they have above all things is the fear of sin. And well they may dread sin, for it is sin that brings darkness and desertion, and they can lay it all to the door of their sin. Oh, say you, sin robs me of all my comfort ; it lays me at the mercy of the world, the flesh, and the devil ; it breaks up my peace ; it brings a hell into my soul ; it shuts me out from God, and I am miserable. Well, if this be the language of your soul, I think you must know something of communion with a precious Christ ; you must be acquainted with the blessedness of the gospel, which once you were a stranger to. But we were speaking of the third heaven ; and if you ever had the love of God shed abroad in your heart, if you ever received the pardon of sin, if you were ever certified of your interest in Christ, why you, too, were in the third heaven, and in yet a little while you shall go into the heaven of heavens above, to go no more out for ever.

But he says "he was caught up into paradise." Our dear Lord upon the cross told the dying thief he should be with Him in paradise ; and in the Revelation we have a promise given to the Church that she shall "eat of the tree of life in the paradise of God." I suppose this is an allusion to the paradise Adam lost, and out of which he was driven by the fall, and which, to prevent all entrance, was guarded by a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life. But now sinners can enter. The sword of justice kept the way, but Jesus passed through, and received the blow in His breast. "Awake, O sword, against the man that is my fellow," saith Jehovah : the sword was sheathed in Jesus' side, and He takes the curse that His Church may get the blessing. So, says the Lord, "fury is not in me ;" no curse, no wrath. "I wot he whom Thou blessest is blessed." I speak concerning my elect, my children, my chosen, my saved, my redeemed, for whom I opened a fountain on Calvary—my people whom I have gathered out of the ranks of Satan, and gathered round the standard of the cross ; no fury is in me towards them ; I

have only love everlasting for them ; I have no thoughts but thoughts of peace towards them ; I will not turn away from them to do them good. I have blotted out all their sins, I have forgiven all their trespasses, I have made an end of them ; I live to make reconciliation and atonement for their daily transgressions, and only wait for the appointed time to come and take them home to myself, to be happy with me for ever.

Oh, may the Lord apply these truths to poor sinners' hearts, to the Lord's dear children, and may some be set in pursuit of them, and long to be led unto them.

Said our dear Lord, "then I restored that which I took not away." *I* did not take away paradise from man, but man lost it by sin ; but what I never took from him I restored to him ; yea, and something more, too ; for my Church is in a better state now than Adam ever knew. Look at Isa. li. 1, 2, 3 : "The Lord shall comfort Zion." Here is a paradise restored for you and given to you—ay, and a far better state, too, than Eden of old was. That was soon lost, but this can never be lost, for saints are "kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation." But is there not a paradise here for all the family ? Yes, in kind, if not in degree, there is an Eden where God brings His people. And where is it?—what is it ? A sight of Jesus ; a view of the cross ; a receiving of mercy ; a dropping at the feet of a revealed Christ ; an exercising of faith on Him, His person, and work ; a committal of care to Him, and the enjoyment of confidence, trust, and peace, that none but a God can give. Friends, does not this make an Eden ? Is not this a paradise here below ? Does not the "wilderness become like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord," when the soul gets here ? Is not this something of what God does when he comforts you, and comforts all His waste places—when joy and gladness is found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody ? Oh, let sinners in the midst hear what God *can* do ! Why, He can make you happier than ever the world, the flesh, and the devil could—happier than you can think or imagine ; therefore it will be your mercy to know One that is greater than he that is in the world.

But do you love Jesus ? Have you fled to Him for refuge ? Have you a sense of His preciousness ? Well, see what is in reserve for you. All these blessings are yours, and all things are working together for your good ; and the quieter you can leave your cares, the better it will go with you. Now, be sure of that.

When the apostle was in this paradise, he tells us he heard words which it is not lawful for a man to utter. He penetrated further than you or I ever have. Perhaps none of us were ever so favoured. He heard unutterable things—so blessed, so gladdening, so surpassing all he had ever heard, that language failed in expressing it ! He had not power—ability—language—to tell what he saw and heard !—such glories, such joys, such bliss, that those who had never felt them could not comprehend. The apostle John saith, "We know not what we shall be : but we know this, we shall be like Him." What a prospect ! Well might the same apostle say, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Behold, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Can you say this, "We know not what we shall be : but we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him ?" And do you desire this ?

We have taken a little view of some of the great things in the apostle Paul's experience—the visions and revelations enjoyed by him—which show us what great things God can do for His people—for poor sinful mortals. For what was Paul ? Why he tells us the view he had of himself, as the worst of mankind,

"the very chief of sinners ; a persecutor, a blasphemer, a Pharisee, injurious ;" but, says he, "I obtained mercy." And why? For a pattern to set forth the free grace of God : I thus became an exemplar of what divine power could do, that had mercy on a wretch like me. Oh, then, here is grace ! For what cannot Sovereign power effect? See what it did for some of the worst of mankind—for haters of God, for despiteful, proud, persecutors of God's dear family ; for trampers on Zion's mercies and their own mercies ; for those walking in the ways of the world—perhaps given to the worst propensities of human nature—bad as ever they can be. And this grace is revealed that such should not despair of mercy when the arrow of conviction strikes into their soul, but, in this history of Paul, see something of the height, and length, and breadth, and depth, of the grace and long-suffering of God ; as if the apostle would say, "I obtained mercy, so may they." Therefore is it that the sovereignty and mercy shown to Paul is but a pattern of the grace manifested towards the whole family ; and the discoveries enjoyed by and revealed to him, in sort and kind, are displayed to, and realized by, all the family of God, sooner or later.

The Lord bless His word.

THE REV. J. W. GOWRING, B.A.

THE receipt of a letter from our dear friend and brother in Christ, the Rev. J. W. GOWRING, has given us considerable pain and regret on his account ; yet, at the same time, we have the fullest confidence that the matter of which we are about to speak is of the Lord, and that the Lord will not only stand by, but, in some marked, gracious, blessed way, appear for His servant. Our quotation from the letter in question will apprise our readers of the position in which our dear brother is at present placed.

It has long been to us a source of both surprise and regret that one who has been labouring so assiduously in the ministry of the Church of England for little less than *thirty* years should still be only a Curate ; that his stipend has never exceeded £100 per annum ; and this not as a matter of certainty, but dependent, in great measure, upon the free-will offerings of the people.

True it is that Mr. GOWRING has long laboured under the loss of his natural sight ; but this he lost in his Master's service. His eyesight began to be dimmed whilst yet a diligent and persevering student at Cambridge, seeking there to qualify himself for the examinations which were to precede his taking his degree, and being ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England. Finally, his sight failed him when Curate to the Rev. RICHARD HALE, the respected and beloved Vicar of Harewood. Upon leaving Harewood, he came to London ; and there, as our extract will presently show, he has ever since laboured with an ardour—a perseverance—a self-denial, that exceeds everything we ever witnessed. Mr. GOWRING is no *loiterer*, but really and truly a *labourer* in His Master's vineyard. Although, as we have said, deprived of sight, no one, from his appearance, would be aware of it : his large, dark, full eye betrays no lack of vision ; and such is the facility with which he reads the embossed characters, that he conducts the entire service of the Church with the most perfect ease ; yea, even to the administration of the Lord's Supper. To those who have never witnessed Mr. GOWRING's conducting the service, a sight of deep interest is in reserve.

That God's hand was singularly apparent in depriving Mr. GOWRING of sight.

is evident from the fact, that, soon after his appointment to a curacy or sole charge in London, he was requested by the committee to superintend the printing of the Bible for the blind. He had both to prepare the copy and revise the proofs; this was a work of immense importance, as well as of considerable labour. We leave our readers to their own conclusions as to what would have been the effect had the sacred text been tampered with, or in the least degree departed from. It wanted a man of Mr. GOWRING's known character for soundness of doctrine and steadfastness of principle, to superintend such a work. Again, under God, it was to Mr. GOWRING was due the proposing and the carrying into execution of the printing the Prayer-book, in embossed characters, for the blind. We leave our readers to judge of the importance of this movement, and of the great boon thus conferred upon those who may be called to suffer the want of sight.

But, in addition to this singular facility for public reading, God has been pleased to endow Mr. GOWRING with an equally singular retentive memory; inasmuch that, when preaching, he will quote Scripture with the utmost readiness and accuracy. What can be more important than this, in these either Bible-disputing or Bible-despising days? We have often thought, in regard to our dear brother, that there seems to be scarcely a single portion of the sacred word which he has not pondered upon and duly considered. In quoting a passage you never seem to take him by surprise. He is acquainted with the context, and has his thoughts upon the subject in readiness.

We have said he is a *labourer*, and not a *loiterer*, in the vineyard. Witness his upwards of twenty-one years' work in Kennington. In addition to his regular full Sunday and Wednesday evening services there, he would take one service at an asylum and another service at a police-station, besides a diligent visitation of the sick and the troubled. No man is more ready to sympathize with the sorrowing than Mr. GOWRING.

For the last three years or thereabouts, in addition to his two full Sunday services at Kennington, he has read prayers and lectured every Sunday afternoon at St. John's Church, Horsleydown. Thus, from his leaving his home soon after ten o'clock of a Sunday morning, he has never returned, but been almost uninterruptedly engaged, until nine o'clock at night. And all this the work of a blind clergyman—ever ready and always happy in his Master's service.

We know this is saying much, but it is not saying too much. We write altogether without our brother's knowledge; and we feel that we cannot, in common honesty, say less than we have said.

As a man, Mr. GOWRING is one of the most cheerful and animated. As it has been often said, if God sees fit to deprive of one gift, He graciously bestows another, so is it in this case. Mr. GOWRING is among the most agreeable of companions, and never so happy as when conversing upon the best of all themes. We know of no man more diligent, nor of any better calculated for a course of pastoral visitation.

Before we quote from his letter, we will just add, that nothing would afford us greater pleasure or satisfaction than the hearing of his appointment to some definite sphere of labour in the Lord's vineyard. Sure we are that, if so appointed, he will be found a devoted, self-denying servant of his Lord and Master.

"6, Somerset Place, Stockwell, S.

"Oct. 10th, 1864.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Since you were here my dear wife has been very ill, and previously to that I was myself very far from well, and in fact was laid by the last Sunday in June; but this was the only Sunday for nearly twenty years that I have

been prevented by illness from occupying my usual post. I should have written to you last week, but we were at Brighton, and the change of air, through the Lord's mercy, has certainly been beneficial to my dear wife's health. She had been five Sundays away from Kennington, but yesterday week resumed her place there; but it proved necessarily a very trying time to her, as I had to give notice that my continuance there must cease after next Christmas Day. Last Friday week I received notice from the new Incumbent of Kennington, that, in consequence of proposed alterations in the services of his parish, he would require the Schoolroom in Bolton Street. The following was my answer to his letter:—

“REVEREND SIR,—It is now more than twenty-one years since I commenced my labours in the Gospel at Kennington, and this year completes my seventeenth year in the Schoolroom at Bolton Street. I cannot therefore but feel somewhat deeply the prospect of a separation from a place where the Lord has blessed the ministry He has committed to my trust. However, I must necessarily abide by your decision, and therefore conclude from your letter received last night, that Christmas Day, which is the last Sunday of the year, will be the last day that I shall be permitted to preach Christ's Gospel to the flock to whom I have ministered at Bolton Street School-room.”

“Within a few minutes after I received the letter, there was brought to my mind these words from Exod. xiv. 13, “Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord; speak to the people that they go forward.” I could not but receive them as a message from the Lord for present comfort and guidance, and through the Lord's mercy I have thus far been kept quiet, without any intimation whither or where I am to go forward; and I desire to be kept without having a choice in the matter. My text yesterday week in the morning was Rom. i. 16—18; and in the evening I took the above words from Exod. xiv. As I know that you have always taken an interest and watched from the beginning the progress of the work to which the Lord separated me at Kennington, I have taken the earliest opportunity to let you know. I need not ask you to remember me at a throne of grace, when it is well with you; as I know that I am not forgotten by you. With our united Christian love to you and yours, I remain,

“Your faithful friend and brother in the Lord Jesus,

“J. W. GOWRING.”

AN ACROSTIC,

ADDRESSED TO A DEAR FRIEND ON A BED OF LANGUISHING.

SAINT beloved, though sore afflicted,
Unto Jesus lift thine eyes;
See thy Saviour (once dejected,
And overwhelmed with agonies!)
Now enthroned above the skies.

View Emmanuel, now all-glorious
In the blissful realms of light!
N or wilt thou be less victorious—
Cease to mourn, but not to fight;
Endless mansions are prepared
Near to our ascended Lord—
'T is recorded in His word.

Ps. xxxiv. 19; Heb. xii. 6.
Isa. xlv. 22; Heb. xii. 2.
Rev. v. 6. [xxvii. 29—50.
Isa. liii. 3—8; Luke xxii. 39—44; Matt.
Ps. lxxviii. 18; Heb. ii. 9, 10.

Phil. ii. 9, 11.
Rev. xxi. 23.
Rom. viii. 35—39; Rev. xii. 11.
Isa. lxi. 3; Eph. vi. 11—17; 1 Tim. vi. 12.
John xiv. 2.
John xvii. 24.
Rev. iii. 21.

In all afflictions seek rather for patience than for comfort; if thou preservest that, this will return.—*Bishop Taylor.*

WHAT ST. JOHN SAW.

(Continued from p. 465.)

Most appropriate is the form of oath which the angel here uses, embodying as it does the truth that the Church's enemies have no power but what is given them from above; and that He who gave them that power will now interpose to limit and restrain them, in any attempt they may make to thwart His covenant purpose.

With this most solemn and appropriate oath, the angel swore "*That there should be time no longer* : (ver. 7.) *But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as He hath declared to His servants the prophets.*"—Instead of "there shall be time no longer," we prefer the translation which many commentators have adopted "there should be no delay." The second woe is past when the oath is taken, —and the third woe cometh quickly after the second woe (Rev. xi. 14); that is, the seventh trumpet will quickly sound: for it is the seventh trumpet which is to usher in that woe.

"*In the days of the voice of the seventh angel,*" &c. The angel of the covenant swears that the end shall come; that glorious consummation for which the saints in every age had prayed, and which the Reformers so confidently anticipated. Thus Luther, in the year 1520, in his answer to the Pope's bull of excommunication, expresses his anticipations:—"Our Lord Jesus Christ yet liveth and reigneth, who I firmly trust will shortly come to slay with the spirit of His mouth and destroy with the brightness of His coming that man of sin."—*Merle D'Aubigne*, ii. 166. After being summoned before the Diet at Worms, and after condemnation had been pronounced on him by the emperor, he fell back for comfort on the same joyous expectation:—"For this once," he said, "the Jews, as on the crucifixion-day, may sing their pæan; but Easter will come for us, and then we shall sing hallelujah."—*D'Aubigne*, ii. 275. The next year, writing to Hauptitz, he made a solemn appeal against his abandoning the Reformers, by reference to the sure and advancing fulfilment of Daniel's prophecy. "My father," said he, "the abominations of the Pope, with his whole kingdom, must be destroyed; and the Lord does this without hand, by the word alone. The subject exceeds all human comprehension. I cherish the best hopes."—*Milner*, p. 692. In 1523 he thus, in a similar strain, expresses his hopes:—"The kingdom of Antichrist, according to the prophet Daniel, was to be broken *without hands*; that is, the Scripture will be understood by and by, and every one will preach against Papal tyranny, from the word of God, until the Man of Sin is deserted of all, and dies of himself."—*Milner*, p. 796—*Quoted from Barnes*.

The same sentiments were entertained by the other Reformers; and they were correct. They were only building upon what God had declared to His servants the prophets. Take the prophets of the Old Testament—Daniel, Isaiah, David. Daniel, in his second chapter and forty-fourth verse, says—"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed." It was in the days of the fourth kingdom that Christ *came in the flesh* and preached the kingdom of God; but it was not till the days of the kings who did not rise till after the breaking up of the fourth empire (fourth kingdom) that Christ's kingdom was set up. So, too, Daniel, in his seventh chapter, again prophesies that the four kings shall arise before that Antichrist shall be

destroyed. "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him" (ver. 27).

The same things are more plainly declared to the evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke; and to these prophets I take it that reference is chiefly made from the terms employed in the original: the word which we translate he *hath declared* being in the original *εὐγγέλισε*, the same word which is employed to denote the preaching of the gospel; and the word which we translate "should be finished," *τελεσθῇ*, being cognate with the word translated *end* in the evangelists, e.g., "but the end is not by and by" (Luke xxi. 9) *ἀλλ' οὐκ εὐθεὺς το τέλος*; "and what shall be the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled?"—*συντελεσθαι* (Matt. xiii. 4). "And what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?"—*της συντελειας του αιωνος* (Matt. xxiv. 3). "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come"—*και τοτε ηξει το τελος* (Matt. xxiv. 14).

The *end* here spoken of is the deliverance of the Church from the hands of those enemies, who had so long and so cruelly tyrannized over them: "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh" (Luke xxi. 28). It is the setting up of the kingdom high above the heads of the kings and rulers of the world; out of the reach of their force and their policy. "So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the *kingdom of God is nigh at hand*" (Luke xxi. 31).

Note.—In St. John's Gospel there is no chapter corresponding to Matt. xxiv., Luke xxi., and Mark xii., and for the reason, that the Apocalypse is the development and exposition of these chapters.

The angel of the covenant here declared with an oath that the mystery of God should be ended as soon as the seventh angel should begin to sound. What immediately follows is a ratification of that oath.

"*And the voice which I heard from heaven spake unto me again; and said, Go and take the little book which is open in the hand of the angel*" (ver. 8).—The voice which he heard is the voice of God the Father. The angel had appealed to God; he had solemnly referred to him as a witness of the truth of what he asserted: and He who is appealed to bids John go and take the little book which is open—as though He had said, its contents are all true. He who is appealed to ratifies the oath by bidding John go and take the little book. What the angel had sworn to is written in that little book. This much is implied by his having the little book open in his hand when he took the oath. Here it is profitable to remember how the Revelation begins: "The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him," &c. (Rev. i. 1). The revelation is Christ's; but it is God who communicates the discoveries of the future to Christ. The scheme of the Christian revelation is mediatorial throughout; God giveth unto the Son, dispensing knowledge through Him—see John v. 19, 20, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do; for whatsoever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth Him (*δεικνυσιν αυτω*) all things that Himself doeth." "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me" (John vii. 16). "As my Father hath *taught me* (*εδιδαξε με*) I speak these things" (John viii. 28). "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, He gave me a commandment, what I should say and what I should speak" (John xii. 49). See also John xiv. 10; xvii. 7, 8; Matt. xi. 29; Mark xiii. 32. So

in Rev. v. 1, "The book written," &c. is in the right hand of God the Father; the Son breaks the seals. Here again when the Son proclaims what is about to follow on the sounding of the seventh trumpet, He does so with the little book open in His hand. He proclaims it with an oath; and we repeat that the Father ratifies that oath by bidding John go and take that book. He thus in effect acknowledges that all things contained in it are true; the objects of the divine prescience; the decrees of the Eternal Mind. John must take the book, "which is in the hand of the angel which standeth upon the sea and upon the earth;" these last words being added to mark the time when John takes the book.

"And I went unto the angel, and said unto him, Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it, and eat it up; and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey" (ver. 9).—St. John, instructed and emboldened by the divine command, asked for the little book, and the angel said, Take it. The book was intended for John; so we read: "The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by His angel unto His servant John: who bare record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw" (Rev. i. 1, 2). The angel said, "Take it, and eat it up." There is a similar command given to the prophet Ezekiel. Ezekiel was directed to go to the house of Israel and deliver a divine message, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear; and in order that he might understand what message to deliver, there was given to him a roll of a book written within and without. That roll he was commanded to eat. "Moreover, He said unto me, Son of man, eat that thou findest; eat this roll, and go speak unto the house of Israel" (Ezek. iii. 1). And again, "Cause thy belly to eat, and fill thy bowels with this roll that I give thee" (ver. 3). And that significant command is explained in ver. 10, "All my words that I speak unto thee receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears." When, then, the angel bids John take the little book and eat it up; the meaning is, that he must admit it into his heart and understanding. *Καταφαγε αὐτον*: he must swallow it down—the whole of it. He must let no part of it remain uneaten. *All my words*. Not a word must be omitted. His every faculty must do its office in order to the due digesting of the word, that it may be turned into his very blood, and become a part of himself, so much so, that as Ezekiel was himself "a sign," he, John, may be a sign—a part of the prophetic drama. Note. We see John in the next chapter measuring the city; and thus, both there, and elsewhere, being a part of that divine revelation which he receives, and which he is commissioned to deliver to others.

The angel, when he commands John to take and eat the book, tells him what will be the effect of his eating it; it will make his belly bitter: the meaning of which is, that there would be many things in it of a painful and distressing character to God's people—things which would sadden his heart to communicate. So Ezekiel, after he had eaten the roll, which was filled with lamentations, and mourning, and woe, thus represents his feelings: "So the Spirit lifted me up, and took me away; and I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit" (ver. 14). So our blessed Lord, when He testified, was overcome with His feelings; at one time indignant, at another shedding tears, and at another "being troubled." But though it makes his belly bitter, it shall be in his mouth sweet as honey. The eating of the roll had also this effect upon Ezekiel; and the Psalmist says, "More to be desired," &c. (Psalm xix. 10); and again, "How sweet," &c. (Psalm cxix. 108). In the multitude of the sorrows that distress John's soul, he was upheld with the knowledge that God's counsels concerning all things

were right. The whole scope of prophecy, the whole revelation, all seen together in one view, in their place, order, and connexion, are consistent with infinite, eternal, and unchangeable being, power, wisdom, and love. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c.

"*And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter*" (ver. 10).—St. John describes the effects of his eating the book in their natural order; sweetness in the mouth, bitterness in the belly. The Angel of the covenant, when describing what they will be, does so in the reverse order—bitterness in the belly, sweetness in the mouth; laying the greatest stress on the former, because suffering has been the invariable accompaniment of those who have spoken in the name of the Lord. "Take my servants, the prophets," &c.

St. John is careful to tell us that he took the little book, and ate it up; he is careful also to tell us that the effects were exactly those which the angel predicted. The book was God's. His word alone is a two-edged sword; with it He kills and He makes alive. By telling John beforehand what that double effect would be, the angel showed that he knew what was in the book, and what was in the man. St. John, by telling us that the effects of eating the book were exactly as predicted by the angel, confirms us in his statement that he took the little book, the very book which was in the angel's hand, and ate it up. He devoured it; he took it entire—all the words. The effects produced were the effects of eating the book as ordered; without adding to or diminishing from it. Had he added or diminished, the effects would have been somewhat, if not altogether different.

St. John is thus careful to show us that he followed with the most jealous precaution the minutest direction of the angel, in order that we might have the strongest assurance that his prophecy is no cunningly-devised fable; and that he has given us exactly what was divinely communicated to him, sign for sign, and word for word, nothing more and nothing less: neither adding unto nor taking away from the words of the book of the prophecy.

"*And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings*" (ver. 11).—The contents of the little book were the sum and substance of what we find written from the very next verse; the first verse of the eleventh chapter to the end of the Revelation. When he had eaten that little book, the angel then told him that he must prophesy again; that he must go on and proclaim in writing that which he would find written within the little book: and from that time to this hour is he prophesying as he was ordered. Thou must prophesy again. His visions from chapter vi. had been visions of judgment inflicted upon the symbolic earth from the beginning of the Gospel. They had extended to the time when the seventh trumpet was about to sound; but now that he has eaten the little book, the spirit of prophecy is revived within him, the hand of the Lord is strong upon him, and he is carried on by the prophetic impulse, so that he must prophesy: he could not but speak the things which he had heard and seen. He must prophesy again; he must begin again from the beginning, and describe events cotemporaneous and connected with the judgments already described. And this we shall see he does in the following chapters. He begins from the gospel era; he describes the condition of the true Church of God; he specifies her enemies, whence they spring, how they prosper, how they fall. We have the Divine recapitulating the space of time he has already traversed, beginning anew from the same starting-point, and after bringing us again to the time of the seventh trumpet, advancing onwards to the end, and beyond the end of all created things.

OBITUARY.

MR. FREDERICK SILVER.

"**FALLEN ASLEEP.**" The great apostle to the Gentiles uses these sweet words for the comfort of the Lord's people, when writing to the Church of Corinth in reference to the "dead in Christ," or rather, "those who die in the Lord" (1 Cor. xv. 6); over whom the second death hath no power, their life being hid or bound up by an indissoluble union with Him who hath said, "Because I live ye shall live also:" in the flesh, a life of faith on the Son of God; and in the article of death, when the tenant of mortality beholds the expiration of a fourscore lease, its triumphs are, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 55); who having trod the gloomy vale as the pathway to heaven, are by the Spirit of God led to behold face to face the glory of God—shall, with those that are alive, be caught up to meet the Lord in the clouds, and so shall be for ever with Him (1 Thess. iv. 17).

What a contrast will this be to the state of the Shulamite while treading the footsteps of the great and terrible wilderness, where life is but "a *shadow* that vanishes away; a *dream* that is soon forgotten; a *reed* that is soon crushed; a *leaf* that soon withers; a *vapour* that is instantly gone; a *swift post* that quickly passes by; a *cloud* that soon disappears; a *span*, short, and soon measured out; a *flower* that is soon cut down; *nothing*—yea, *vanity*; a *tale* that is soon told, and scarce worth hearing." Our longest life considerably shorter than a thousand years, subsequently reduced to the curtailed number threescore and ten; occasionally may be lengthened to fourscore, only to be filled in with labour and sorrow, the latter end of our days or evening of our life; and when we grow old and cold, and the nipping frosts of infirmity and affliction cut off the tender leaves of our infant and meridian beauty, the fruit of our riper years—until nature decays, and the very root of our vital existence becomes rotten, corrupted, and worn out; so that our life at best is but "a spring of tears, a summer's heat and choking dust, an autumn's care, and a winter's woe."

Our thoughts have run in this train from the sovereign act of the Lord in *so giving another of His beloved ones sleep*, in the removal of that highly-favoured servant of His, Mr. Frederick Silver, late minister of Jewry Street Chapel; for as all the world are become guilty before God, and are alike subject to the penal infliction due to transgression, death passeth upon all, because all have sinned, which in a threefold sense must be considered in conformity to the sentence—"In dying thou shalt die." First, *natural*—the separation of the soul from the body: "The body without the spirit is dead" (James ii. 26). Secondly, The soul unquickened by the Holy Ghost: "And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1). Thirdly, *Eternal*, or the separation of soul and body from the Lord for ever: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psalm ix. 17). Nor can we overlook that He who ordained us unto life from the womb of nature, is the same who puts us to sleep when He has arranged the pillow, and with His own hand draws the curtain around us, "until the earth shall disclose her blood, and no more cover her slain" (Isa. xxvi. 20, 21); wisdom that cannot err having fixed the time of birth, as well as the issues from death. As with our God there is nothing in the least bearing the stamp of uncertainty, or what the world terms chance, whatever cometh to pass, we can look up to the hand and disposal of Him who ordereth all things after the counsel of His own will: hence a sparrow, whose price is mean, and whose life but contemptible, and whose flight seems giddy and

at random, falls not to the ground without His will." How much more precious in His sight must be the death of His saints, and with what care and kindness will He gather them together who are His by covenant. In a good old age hath He gathered unto Himself our departed brother, not without giving us to see the ripeness of the corn destined for His own garner; confirming the blessed truth, of oneness with the Lord: so that he who lives in the Lord must die in the Lord. "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live" (as members in and with Jesus), "we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's" (Rom. xiv. 7, 8). What a proof here of the unequalled love of the Lord Jesus unto His Church! While the sinner who may reach a hundred years, dying out of Him, dies accursed, the babe only in grace dies of full age. And what a consolation is granted us amidst the breakage of every natural tie, to feel assured of the sweet truth, "The righteous hath hope in his death." What is recorded of the patriarch Jacob is applicable to the whole family: "And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people" (Gen. xlix. 33). And the Holy Ghost gives this testimony of our fathers: "These all died in faith;" for they died as they had lived, counting Him faithful who had promised, understanding the things of Christ as much as though they had lived in the days of Christ. Being convinced of their need of Christ, from the work of conviction upon their heart by the Holy Ghost—of the plague of their own heart, in the same manner as those upon whom He descended upon the day of Pentecost, what was said of one suited the whole, "Abraham saw my day afar off, rejoiced, and was glad" (John viii. 56).

Obituaries in general savour too much of the garment spotted by the flesh, and the creature, in all the fancied supposition of something extraordinary, is set before us, and the "man in Christ" is, with much of the workings of divine and sovereign grace, thrown into the background. Our design in cherishing the memory of our late beloved brother, Mr. Frederick Silver, is more to set forth the grace of God so eminently bestowed upon him, and which fully qualified him as a minister of the New Testament, feeding the Church of God which He had purchased with His own blood. That ministry was well known to differ from the namby-pamby, falsely-called Gospel in the present day; hence it was no marvel that himself and small congregation were almost in an isolated state, compared with the swarming locusts of the present-day professors.

We pass by the parentage, birth, and the early stages of the pilgrimage of the good man, knowing that, in common with all the posterity of Adam, he was "born in sin and shapen in iniquity;" and in that condition he lay until the set time to favour him rolled round, and Jesus in a time of love passed by, and bid him live: then old things were forgotten, and all things became new, and he preached that faith which he once sought to destroy. For the lengthened period of half a century has the Lord spared him as a scribe well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom, to labour in word and doctrine unto His Church; in the former part of his ministry, as a flying evangelist, having daily the care of all the churches upon him, and in running to and fro preaching the Gospel to the poor. Many who have sat at his feet, and have heard the sum and substance of his preaching in the exaltation of the Lord Jesus in His Person and work, have become his seniors in a higher world, participating fully of "the joy of the Lord;" and now the messenger has come with the well-directed letter for him: and being delivered into his own hands, he has gone up to the higher courts to be for ever with the Lord. An old writer has very quaintly observed, that man

may be compared unto a book, his birth being the title-page; while upon the last page stands a word, *Finis*; and such is the life of man, that this is the last word in every book. Death comes in the *Finis* at the end, and closes up all, as the appointed end of all; God having appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment. Our brother has reached this *finis*, and, in its consequences, has entailed all the infliction arising from sin. The domestic and civil relations of life have terminated in a void and vacancy never to be filled. For a time it has dissolved that mysterious union between the soul and body, and by it the immortal spirit is transmitted into the invisible world, finally fixing a state of happiness that is inconceivable and everlasting; and those detached from redemption by Him who is the resurrection and the life, are to be considered as the most awful and visible effect of the divine curse, and as the arrest of divine justice: for, had it not been for sovereign mercy revealed through atoning blood, it never could have been viewed in a more favourable point of view. Blessed as the vicarious work of Jesus and the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost is to the Church of God, it does not secure the members thereof from temporal death (hence the oft repeated inquiry, "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?"); yet, having pardon through the blood of His cross, they are fitted for communion with God, and have a well-grounded hope of eternal felicity. We sorrow not even as others which have no hope in the falling asleep of our brother, and in his absence from us are confident he is present with the Lord. One thing we do know, that the Church has sustained a great loss, not only in his ministerial standing towards them, but in the withdrawal of that portion of divine grace with which he was indulged; for we should ever remember that the grace which is bestowed personally upon each member of the Church in her militant state, returns to its original source from whence it first proceeded—grace perpetual to each successive member: "But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

Events such as the withdrawal of an ambassador from a court, or the fainting of a standard-bearer in the field, are big with importance in the world's affairs; how much more in reference to the militant state of the Church of the Lord Jesus, in the sovereign act now passed by the Lord towards that part of His flock whose footsteps have long been imprinted in the pasture of Jewry Street, where they have been led forth by the still waters, under the ministry of their late beloved pastor. In a spiritual point, they have been called to a full experience of the same, seeing he had long sustained both characters: first, as the ambassador of Jehovah, to make known His will in the earthly courts, of the pleasure He taketh in His people, and how He beautifies them with salvation; and, secondly, as a standard-bearer, exhibiting the blood-stained banner of the cross, testifying that there is no salvation in any other but the Lord's Christ; standing forth as a faithful minister of the mystery of the Gospel, and as a servant of the Most High God; serving the Lord Jesus, by preaching the truth, and building up the Church in its most holy faith. For those who were favoured to enjoy his ministry well know how much it savoured of the Lord Jesus, in His Person, work, and character; and he fully maintained the dignity and honesty of those giants of his day, who were men strong in the Lord, and did exploits (Dan. xi. 32), viz., Romaine, S. E. Pierce, Huntington, W. H. Colyer, of Foots Cray, and the ever-beloved Dr. Hawker, as the last link of that phalanx whose souls were embodied in the preciousness of Christ. He has now been withdrawn from the service of the tabernacle below, changing worlds but not company; the whole family in heaven and earth being one in their glorious Head; by it the pleasant field of Jireh "is empty, and void, and waste" (Nahum ii. 10).

Jesus wept at the tomb of Lazarus, and we are not forbidden the exercise of feeling under those similar exercises to which we may be called. Nature is wisely supplied with a fountain, and it is as wisely ordered that even grace itself shall not shut up or seal that fountain. It is nature's own prerogative to weep, and for those very tears the Lord hath a bottle: and it is in dispensations of this kind, when sanctified by grace, we learn above every other lesson, God's sovereignty: "A voice declareth from Dan, and publisheth it from mount Ephraim" (Jer. iv. 15). Yet not one drop of wrath put into the hand of the Church; the cruel vengeance of a Saul has not caused the vacant place of David. The Lord hath done whatsoever it hath pleased Him. "Counsel in the heart of man is like deep waters, but a man of understanding will draw it out" (Prov. xx. 5). The Lord grant such unto the bereaved congregation, that they may not seek to talk unto the Lord of His judgments, or, as the margin reads it, "reason the case with Him" (Jer. xii. 1).

We are fully aware that we have in a great measure deviated from the general routine of fleshly garments mingled with obituaries, having an eye only to him as he stood in Christ, and as he set forth the savour of His name. It is now more than forty years since we met with the late Mr. Frederick Silver, upon one of his excursions in preaching the Gospel to poor and destitute churches; and this we believe for some years was his great pleasure and delight. Subsequently, we believe, he ministered to a few of the saints at Richmond, Surrey. About the year 1841 he was, under the direction of the Lord, brought to Jewry Street Chapel, where his labours have been continued to the day upon which he closed those labours by his last appearance among his dear people. It was a season long to be by that people remembered. It was upon the morning of Lord's-day, Sept. 25. He was as usual for the service, as of late years his labours had been curtailed to that part of the day, from advanced age. The same vein of spirituality was with him in both reading and prayer, though by some it was observed there appeared more of debility about his frame than was general. The text he was led unto, undoubtedly by the Holy Ghost, was His own testimony of Simeon: "And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ" (Luke ii. 25, 26). And such holy unction seemed to attend the overflowing of his heart, as interested in the great subject, that it carried full evidence (not known at the time) that the Lord was anointing him for the upper house; yea, he had full possession of the consolation he so blessedly spoke of, that the vibration of his own soul could be nothing less than Simeon's response, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace" (Luke ii. 29). Upon the following day (Monday) he was seized with cold shivers, which ultimately proved the beginning of the end; and on Friday, October 7, his soul was kissed away, at the patriarchal age of eighty-two years. Upon the 18th the corruptible was sown in the quiet resting-place in the almost secluded village of Beckenham, in Kent; and, if the men who bore him to the grave were not devout men, there was a goodly group of the living family who had come to show their last respect; and, as the worthy vicar at the close of the burial service, in a few just and suitable remarks he made, also said, "to express their loves for him." It would be wrong to close this obituary without testifying not only my own feelings, but the feelings of all present, at his kindness thus shown towards our departed friend. The Lord requite him in his own soul.

Like Abraham of old, having buried our dead out of our sight, we can but

look to the place that will never see his return; and, while many hearts are looking up unto the Lord, asking by whom He will send, and the echo may be heard, "There is a lad here," the inquiry of the heart is, "What has he in the basket?" for the shewbread has been usually presented to us like "apples of gold in baskets of silver."*

London.

JOHN POYNDER.

GLEANINGS AND MUSINGS.

To Thee, Almighty God, I desire to come; to approach Thee in solemn thought. I desire to think to Thee. With all reverence I would bring my mind in contact with Thy greatness. O Thou whose adorable perfections are beyond the highest range of my conception, how should the remembrance of Thee fill my heart to overflowing! How should every vain imagination flee before it! Yet so great is the perversity of my corrupt nature, that my mind cannot be fixed in high and holy meditation, but is perpetually starting aside like a broken bow; therefore it is I use this means to chain my thoughts, until, overcome with the persuasion of the knowledge and love of Thee, they shall be willing captives to the obedience of Christ.

O Thou that art supreme, how is it Thou dost permit Thy creatures to rebel against Thee? Why are they not instantly swept into destruction? Thou art of power infinite, and when Thou hast gifted a man with such faculties as enabled him to look beyond the earth, what discoveries were made of immensity in Thy work! Countless worlds of incalculable size and distance. Beyond, and beyond, and beyond, space boundless. Yet our minds conceive there must be a bound. Then what forms it? and what is beyond it? Baffled, bewildered, we turn back; the idea is beyond our little grasp of mind. But Thou fillest all, and comprehendest all; when we look into the universe we see but the traces of Thy power. Then our thoughts come back to our own world, and we almost wonder that it is not lost or overlooked, being one so little, amid so many great. We regard it attentively, and behold it is full of beauty and wisdom. Infinite organizations meet our admiring view, all wonderfully adapted to the particular state of each; even in this little world of our own, there is more than the wisest of men can comprehend. Proud self-conceit puts many a why, which cannot be answered. If, then, our thoughts cannot understand some of the least portions of Thy works, how shall the finite human mind comprehend Thee? It cannot be but Thou hast revealed some measure of Thyself. We cannot enough praise and thank Thee that Thou hast done so in Thy word. We Thy creatures belong entirely to Thee, and should love Thee supremely, living to Thee. But it is not so with us. We have lost the knowledge of Thee, and have utterly departed from Thy service. When we reflect on this we are smitten to the ground in just fear of Thy judgments. But Thou comest near to us in the revelation of Thyself in Jesus Christ, that boundless mystery of love and grace, transcending all powers of thought or expression. Depth of wisdom—breadth of mercy—height of justice—perfection of all holy attributes of love and mercy.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High!

ETA.

He has helped us, and I like so much to think that from every past successive gift of His grace we may draw a plea to ask for more.—*A. L. Newton.*

* Eight Sermons delivered by Mr. Silver a short time before his death have recently been issued by the publisher of the *Gospel Magazine*, and may be had at One Penny each.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 96, }
NEW SERIES. }

DECEMBER, 1864.

{ No. 1,188,
OLD SERIES }

PRESERVATION, PRESENTATION, AND PRAISE.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."—JUDE 24, 25.

BELOVED, we know of no portion more congenial to our own spirit, and with which to close the editorial labours of another year, than that above quoted. It contains, as already intimated, three all-important thoughts, *Preservation, Presentation, and Praise*. May the Lord the Spirit graciously open the subject, so that it may minister to our mutual edification and profit.

1. *Preservation*.—The Apostle speaks of a preservation, and a very gracious one too, in the opening verse of his epistle: "Jude, the servant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James, to them that are sanctified by God the Father, and *preserved in Jesus Christ*, and called." "Sanctified"—set apart, or separated. We have so recently dwelt in these pages upon the covenant acts of God our Father, that we stay not here to comment upon them, beyond saying, it is most grateful to contemplate the marvellous grace and condescension of Jehovah in the choice of His Church and people. Again and again throughout the sacred word is this wondrous love-act traced up to the Father, to whom is ever ascribed priority in love. And, as they were selected or separated by God the Father, so in the ancient developments of that eternal love wherewith He loved His people, He gave them to Christ. So Jesus Himself testified, in that memorable prayer to His Father, as shown in the 17th of John, "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me;" and again, "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me; for they are Thine. And all mine are Thine, and Thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." Reader, there is such an unspeakably blessed fullness in this declaration, that it is with difficulty we can resist the temptation to pause and comment upon it, but we must proceed. Then, as they were chosen by God the Father, and given to Christ, so they were "*preserved*" in Him, hid in Him, sheltered in Him, saved in Him, ere yet they had absolutely an existence, according to that scripture where the Psalmist, speaking on behalf of Christ, in addressing God the Father, exclaims, "My substance was not hid from Thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in Thy book all my members

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were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them."

If, therefore, beloved, the Church was "preserved in Jesus Christ" in the eternal purpose and foreview of Jehovah, how sweet is the contemplation of that preservation when the persons of the redeemed were one by one brought into being. Oh, what a wondrous field here opens to one's admiring view! Take any one of the myriads of the ransomed throng, either already in glory, or on their way thither, and how sweetly is the theme of *preservation* presented. A chord is touched that seems to vibrate through all the inner man. The whole soul is set in tune, in grateful admiration of Jehovah's handiwork. "Preserved in Jesus Christ, and called." Preserved in the womb, in due time brought forth into life, and then, oh, how marvellously preserved amid "deaths oft."

Let us look for a moment at Moses as an example and pattern of this preservation, providentially. How wonderful! Sheltered for a season from the consequences of the cruel edict of Pharaoh, then set floating on the dangerous Nile, in a frail ark of bulrushes! This may seem very wonderful, but not more wonderful than myriads since his day, who by an ever-watchful Providence have been "preserved" in "the midst of so many and great dangers." Sure we are that in the time-state we shall never have but the faintest conception of the imminent perils that have encompassed our course from the cradle to the grave. It is the light of another world, and when we are fitted to behold the marvels of the pathway, that will disclose the wondrous scene.

But then, if "*preserved*" in providence so in grace, although not yet made the partakers of it.

Reader, what say you to the review of this "*preservation*," in the twofold aspect to which we have adverted?" Are you not at times absorbed in wonder, love, and praise, as you contemplate the special "*preservation*" of your God, as manifested in the days of your unregeneracy? Oh, think for a moment of some of the perils you have encountered, when there was in very deed "but a step betwixt you and death"—not death temporal merely, but death eternal; for, had you not been snatched from those impending dangers, what must, to all intents and purposes, have been the consequences? Are you not most thoroughly satisfied that, had death temporal then made you its victim, death eternal would have secured you for its prey? And now, in the retrospect, cannot you look up with admiring wonder and delight, and say,

"Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death!"

Ah, it was a "sporting with death" indeed. Not more perilous has been the position of a poor drunken man reeling upon the brink of a fearful precipice, or the edge of some dread chasm, than has been your condition, reader, and ours, in the days of unregeneracy.

Oh, when one thinks of this, what shame does one take to one's-self about the ingratitude and the unbelief which plays upon the little cares and vexations connected with one's daily walk. What deep, deep cause of humility and brokenness of spirit before the Lord does such an aspect of one's case present. To think that the Lord should have been such a Friend, such a Benefactor, such a Preserver, at the very time we were ignorant of Him—yea, at enmity with Him; and now, since He has quickened, and saved, and given such innumerable proofs of His mercy, goodness, love, and faithfulness, to cavil and to doubt!

Oh, cruel, God-dishonouring ingratitude and unbelief! Surely, after all, we should be ready to sink into the very vortex of despair but for the cheering recollection of His own words, "I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for my own holy name's sake, which ye have profaned." "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." How does such an aspect of the case cause one yet more and more to flee out of self, and shelter in the glorious Person, the precious blood, and the spotless righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and how sweet to feel

"'Tis *He*, instead of *me*, is seen,
When I approach the throne."

Precious, precious Christ! we fall in adoring love and wonder before Thee, and would ever bless, and praise, and magnify Thy great and holy name!

"Preserved in Jesus Christ, and called."

"And called." Ah, what wonders here! Checked—curbed—controlled, in thousands of instances, but not absolutely and effectually "called." The "set time to favour Zion"—the time of love—not as yet arrived. The Lord, in an unseen, but most kind and gracious way, saying, with regard to certain temptations and ensnarements, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" but yet nothing more than slavish fear—no godly, filial fear—in exercise. And how wonderful is the review of the lets and the hindrances which the Lord then so specially employed as means and instruments of His "preservation." Yes, how varied were those instrumentalities by which, dear reader, the Lord then kept us back from more flagrantly sinning against Him. Oh, let His hand be acknowledged in the same, and be His, and His alone, the glory!

"And called." Oh, the calling, when it came in its reality—fulness—power! "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." Not before—no, never! And the willingness one of the first evidences and manifestations of the power. Ah, how the dear sin-smitten ones lose sight of this. Were such *always* "willing?"—were such *always* "waiting?" Nay. Who, then, gave the *willing* and the *waiting* spirit? Who but the Lord—He who has covenanted to complete the work He has begun?

"The work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes."

It grieves us increasingly when we see how little the Holy Ghost is honoured, and how greatly His work is overlooked, in this particular. Men forget—if, indeed, they have a knowledge of the fact—how *low* man has fallen, and how true the testimony, "The carnal mind is *enmity* against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." If this so humbling truth were rightly apprehended, then it would be evident that, if that enmity were subdued, and if the soul were made willing to receive salvation on God's terms, as a poor bankrupt, hell-deserving sinner "having nothing to pay," and therefore made willing, and constantly longing to receive salvation upon the only terms in which it can be received—"without money and without price;" were this state of things, we say, really seen, then would that *willingness* be traced up to the precious power and operations of the Holy Ghost.

But we have a further *preservation* of which to speak.

After the salutation to which we have adverted, the apostle Jude goes on to testify of facts of the most humbling character—such facts as may well lead to deep searching of heart, and to a holy trembling of soul. More solemn language

M M 2

and holier admonitions are not to be met with through the whole book of God than those presented in this short epistle. Within the compass of a few verses are given such a variety of character, and such a diversity of error and ensnarement, as may well cause the stoutest heart to tremble, and, in a felt necessity for the avoidance of all such seducers and seducements, exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Verily, in these last days, and in the midst of subtleties so crafty and sympathies so congenial to our poor fallen state, one might sink into absolute despair, were *self* the standard of security, or *man's* the power by which we were to be sustained. Blessed be God, it is far otherwise. With regard to the *past*, it has not been in the leastwise by any wisdom or worthiness, foresight or faithfulness, one has been upheld—sustained—brought onward and homeward. To God, and God alone, is ascribable all the praise and all the glory. Not one particle to the creature—all, all to the Lord. But for Him—His power, His faithfulness—one would have made "shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience" ten thousand times over. And, as in the *past*, so in the *present*, and so for the *future*. He that "hath delivered, and doth deliver, must still deliver," or woe, woe be to the poor creature.

But here comes in our text, so timely and so beautifully, "Unto Him that is able to keep you from falling." Beloved, here is a danger clearly implied, and a Deliverer blessedly pointed to. It is impossible, as if the Apostle would say, that you should be in such a position, as a fallen creature, and exposed to such tempters and temptations, without being imperilled. There *is* danger—there *is* a liability of falling away, of turning aside to the right hand or the left. Such are the subtleties—such the captivations—that we read of "their deceiving, if it were possible, the very elect." The artifices of Satan are so numerous, and the methods by which he seeks to seduce and allure and entrap so strictly in unison with the deceit and the treachery and the abomination of a filthy heart and a corrupt nature, that the odds (speaking after the manner of men) are fearfully against the creature. But ah, the mercy is, that there is another side to the question. Blessed be God, it is true now as of old, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." Satan is powerful, but not *all*-powerful. Satan is mighty, but it is only Jehovah (Satan's Conqueror) that is *almighty*. Jesus hath triumphed over death, hell, and sin; and, if Jesus is our only hope and stay and confidence, *His* triumphs are *our* triumphs—*His* victories *our* victories. He fought not nor conquered but in His people's cause and for His people's sake. It was for them He undertook, for them endured, for them accomplished. Hence *their* defeat would become *His* defeat—*their* failure *His* failure. They stand or fall together. *His* conquest was the first-fruits and the earnest of *theirs*. Their cause and His are one. *Theirs* is a glorious and inconceivably satisfactory identity. How sweetly does blessed KENT sing upon this heart-cheering theme:

"Hail! sacred union, firm and strong,
How great the grace, how sweet the song,
That rebel worms should ever be
One with incarnate Deity!

"One in the tomb, one when He rose,
One when He triumph'd o'er His foes,
One when in heaven He took His seat,
When seraphs sang all hell's defeat."

Well may this dear servant of the Lord add—

"This sacred tie forbids their fears,
For all He *is* or *has* is theirs;
With Him, their Head, they stand or fall,
Their life, their Surety, and their all."

Here, poor trembling, sin-smitten, Satan-harassed soul, is thy comfort. Well can we understand thy fears and gloomy apprehensions, whilst looking at thyself and contemplating the indifferentism of the age in which we live; the intrigues of Satan, and his numberless agencies; the infirmities and corruptions of your own fallen nature; or the many *isms* by which the professing Church is now rent and torn. All this, we know, in itself considered, is calculated in the highest degree to fill thee with fear, and cause thee to say, "How can such a weak and puny one as I stand against such a dread array of craft and subtlety and power?" True, the case were hopeless, if matters depended on thyself, or were the cause thine own. But mark the language—as much appertaining to thee (if thou art looking to Jesus and hoping in Him) as though personally and for the first time addressed to thee: "The battle is not yours, but God's;" "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle;" "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." Remember, beloved, Jehovah's "I will" and "They shall" is at stake:

"His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

Yes, blessed be His great and adorable name, He is not only able "to keep you from falling," but He has *covenanted* so to do. Ponder upon that sweet promise, beloved, "But thou, Israel, art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend." What astonishing condescension this—oh, what an acknowledgment, what a recognition, "The seed of Abraham my friend!" What could even Jehovah say more? He is infinite in power, but in some cases—this, for example—He seems to have gone to the very utmost length of that infinity—a God so holy speaking thus of a man so frail! Again the Lord adds, "Thou whom I have taken from the ends of the earth, and called thee from the chief men thereof, and said unto thee, Thou art my servant; I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away. Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contended with thee: they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of nought. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them: and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel. When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them."

Reader—dear reader—what can you or ourselves want more? Be it, then,

our mutual mercy to look away from mere appearances, or from what we *feel* or *fear* in ourselves, simply and entirely to the Persons, power, and promises of our adorable Three-One Jehovah, who hath covenanted, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

Here, for the present, we leave the subject. God bless it, for Christ's sake.

Totterdown, Bristol, Nov., 1864.

THE EDITOR.

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

FELLOW-CITIZEN of the saints and of the household of faith: Grace, mercy, and peace from Him that was the Father's beloved Son long before the morning stars sang for joy—from Him that is the Church's beloved Husband in this time-state—from Him that will be her everlasting and eternal all when time shall be no more. Then He must be "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." In this same Jesus I once more greet you and yours, and the dear saints with you. May the God of all grace grant us all needed grace for every day of trial. Why should we for one moment doubt it? Surely if He is mine, and I am His, what can I want beside? Ah, what indeed! when there is such a fulness dwelling in our precious Jesus to meet the deep necessities of every needy sinner. Why, beloved, He is called the God of all grace, and, as such, He says to us under every difficulty, felt or feared, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

What a blessed barter He made for us poor creatures when "He who was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." What condescension in our redeeming God to stoop so low, to raise such beggars from the dunghill, and set us among princes, and cause us to inherit the throne of glory. Only consider how great things He hath done for unworthy me; spared my unworthy life to number sixty-three; preserved in Him all the days of my unregeneracy, when I

"Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place."

But He had set His love upon me even before I fell in Adam. And when the fulness of time was come—the appointed hour—an arrow from the Almighty's quiver pierced my inmost soul, dividing asunder the joints and marrow, and proved a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. This was forty-six years last September. Thus almighty love and invincible grace stopped me. When first arrested, to Sinai's fiery mount I flew, but found it was no hiding-place. But O, amazing grace! that turned my feet to Zion's way, and my face Zion-ward—that led me on with gentle pace, though with sore conflicts, to Jesus as my hiding-place. Then was I stripped of my fig-leaf dress, and all my fleshly religion, and, at the appointed hour, led to Calvary by the Holy Spirit, who had convinced me of my lost and ruined state as a sinner—law-condemned and guilty sinner, acknowledging that if my soul were sent to hell, His righteous law approved it well. Then were my filthy garments taken away, and I was

clothed with change of raiment—a robe without seam—the perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

“And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.”

Thus He clothed me with the garments of salvation—bid Moses to Jesus give place, for Christ is the end of the law.

“Sweet was the hour I freedom felt
To call my Jesus mine,
To see His smiling face, and melt
In pleasures all divine.”

Then was my soul brought out of the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of a free-born citizen of Zion; all my accusers cast out, and my soul alone in the presence of my just God and my Saviour. The law I had broken, He had honoured; satisfied in my stead all the claims of justice; purged my conscience from dead works by the blood of atonement; put away all my sin, original and actual, so that the accuser of the brethren could not bring a railing accusation. I could call that legacy my own which Jesus did bequeath, because my title was clear, my name was in the book of life. Though my soul hath still in remembrance the wormwood and the gall, yet I can never forget the days of my espousals, and of the gladness of my heart.

“And though I have Him oft forgot,
His lovingkindness changes not.”

He has borne with my ill manners in the wilderness, notwithstanding all my backslidings, and never made out a bill of divorce, because He resteth in His love, and oh, He hates to put away, because in mercy He delights. To the honour of His name I record it, He has never permitted me to go back into Egypt, nor have I been again entangled in the yoke of bondage. No, when my first husband, Moses, was dead, I was no adulteress when married to Christ. He betrothed me to Himself according to His ancient settlement, in righteousness, judgment, lovingkindness, mercies, and faithfulness. The marriage nuptials took place in the day of my espousals. Then surely He must be my Husband now as much as when He first revealed Himself to me as my sin-pardoning God.

“Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.”

“Whate’er I found Him at the best,
He’s at the worst the same;
And in His love will ever rest—
My Husband holds His claim.”

Blessings on His name, He has ever kept such a firm grasp of His wayward child, that not all the powers of earth or hell

“Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love:
My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase.”

I know this is called presumption by those who would entangle us again in

the yoke of bondage. Is this a reason why we who have tasted that the Lord is gracious—we who have received the spirit of adoption, enabling us to cry, “Abba, Father!” and have been made partakers of like precious faith with the Apostle to say, “I know whom I have believed,” and that none shall separate us from the love of Christ; are we, I say,

“To cast dishonour on our Lord,
Or contradict His gracious word;”

lie against our right, cast away our confidence, and call in question all the tokens of His love, instead of believing the record He hath given of His Son, and rejoicing in Him as the God of our salvation? “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;” not to sin, no, but liberty of access to a Holy God—liberty to hold fellowship with the Father, through the redemption of the Lord Jesus, by the unctuous anointing of the Holy Spirit. How ought we to stir up each other’s pure minds by way of remembrance, and exhort each other to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. Is it any wonder the Lord’s people complain so much of their coldness, when they keep at such a distance from the fire? of their leanness, when they keep so poor a house? and of their deadness and barrenness when they are looking within, poring over their depravity, and comparing themselves with themselves, instead of looking unto Him for food and sustenance to keep their souls fat and flourishing? Why should they hang down their heads, as though there was something so gloomy in our holy religion, whose “ways are pleasantness, and her paths peace?” Those who think it presumption in us to talk about our confidence in God as the cause of our rejoicing in Him, seem to know little of Paul’s riddle, “As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; having nothing, yet possessing all things; cast down, but not destroyed;” nor what he meant, when he said he would “glory in his infirmity, that the power of Christ might rest upon him.”

Ah, my brother, you and I know what “songs in the night” are, and what it is to joy in God when there is “no herd in the stall, nor fruit in the vine.” Don’t you think one of the sweetest notes Paul and Silas ever sang was in a prison? Where the Lord gives strong faith, He puts it into the furnace that it may shine brighter—like a precious diamond, shining brightest in the dark. True faith keeps her eye upon the Almighty Promiser, whatever may be the difficulties in the way: like Sarah, of whom the Holy Spirit hath made such honourable mention; though she laughed at the tent door, still her faith soared above the barrenness of her womb, and Sarah believed, because she judged Him faithful who had promised. Cheer up then, my brother; however dark your path, here is firm footing for faith, “He abideth faithful;” and it is our mercy that our faith stands “not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.” That almighty power has kept us in the good old way these many years, witnessing none other things than Moses and the prophets did write. But it is time to inquire how it is with thee and thine. “Cast thy burden upon the Lord.” He that hath appeared so many times will again. How swiftly the time is passing away. We shall soon have to set up another stone. Another year of the few and evil days of our lives will soon be gone. My love to our family circle. Your affectionate sister,

*From the Shepherd’s Tent,
Southampton.*

SARAH.

The more profound the sense of one’s ignorance, the more ripe is our wisdom for attaining the knowledge of God.—*Rev. W. Borrow.*

WAYSIDE NOTES.

A BROKEN HEART.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up the head."

PSALM cx. 7.

BELOVED, when this Magazine is in your hands, we shall have been brought, in the providence of God, to the closing month of another year. It might be seasonable to meditate upon the closing days of our precious Redeemer's life. May the gracious Spirit of God cause our contemplation to be mutually refreshing and profitable.

The short yet sweet psalm from which this passage is taken (consisting only of seven verses) is full of Christ—indeed, Jesus is set forth in a sixfold character.

I. As the Lord, co-equal with the eternal Father: "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou at my right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (verse 1).

II. As the strength of His people: "The Lord shall send the Rod of thy strength out of Zion" (verse 2).

III. As Priest for ever: "Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek" (verse 4).

IV. As Judge: "He shall judge among the heathen" (verse 6).

V. As a suffering Saviour: "He shall drink of the brook in the way;" and,

VI. As a risen Saviour: "Therefore shall He lift up the head" (verse 7).

But it is, beloved, only as a suffering and exalted Saviour we purpose, at this time, dwelling upon. And here we must pause to notice, that while the generally-conceived view of this passage is, that it refers to our dear Redeemer's agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and to His humiliation previous to His exaltation; yet a number of learned men of God do not think so. For instance, the Rev. H. Girdlestone writes:

"In Scripture, torrents often signify afflictions, but drinking of torrents is a figure never used; usually it is drinking a cup of wrath. Here, to drink by the way of a brook, signifies a scant refreshment snatched in haste, either as by a warrior hot in pursuit (Judges vii. 5), or as by a pilgrim weary but in haste."

Again, the Rev. T. J. Parker writes:

"Is not the figure that of a pursuing and victorious warrior, who, by a draught of water he meets in his passage, renews his strength for the destruction of his enemies?" Adding, "This best accords with the context, 'He shall judge among the heathen; He shall fill the places with dead bodies,' &c.

Many other authorities might be given who agree with this rendering of the passage. On the other hand, Bishop Louth thought it probable that the phrase, "drink of the brook," relates to those consolations which our Lord received at the beginning of His great conflict with the powers of darkness, particularly in His agony. Again, the Rev. Isaac Ambrose writes:

"By the brook in the way we may understand mystically the wrath of God and rage of men, the afflictions which befell Jesus Christ; and, by His drinking of the brook, Christ's enduring afflictions."

Well, beloved, these diversities of opinions need not hinder us from letting this passage lead us by faith into the garden of Gethsemane—precious, sacred spot! A garden was the place wherein man fell; Christ made choice of a garden to begin the work of redemption. "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane (which the Jews called Hell), and saith unto His disciples, Sit

ye here, while I go and pray yonder. And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. And He went a little farther, and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt. And He cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done. And He came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy. And He left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then cometh He to His disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me."

Beloved, notice, He comes and "finds them *asleep*." Asleep at such a solemn season! What an exhibition of human frailty! But, more than this, observe that Church history affords abundant proof that before any great event the disciples have "been asleep." And is it not so now? Christ is coming, yet, alas! the Church is lulled. Christians mostly are "asleep."

And now, beloved, we desire to draw your attention to the fulfilment of this prophecy, "He shall drink of the brook in the way." And did He not? Oh, think of His deep anguish of spirit and sorrow of heart! The Evangelists separately describe it in touching expressions, "He began to be sorrowful and very heavy," saith Matthew; "He began to be sore amazed and to be very heavy," saith Mark; "And being in agony he prayed more earnestly," saith Luke; while John, the beloved disciple, tells of Jesus' own testimony, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour; but for this cause came I unto this hour." And such was the intensity of His suffering, that, though it was a cold night, one in which Peter was glad to warm himself by a fire of coals—yet, cold as was the surrounding atmosphere, Jesus' inward agony was so intense, that "His sweat was as it were great drops (clots) of blood falling to the ground." In cases of extreme mental anguish, it has been known that thin blood-like sweat has passed through the pores of the skin, but who ever heard, but in the case of our suffering Saviour, of one so agonized as to sweat great clots of blood? "Wherefore," saith the prophet, doubtless shadowing forth this fact, "wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel, and Thy garments like him that treadeth the wine fat?"

What tongue can express or pen portray the agony of soul our dear Redeemer endured when He cried, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me"?

And what was the cause of all this agony of spirit on the part of our dear Redeemer? Was it the fear of death? Was it the pain and shame that would accompany an ignominious death by crucifixion? Oh, no! How many of our blessed martyrs have braved tortures, and smiled at the preparations made by their cruel enemies to destroy their poor bodies; and would Jesus be behind His followers in this matter? No! The heavy burden that bore Him down to the very earth was your sins and mine, beloved, together with the guilt of all His people laid upon Him, and that, too, accompanied by the hidings of God's countenance, who could not look even on Christ while sin lay upon His shoulders, but who would smile upon Him directly it was atoned for and put away. Oh, precious, precious Saviour! and didst Thou struggle under the weight

of my sins, so that Thou sweatedst under their burden? forgive me, oh, forgive me, for loving Thee so little, and stir my spirit up by Thy Spirit to holy adoration of soul, that I may bless that mercy and grace that caused Thee to bleed and die for poor unworthy me. Oh, beloved, must we not be ashamed of our little love for such a Saviour?

And now the traitor Judas (he who held the money bag which contained the scant sum that was necessary to pay for the frugal wants of our beloved Lord and His followers) arrives at Gethsemane to carry out his miserable mission. "And while He yet spake, behold a multitude, and he that was called Judas, *one of the twelve*, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss Him." "One of the twelve." How solemn! One who had sat at the same table with Jesus, and had appeared as one of the little company; and yet all the while a traitor. Oh, we fear there are many Judases in these days, who have a name to live and yet are dead; who appear among Christ's people, but yet are ready at the fitting time to betray Him, and give Him the hypocritical kiss of Romanism. "Whomsoever I shall kiss (said the traitor) that is He, lay hold of Him." We cannot now enter into our dear Lord's examination and condemnation; of how the wicked Roman soldiers stripped Him, whipped Him, clothed Him with purple, and crowned Him with thorns, and led Him away bearing the cross; but note "there followed Him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented Him; but Jesus, turning to them, said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." In the midst of His misery, He forgot not mercy. Precious Lamb of God! He is led to the slaughter, yet is touched with the heart-weepings of those who love Him. And now "they crucified Him." How much is embodied in those three words. Dr. Hanna writes:—*

"It is now fifteen hundred years since this mode of punishment ceased to be practised in Christendom; it was discontinued because of the sacredness, the spiritual glory, which Christ's crucifixion had thrown around it."

And again:—

"The cross was no such elevated structure as we see it sometimes represented, needing ladders to be applied to get at the suspended body. It was seldom more than a foot or two higher than the man it bore; neither was the whole weight of his body borne upon the nails which pierced the hands. Such a position of painful suspension causing such a strain upon the muscles of the upper extremities, would have added greatly to the sufferings of the victim, and brought them to a much speedier close. The cross in every instance was furnished with a small piece of wood projecting from the upright post or beam, astride which the crucified sat, and which bore the chief weight of his body. The consequence of this arrangement was, that crucifixion was a much more lingering kind of death, and in its earlier stage a much less excruciating one than we are apt to imagine, or than otherwise it would have been. As there was but little loss of blood, the nails that pierced the extremities touching no large blood vessel, and closing the wounds they made, the death which followed resulted from the processes of bodily exhaustion and irritation; and these were so slow, that in no case where the person crucified was in ordinary health and vigour, did they terminate within twelve hours. Almost invariably he survived the first twenty-four hours, lived generally over the second, occasionally even into the fifth or sixth day."

We have quoted, beloved, the foregoing extract, to show that our beloved Lord did not sink under physical debility. We might also draw attention to the fact in proof of this, that at the very last "He cried with a loud voice," indicating a great amount of existing vigour; and also that instead of lingering on

* In a most interesting work entitled "The Last Day of our Lord's Passion."

for days, we are told that at the ninth hour He yielded up His spirit. What, then, was really the cause of our dear Redeemer's death? We join others in the belief that our precious, precious Lord, *literally died of a broken heart*. Here again we must take the liberty of quoting from Dr. Hanna's interesting work. He writes:—

"It is now some years since a devout and scholarly physician,* as the result, he tells us, of a quarter of a century's reading and reflection, ventured to suggest (dealing with this subject with all that reverence and delicacy with which it so especially requires to be handled) that the immediate cause of the death of Christ was *the rupture of His heart, induced by the inner agony of His spirit*."

Upon the same point Dr. James Begbie, an eminent Scotch physician, writes to Dr. Hanna:—

"I cannot help accepting as correct the explanation which Dr. Stroud has offered—namely, that the physical cause of the death of Christ *was rupture of the heart and consequent effusion of blood into the pericardium, the investing sheath of that organ*. This would account for the phenomena recorded in the Scriptures regarding Him—namely, the earlier than usual cessation of life during crucifixion, and the issuing of blood and water on the piercing of His side with the spear."

Dr. Simpson, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, also writes to Dr. Hanna as follows:—

"Ever since reading, some ten or twelve years ago, Dr. Stroud's remarkable treatise on the physical cause of the death of Christ, I have been strongly impressed with the belief that the views which he adopted and maintained on this subject are fundamentally correct. Nor has this opinion been in any way altered by a perusal of some later observations published on the same question, both here and on the Continent. That the immediate cause of the death of our blessed Saviour was (speaking medically) *laceration or rupture of the heart*, is a doctrine in regard to which there can be no absolute certainty; but assuredly in favour of it there is a very high amount of circumstantial probability."

While Dr. John Struthers, Lecturer on Anatomy, Surgeons' Hall, writes:—

"No other hypothesis will satisfactorily explain the separate escape of blood and water from a wound in that region; and all the incidents attending the death of Christ are entirely accounted for by the hypothesis of *rupture of the heart*."

Now, beloved, I have been thus particular in giving these extracts, that we may arrive at this deduction—viz., that your sins and mine caused Him such agony of spirit that He sweat great drops (clots) of blood; and finally *died of a broken heart*. Well might Isaiah say, "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed" (Isa. liii. 4, 5).

We have now seen how our blessed Lord did indeed "drink of the brook in the way." Let us not pass over the closing expression of this precious passage—viz., "Therefore shall He lift up the head." Here we have His exaltation following His humiliation. He bowed His head on the cross—He lifted it up in glory. Precious—glorious Redeemer! My Lord and my God! Now can the ransomed of the Lord sing, "The right hand of the Lord is exalted; the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly: thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power. Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name

* Dr. Stroud, in a treatise on the physical cause of the death of Christ.

above every other name; that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow." Oh, let me be found among the true worshippers of the Lord of glory, who has lifted up His head in heaven, the Representative of His people before a Father's throne.

And now, beloved, what must such a subject produce in our minds? I write to the Christian, for to the ungodly the sufferings of a Redeemer have no attraction; they hear it only as an interesting tale, unmoved until divine grace makes sin to be personally felt. But you, dearly beloved, who have felt that your sins nailed Jesus to the cross, and caused him to drink of the brook in the way, let this theme produce—1st. Submission; 2nd. Expectation; 3rd. Joy. Submission in the consideration that after all our trials must be "light afflictions," compared to the sufferings of Jesus. Expectation; because as He has lifted up His head in glory, so shall every member of His mystical body be lifted up there too; "not a hoof shall be left behind;" not a grain of the precious wheat shall fall to the ground. And lastly, Joy; because Jesus has fully atoned for our sins. "He drank of the brook in the way, therefore shall He lift up the head." Let us then close this year's "Notes" in joining dear Hart in his anthem of praise:

"Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our Almighty God of love;
Hymned by all the heavenly host,
In Thy shining courts above:
We poor sinners, Gracious Three,
Bless Thee for *Gethsemane*."

Bury St Edmunds,

G. C.

MARTIN BOOS.

AMONG the students at Dillengen, there had been one too noticeable to be forgotten. Martin Boos had been dropped into the world on a cold night at Christmas. He was the fourteenth child of a small farmer. He was left an orphan at four; and his eldest sister's thought was how best she could get rid of him. Being a sturdy girl, she set him on her shoulders, and started for Augsburg; but, getting tired, she flung him into a corn-field by the way, where he soon cried himself to sleep. However, in the afternoon she returned, laid him at an uncle's door in the city, and went her way. The lonely child managed to grow up in some fashion in this surly uncle's house, and saved himself by his scholarship from becoming a shoemaker, and went to Dillengen, where, as a brilliant, handsome student, he carried off all the prizes. He quietly subsided into a parish priest, cultivating in thorough Romish fashion a religion of his own, not God's. He says, "I lay for years together upon the cold ground, though my bed stood near me. I scourged myself till the blood came, and clothed my body with a hair shirt. I hungered, and gave my bread to the poor. I spent every leisure moment in the church. I confessed and communicated every week." He gave himself, in fact, immense trouble to become a saint, and was unanimously elected one by the people; but the saint was miserable, and cried out, "Oh, wretch that I am, who shall deliver me?" Going to see a poor old pious woman on her death-bed, he said wistfully, "Ah, you may well die in peace!" "Why?" she asked. "Because you have lived such a godly life." "What a miserable comforter you are!" she said; and smiled as she spoke. "If Christ had not died for me, I should have perished for ever with all my good works and piety; trusting in Him, I die in peace." From this time the light was let into his soul, and he began to preach Christ.

EXTRACT OF JOTTINGS FROM A JOURNAL.

WE had driven through a rich wood, and came out into the open forest, to which our first William gave the name of *New*; now full of lilac heath, looking like waxwork. In the distance we caught a view of the ocean, and above it the Needle rocks. So solitary was that locality, that we had driven more than two miles without meeting an individual; a few cows grazing and colts galloping, and a company of donkeys, were the only living things we came across. But entering into the little village of B——, there were a few men and women in their Sunday's best; some going to church, some to chapel. Then coming out again into the wide and furzy forest, we reached at length the hamlet of P——, situated at the bottom of a steep hill, and rich in picturesque scenery. We stopped at the chapel, a neat, clean, tidy little building; where a hundred people might find accommodation, though seldom more than half that number usually assemble: a scattered congregation composed of country folk coming the distance of several miles. "The expenses of the little chapel we defray among ourselves," said a woman to me in a half whisper, and with a smile, "We pay for all the whitewashing among ourselves, and we like to see it look clean; and, when anything fresh is wanted, we club together and get it, but we never ask others for money—never: and the ministers are very kind—so kind they come to us twice every Sunday, and not one of them would take a penny—not they indeed." The little Sabbath school had just broken up, and the children stood in the small churchyard, where there were a few low tombstones, and some dozen green graves. In the vestry there was a prayer meeting for a blessing on the coming service. There were not many at the chapel in the morning, but we were struck with its perfect cleanliness and entire neatness. At the close of the service, as the people were leaving, I took a few tracts to distribute among them—about half-a-dozen of *Nothing to Pay*. A tall elderly man, with a fine intelligent countenance, was still in his seat, and I went up to him. Now not knowing the manner in which such a tract would be received, it was with no small hesitation I handed him one, saying, "Would you like a tract?" "If you please," he said. "It is very strong truth," I added; "very strong indeed: perhaps you will not like it." The tall man eyed me keenly, and took out his spectacles. "What do you mean by *very strong*? If it is full of *Christ*, it cannot be too strong." Much relieved, I quickly replied, "That indeed it is;" and, thankful it was in his hands, passed down the aisle, giving a few more tracts to others, and was glad to find myself alone for a moment in the little churchyard. I stood by a grave—a neat green grave—and thought to myself that the heart which now lay mouldering beneath its sod, was once beating with the same hopes, and joys, and fears, and anxious cares, as these poor hearts of ours now beat within our bosoms. But just then I was startled by a voice behind me:—"Ah! there's nothing like *free grace*; is there? rich, free, sovereign, electing grace, and *nothing to pay*." Turning quickly round, I saw the same tall sturdy man to whom the tract was given. "Nothing indeed; and I am thankful to hear you say so." "I hope to live and die in the enjoyment of free grace," he continued—"the covenant! Oh, our names were written there before all worlds. It is not often that I hear about it; but I love it all the same for that." I inquired how long he had known the truth. "Many years. I live all alone, now my wife is dead. My children have been no comfort to me. There are very few with whom I can get on; but the Lord is with me." I said, "He is

the best Teacher." "Ah, as to teachers," he replied, "there are not many now. Sometimes I meet with the brethren, but don't how it is, can't understand them; for they say we should be always happy, always rejoicing: but certainly I can't be—I wish I could."

We were now asked to go into the tiny vestry, where there were a few forms and a little wooden table, over which a clean coarse cloth was spread. Three men, two women, a few children, and ourselves, composed the number present. One of the women took some tea cups and saucers out of a basket, and wiped them well; then a few iron tea spoons and a shining black tea pot, into which the water boiling from the fire was poured, and then the tea, taken from a little bit of brown paper, put in. "We each bring our own tea," she said, "and put it altogether; but we have no milk." A small quantity of moist sugar was in another piece of paper, and then each of the dear people took out from their baskets their eatables tied up in a handkerchief, bread and butter chiefly, thick as for schoolboys. Before commencing, the tall man *sang* the grace, in which all joined; and at its conclusion he said, "Oh, may we feast at last in paradise with Jesus!" A prayer meeting followed; but I joined the school, and remained half an hour with the children. There was a much larger congregation in the afternoon; and some of the people at the close of the service said in their simple way, "We have had a happy day; such a blessed Sabbath! the Lord has been with us." It was primitive from first to last. * * *

Hants, Oct., 1864.

H.

EXTRACT FROM KRAUSE'S SERMONS.

THE Church of God is under sore temptations in the present day. The Church of God has been damaged, more or less, by its intercourse with the things that are around it. There have been tendencies to its injury as to doctrine. It is hard, brethren, for a Christian man to maintain his integrity as to the truth in the present day; error is so subtle, it comes around us in so insinuating a manner, it comes in the shape of real piety, it comes in the shape of affectionate entreaty, it comes in the garb of austere and devout living; and many of the Lord's people have been blinded by this for a season, when they have acted upon a wrong principle of judgment, when they have judged as to what is true by the professors of the doctrine, rather than by the word of God. There is no greater error than this. We are not to judge of the doctrine by the men, we are to judge the men by the doctrine. We must always remember, if an angel from heaven were to preach any other Gospel to us than that which we find in this blessed book, "let him be accursed"—let us have nothing to do with him. We will not allow any man, be his influence, his authority, his learning, or his character, what it may—we will not allow him to palm error for truth upon our minds; we must stand by the word of God. And, again, if there be danger to the Christian Church as to error creeping in amongst us, so there is danger, you may depend upon it, as to the worldly spirit creeping in amongst us. I do fear that there are too many of God's servants who are going too near the edge. We lay down no rules, we believe that rules are not to be laid down, but there is a principle to be maintained; and, wherever you are, if you are Christian men, remember, the man of God must not be the man of the world. You will have—

you must have—to do with the world. We believe that it was one of the devil's most cunning schemes to persuade men that they ought to cloister themselves in their monasteries, in order that they might keep themselves unspotted from the world. There is such a thing as going out of the world in that sense, but yet carrying with us into our seclusion a world of sin and of pollution. We do not lay down rules. We do not say you are to abstain from this, or that, or the other; we do not say you are to walk precisely in this path or in that: but we say this—there is a principle, you may depend upon it, implanted in the heart by God the Holy Ghost, so that a man of God will manifest himself not to be a man of the world.

And, brethren, I believe that the day is approaching when the world will not be so tolerant as it seems to be at present of the principles and doctrines of the man of God. In the 3rd of 2nd Timothy, we are told something of what is to come on the world in the last times; we are told that “men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, despisers of those that are good,” and so on. And then we are told that there shall be a desire for the form of godliness, but a denial of the power thereof.

Now, we believe that such principles as we have been maintaining as the principles of the people of God, will draw out the intolerant spirit of an evil world against them; men will be impatient, they will not brook such things. There is an independence of spirit manifested in the present day. If men could, they would shut God out of His own world. The world in our day has become quite intoxicated with its knowledge and its discoveries. We believe that its principles are quite opposed to the kingdom of God, and we believe that this enmity will be drawn out more and more distinctly. The question is, Are we prepared for it? Are we prepared to take our stand upon the Lord's side? Are we prepared to meet with contempt, with obloquy, with misrepresentation, if these things should come upon us for the Lord's sake?

Brethren, another word as to this subject. These principles and power are at variance with one another; but we believe that the Church of God has need to have it impressed upon it at this time, that there should be a spirit, not of hostility towards others, but a spirit of gentleness and love. I thank God for the controversial spirit that seems to be abroad in the present day; I am thankful when things do not seem to be stagnant; I like the ruffle upon the surface: but I believe there is danger, brethren. We have need of something of the spirit of our Master, not only in controversy, but in our daily walk and conduct towards those that are without. We are not to abstain from intercourse with them; but if we have the highest principles to actuate our conduct, we are to bring those principles to bear upon the men with whom we have to do, knowing that it is not our spirit that can govern them, not our persuasion that can lead them, but that it is the power of God the Holy Ghost which can alone break the hard heart of the sinner and bring him down before the cross of Christ.

But we have to remark as to the support which the child of God receives from above, maintaining it in its present uncongenial element. We think we have a beautiful emblem of this in the 3rd chapter of Exodus, when the Lord was pleased to teach His servant Moses how He could bring His Israel of old through the fire unhurt. We are told that, “the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush, and behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.” “I will now turn aside,” said Moses, “and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.” It was because the Lord was in the midst of it.

A VISIT TO PLYMOUTH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

VARIOUS and mysterious are the dealings of our covenant Lord in the disposal of His people, ordering their steps, fixing the bounds of their habitations, and overruling every event according to the dispensations of His grace; if not for their comfort in time, for their eternal security in the world to come.

These thoughts have been suggested to our mind on the occasion of a short visit to Plymouth. There the Gospel of God's grace is published, received, and loved, as in days long gone by; and verily our soul was cheered and encouraged in the narrow way by a sweet converse with an old pilgrim of nearly eighty years: one amongst the many thousands (as she herself expressed it) brought to the feet of Jesus through the teaching of that highly blessed servant of the Lord, DR. HAWKER. She appeared to be of a very nervous temperament; at times filled with doubts and fears, but withal clinging to the Rock of Ages, resting on the finished work of Jesus, and glorying in her eternal union with Him: and, as she reviewed the way in which she had been led, and the many Ebenezers which she had been constrained to set up, we felt our hearts to warm within us, knowing that *her* God was *our* God, that *her* Saviour was *our* Saviour—that the hand which guided *her* was leading *us*, and that the same eternal bonds of union were holding us fast amidst all the storms and conflicts of life, and amidst all the temptations and besetments of the evil one, "To the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved." Oh, what glorious beams of Gospel light then radiated from the pulpit of Charles Church; and that light still remains, to the glory of Jehovah's grace.

Mr. Editor, we have lived in this place from which we now address you for nearly fifty years, and during that time no Gospel sound has been heard from the pulpit of the Established Church, except for the short period of two years and a half; and I have often mentally asked, "Why is this?" and the answer has as frequently recurred, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Amongst the Nonconformists Christ has been preached, and souls have been gathered in; but in our own beloved Church, except for that short time, there have been spiritual dearth and spiritual death. *Prophets prophesying falsely, priests bearing rule by their means; and, worst of all, the people loving to have it so.* When God's eternal, sovereign grace was proclaimed, then it became manifest that there was a remnant of Israel in our midst! for the hearing ear was given, souls were quickened and born again from above, and the Lord's heritage was cheered and strengthened and built up in Christ their Covenant Head. And why was not that time extended? Why was the candlestick so soon removed out of its place? And why has the Gospel from the time of its promulgation wandered through the world, *apparently* as a traveller without a home? We trace its progress from Jerusalem and the Churches of the Apocalypse, through the vast regions of Asia and Africa, to Europe and America, and we feel that, like the life of man, it has *never continued in one stay*. We trace it from village to village, from town to town, and from city to city, and still the same; wandering onwards hither and thither, but moving on (glory to God) with a *settled purpose*, even to guide every heir of glory from darkness unto light, and from death unto life: and to feed with spiritual food that Church which is the purchase of the blood of the Incarnate God.

But we are forgetting our visit to Plymouth. Your beloved brother, th

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incumbent of Charles Chapel, visited us some three years since, and his preaching amongst our friends and neighbours will not soon be forgotten; nor shall we soon forget the blessed Sabbath services of the 11th and 18th of September, 1864, nor the weekly services between the Sabbaths. The subject for one Sabbath was "The Lord's people His portion and His inheritance; and the Lord the portion and the inheritance of His people." Blessed portion! and oh that the Holy Spirit may enable us often, in the contemplation thereof, to realize the blessedness of being interested therein; and how sweet to know that the Lord is to His people a satisfying portion, and that He is satisfied with the portion which He has in them. He knew how fickle and wavering they would be; how they would be given continually to change. He knew that they would deal very treacherously, and be transgressors from the womb; and would fall a thousand times a day. He knew all they were, and all they would be; and yet He, the Great, the Infinite, the Eternal Jehovah, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, brought them into eternal union with Himself, still holds them by the right hand of His power, and makes all things work together for their souls' good. Again, we say, how great the blessedness of being enabled to realize these things. But how many are there of the Lord's little-faiths who cannot do so; they forget at times to whom they belong, and are careful and troubled about many things. They forget how the lilies of the field grow, and blossom, and take no thought for the morrow; how they quietly open to the keen air of heaven, and to the refreshing dews and the bright sunbeams which descend therefrom. And why should not the Lord's dear children do the same? There is the breath of the Holy Spirit continually renewing their spiritual life; there are the dews of grace falling at all needful times; and there is the Sun of Righteousness ever shining on their souls, though at times they may not be sensible of it: and amidst all their wanderings and backslidings, amidst all the suggestions and insinuations of the enemy, that by and by they will fall and perish for ever, there are still those gracious declarations on record, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not; they are new every morning: great is His faithfulness." And presently the poor soul takes courage and remembers that the Lord Himself said, "I am married unto you." And that one who knew Him well, made the glorious declaration that "He hateth putting away." And soon he comes to look at himself as he is in Jesus, at the work of the Spirit in his heart, and at the evidences of the spiritual life which he has received; and he sees that nothing done on his part made him a child of God, and that nothing on his part can sever him from God: and with all the desires of his soul going out after the Lord, he breaks forth with the triumphant exclamation, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I trust in Him."

Surely the blessed truths declared Sabbath after Sabbath from the pulpit of Charles Chapel, from the pulpit of Charles Church, and from the pulpit within the prison walls, may lead the people of the Lord to hope that England is not yet given over to a strong delusion to believe a Popish lie; but that there are yet remaining the ten righteous men for whose sake our country shall be saved.

We spoke of Charles Church, and it gladdened our heart to hear the curate, a grandson of the good old Doctor, declare in scriptural language, that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound;" and, as he spoke of the aboundings of sin and the superaboundings of God's grace over it, we almost felt as if we were listening to the grandsire himself: and shall we not hope, and pray, and believe, that as one was made such a blessing to the Church and family of God, so the

other is now raised up to proclaim through a long life—for the gathering in of the lost sheep, and the building up of those gathered in—the unsearchable riches of Christ, the covenanted mercies of the Triune Jehovah?

With your brother we visited the gaol of which he is the chaplain. To judge by the earnest attention which was apparent, we should say that many of them until lately had never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and I found that some whose term had expired had been heard to bless the Lord that for their sins against their fellow-countrymen they had become bondmen to the law of England, that they might be made the freemen of the Lord Jesus Christ. As Onesimus was cast into prison that he might be converted by the preaching of Paul, so have some of these found grace abounding over their sins; and, whilst their bodies have been confined within the prison's gloom, their souls have been delivered from the darkness of spiritual death.

We must not forget a very pleasant hour's interview with another dear old servant of the Lord—a father in Israel—once a curate of Dr. Hawker; and joyfully must we praise the Lord for what He is doing amongst the young by the instrumentality of His aged servant. Blessed be the Lord for these tender saplings planted in His garden, by His own hand; they shall be watered by the dews of His grace, and shall grow up to be “trees of righteousness,” that He may be glorified.

Plymouth is indeed a place highly favoured of the Lord. I might mention other Gospel ministers in the Establishment; but I will not trespass too largely on your space: yet I must not omit that blessed spot where ARTHUR TRIGGS for so many years declared the Gospel of Christ, and in which the same Gospel is still preached in all its fulness, and freeness, and covenant security. The blood to cleanse, the righteousness to clothe, sin removed from the sinner and laid upon the Surety, and the broken-hearted sinner “accepted in the Beloved.”

“Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.” And is it so? Is the Church of the Lord His Zion? And doth He call it the perfection of beauty? Well then may the Church respond, “I am black, but comely.” Black as hell in herself, but beautiful in holiness as she is in her Lord.

Happy Plymouth! where the Lord hath so long shone forth; where the people of the Lord have so long been blessed with spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus. Lord, “raise up Thy power and come amongst us, and with great might succour us.” Send forth Thine own servants as labourers, into other parts of Thy vineyard in Britain. Thou hast made Britain as the garden of the Lord; Thou hast blessed her above all the nations which are on the face of the earth. Once she was in the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear; but Thou didst deliver her. The darkness of Popery once covered the land, and gross darkness the people; but the Sun of Righteousness broke forth, and the darkness was dispelled, and spiritual light, and life, and liberty were made manifest in our land: but the darkness of Popery is again creeping over us—that devouring enemy is filling our land with his idol temples, and the hearts of the people with the delusions of the evil one. Lord, do Thou show to the people what Popery is doing in other lands now. Do Thou show them what Popery did in our country many years ago, and from the hearts of all Thy people, from the souls of all those who know how to look to Thee for a Father's care and a Father's protection, and from those tens of thousands and millions who know nothing of Thee as a reconciled Father, but who, like the beasts of the field, look to Thee and receive from Thee their daily mercies—yea, from the many millions of England, high and low, rich and poor, may this confession be heard as in the days of old:—“And after all that is come upon us for our evil deeds, and for our

great trespass, seeing that Thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve; and hast given us such deliverances as this, should we again break Thy commandments, and join in affinity with the people of these abominations, wouldest not Thou be angry with us till Thou hadst consumed us, so that there should be no remnant nor escaping? O Lord God of Israel, Thou art righteous, for we remain yet escaped, as it is this day. Behold, we are before Thee in our trespasses, for we cannot stand before Thee because of this."

The Lord pour out upon us the spirit of grace and of supplication, and of national humiliation for our great sins.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours in covenant love,

Kennett.

J. F. P.

JESUS, THE LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE.

[We are quite sure that many of our beloved readers will read and rejoice in the annexed lines, written by "Old Sarah," of Yeovil, a dear disciple of ninety years of age. She prefaces the lines as follows:—

SIR,—I am requested to send this piece to you. It was written when under the pressure of severe trial. Should it be worth your notice, will you find a little space for it? Yours respectfully,

OLD SARAH,
(Ninety years old)

"He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye."

DEUT. xxxii. 10.

JESUS.

'Tis but a cloud, and that is passing by,
Which for a moment hides thine azure sky;
See, it moves onward, and will soon be pass'd—
No trial in nature can for ever last.
Now try to reckon up the whole amount
Of what thou art so much concern'd about;
To my true touchstone see thou bring it all,
For by that test alone 't will stand or fall.

SOUL.

Alas, my Lord! some plants that twine around
This foolish heart confine her near the ground,
And make her sickly as the vapours rise,
And this destroys the power of enterprise.

JESUS.

Then let the pruning knife destroy the weed,
Whate'er it be, that chokes the precious seed;
And spare not any joy that comes between
The present moment and a brighter scene.

SOUL.

But then, my Lord, ah! whither can I go?
I have no cottage to conceal my woe.
Where I, without delay, might quickly fly,
And hide my keen distress from every eye!

JESUS.

Oh, what strange language breaks upon mine ear,
Pregnant with evils of unhallowed fear!
Who sits above? who takes His daily rounds,
Of each habitation to fix the bounds?

SOUL.

I blush, my Lord—but I have something more,
For of complaints Thou knowest the numerous store.

JESUS.

I know thee well—I know thy inmost will:
Mine ear is open—I will listen still.

SOUL.

And here, again, who will this body feed,
And with reproachless eye supply her need?

JESUS.

The cattle on a thousand hills which stray
Are mine to give, or mine to take away.
No murmurings rise from all the savage train
That walk unheeded o'er my wide domain:
They all rejoice—they all obey my nod,
And by their instinct own their Maker God.
Nor are there things, however great or small,
But what my single glance surveys them all.
The sparkling gold that in the waters shines,
With all the secret treasures of the mines.
Hast thou forgotten him whose bread was found
Within the walls where famine stalk'd around?

SOUL.

What if in winter stern I take my flight,
Shivering by day, exposed to cold by night?

JESUS.

I will within my tender bosom bear,
Although no bed or covering should be there.
Will not my smile for ills like these repay,
And gild with strange delight thy darkest day?

SOUL.

How shall I meet alone the pelting storm,
And see no prop at hand—no friendly arm?
Behold my withered gourds lie scattered round,
And every hope falls bleeding to the ground?

JESUS.

raised those gourds at first above thy head,
Meant only as a temporary shade;
But when I saw thee secret homage pay
To these my gifts, I took them all away.
If my great name be written on the heart,
I claim the whole—I will not have a part.
Fly to thy window, thou poor wandering dove,
And hide thee in the chamber of my love.

SOUL.

Oh, should the lion, with his vengeful power,
Meet me unarmed in some dejected hour,
What can I do his fiery darts to quell?
How stand against the stratagems of hell?

JESUS.

Poor faithless soul! this chain is held by me;
Although the prince of darkness—he's not free.
Thou art as safe as if thou now didst stand,
Where thou shalt be, amidst my chosen band.
What hast thou more to say? What! doubt my will?
Then stand and plead, mine ear shall listen still.

SOUL.

No more, my Lord—my heart is overcharged;
What can I utter till it be enlarged?

JESUS.

My Spirit shall thy deepest anguish tell;
Thy secret sighs—thy groans unutterable—
For He is the Interpreter to me
Of all these searching thoughts I put in thee.
The Holy Spirit shows I am the way—
Teaches thee when, and where, and how to pray;
Opens thy understanding to my word,
And guides thee from the creature home to God.

THE CULPRIT MÜLLER, AND THE LESSONS HE HAS LEFT BEHIND HIM.

It behoves us to offer a few observations upon the above four momentous words, as bearing upon the case of the unhappy young man recently executed at Newgate.

We live in days when God's word is despised, and God Himself is defied and set at nought; nevertheless there lacks no proof of the truth and the reality of the Scriptures. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccl. xi. 9). "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting" (Gal. vi. 7, 8).

How strikingly have all these Scriptures been verified in the case of the hapless young man Müller. Let us briefly consider the matter. It would seem that a discontented, restless mind prompted him to wish for *change*; that, having no money with which to effect such change, he sought, by the most unlawful and criminal of means, to possess himself of those means. It is very questionable whether, when he first sighted his victim, he intended to do more than *rob* him. He thought to take advantage of his drowsiness, and, whilst he slept, to seize his watch and chain; foiled in this, he *strikes* in order to *stun*. He meets still with a resistance upon which he had not calculated, and now, in order to avoid detection, hurls his victim from the carriage whilst yet the train is in motion, still thinking, perhaps, he might only be bruised or injured by the fall, not absolutely *killed*. At any rate, the dread of consequences as far as he himself was concerned, prompted him to brave all results as to his victim. He is im-

pelled suddenly and satanically by the prince of darkness; and, when the train stops, under cover of darkness, he effects a retreat. But there is One above who recognizes all his movements, and who, in spite of all his precautions, ratifies His word, "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

In general, murderers flee as fast and as far as possible from the scene of blood. A guilty conscience and apprehension of the dread consequences of their evil deeds, prompt them (if possible) to make good their escape. The present was an exception. By what men would call a fatal spell, but by what we recognize as a special design of Divine Providence, the guilty man seeks to shun suspicion by a cool indifference, and by a calm, deliberate, personal carrying into execution of his own devices. Even if he has already discovered that, in his haste to leave the train, he had left his own hat and substituted that of the murdered man, there is some special influence upon him that prompts him not to rid himself of this feature of his guilt; nor does he dream that, out of the myriads of hats with which the great metropolis abounds, *his* will lead to detection. Fearful, perhaps, of confiding in another, he resolves himself to make the exchange of the chain, and presumes that the pawning of a new chain will at once possess him with the requisite passage-money, and render him less liable to suspicion than if he had at once pledged the chain of the hapless owner. With the same coolness he pays his fare, and takes his passage on board the ship bound for America, and, once away, he deems himself secure; yea, so much so that he even writes—and that in his own name—to a friend apprizing him of his course and destination.

But, ah! under all this seeming security, how heedless is he of those four mighty words, "THOU GOD SEEST ME." Because God would have it so, his very coolness and self-possession shall minister to his discovery. His very designs shall prove his defeat. He was a voyager, it is true, upon the vast Atlantic, and was rapidly receding from the scene of his murderous doings, but he had left behind him—what? a puny, insignificant paper-box, handed as he supposed thoughtfully (but, as the sequel proved, most thoughtlessly) to a little girl, and that puny paper-box, with its significant name DEATH, was to lead to his detection and to his death, as the just reward of his evil deeds. That little box leads to inquiry. The tradesman whose name it bore gave evidence which, link by link, opened up a train of circumstances which seemed signally to fix the very gravest suspicion upon the absent voyager. The combined facts with which they were already in possession, extending so far as even to trace the hat found in the railway carriage to the possession of Müller, justified the authorities in despatching a police-officer in quest of him. Inspector Tanner, therefore, accompanied by Mr. Death (the jeweller) and a cabman, a former acquaintance of Müller, started for America by steamer, a few days after the culprit had sailed from London. His ship having been detained by adverse winds, the officer and his attendants arrived at New York first, and were in waiting for the arrival of the suspected man. How little did *he* anticipate such a reception! In his fancied security, whilst traversing the mighty deep, how little did he imagine that pursuers were forestalling him! Hence, in his unsuspicion, and in the assumption of the self-same collectedness and composure he had throughout sought to adopt, he still retained in his possession the missing links in the chain of evidence that was ultimately to fix upon him the dreadful crime of which he had been the perpetrator. The hat and watch of the murdered man were found with him; and (although the hat had been reduced in height) by a striking combination of facts, not only was it discovered to have belonged to the unfortunate Mr. Briggs, but the very effort to disguise it, by altering its size, and thus

cutting out the name of its owner, only tended to its identity, and to substantiate the guilt of the accused.

One cannot rightly contemplate all these circumstances, without being impressed with the wondrous workings of Divine Providence. Unless wilfully blind, men must acknowledge that this is another, and a very striking illustration too, of the truth of that Scripture, "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" In their consideration of the case which is now so universally engrossing the public mind, many a sceptic will doubtless reproach the unhappy Müller for his shortsightedness and over-confidence, in so exposing himself as personally to tender the property of the murdered man for exchange, and in retaining possession of articles which it would seem might have easily been got rid of; but all such reasoning is vain. All these facts only subserve to the great purposes of God, who will, in spite of all that men may say, or Satan suggest, have His own word ratified and confirmed, "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" Whilst murderers for most part betray themselves by the confusion and dismay attendant upon guilt, Müller ministers to his own detection by the course adopted by his very coolness and self-possession. Hence it is vain in the extreme for men to say, "Had it been *my* case, I would have done this or not done that." The truth of God stands as firm now as in David's day. Although it is recorded, that "the counsel of Ahithophel, which he counselled in those days, was as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God: so was all the counsel of Ahithophel both with David and with Absalom" (2 Sam. xvi. 23), yet it is also recorded with regard to the advice given by Ahithophel, that his friend "Absalom and all the men of Israel said, The counsel of Hushai the Archite is better than the counsel of Ahithophel." And why this? Here is the answer, from God's own word, "*For the Lord had appointed to defeat the good counsel of Ahithophel, to the intent that the Lord might bring evil upon Absalom.*" Here is the grand moving cause; and so it is with regard to all the evil wrought by man. God will, in His own time and in His own significant way, expose their wickedness and defeat their designs, ratifying His own twofold testimony, "The way of transgressors is hard;" and "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death."

Let us add, that, if murders are not discovered in any of the ordinary ways to which we have alluded—either by the confusion or the calmness of the culprit; yet, even then God is at no loss. He can, and He does, adopt other means for fulfilling the portion of His word we have quoted, "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" as in the case, some years ago, of the wretched Corder, whose hapless victim was discovered, many weeks after she had been murdered, by means of a *dream*. Just as the murderer was about to leave the country, the mother of the missing woman dreamt she had been murdered, and that her body had been buried beneath the floor of a certain barn. She was so impressed with this dream, that it led to an investigation. The result was the finding of the body in the identical place of which she had dreamt, and the arraignment, condemnation, and execution of him who had congratulated himself upon his security.

Another instance, among the multitudes left upon record in the annals of crime, is one that occurs to us at the moment of writing, in proof that God can, and will, when and as it pleases Him, bring guilt to light. On one occasion, some years ago, there was a cry of "Stop thief!" in the crowded Cheapside of the metropolis. Of a sudden, a passenger through that vast thoroughfare surrendered himself. At the moment of the cry of "Stop thief!" conscience aroused, and, in spite of himself, he then and there declared he had taken the life of an individual some twenty years before. The consequence was, he was

taken up—tried—and hanged. Thus while the old adage, “A guilty conscience needs no accuser,” is proved true, the unalterable word of the living God is also confirmed, “Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished,” for “verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth.”

“TIME NO LONGER.”

Rev. x. 6.

BELOVED, in the good providence of a covenant God, who leads His people on in the journey of life, we are brought to the closing month of another year. Oh does not—

“Time by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day?
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years.”

Well, another year nearly gone; another year nearer home. “What shall I render unto the Lord for all His goodness unto me? I will take the cup of salvation, and will call upon the name of the Lord”—

“To praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that’s to come.”

If we review the year, memory must look back upon many seasons of sweet communion and enjoyment we have had with God. Many unfoldings of a precious Christ through the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Many times when through “comfort of the Scriptures,” we have become refreshed and encouraged. Many “springs in the valley” which have risen as marvellously as when Elijah was fed with ravens. This is the bright side of our pathway. If we review the dark, memory, alas! must point to seasons of doubt, rebellion, and self-reliance, of which we may well be ashamed before God. Dear Bishop Wilson at the close of the year 1830 wrote in his Diary as follows:—

“Dec. 31st.—The year ends this day. What is the state of my soul? Oh, Thou who knowest the hearts of all men, make me to know myself, to humble my soul before Thee, to seek Thy divine consolation, to pledge my powers anew to Thy service.

“In the coming year may I pray more fervently, study the Bible more diligently, watch over my heart, repose more entirely upon the operations of divine grace, read fewer idle and worldly books. God help me! God prepare me for death and eternity!”

Beloved, the burden of the good Bishop’s cries at the throne must surely be ours at this season. And now afflicted, tempest-tossed child of God, we leave with you the motto that heads our paper—

“TIME NO LONGER.”

Connect with it what St. John the Divine tells us is in store for the Christian when “time is no longer;” and thou must surely rejoice to think that the rolling years are but as chariot wheels that are bearing you onwards to Canaan’s blissful land. Time no longer—eternity no end.

Beloved, we close our many “Notes by the way,” for the year 1864; with the following expressions:—Walk in love, watch in faith, wait in hope; and may the God of all grace strengthen and support you till “time shall be no longer.” Then “Blessing, and glory, and honour, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever. Amen.”

Bury St. Edmund’s.

G. C.

STINCHCOMBE-HILL REFLECTIONS.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY NATURAL THINGS.

THE TREES.—Saw at the bottom of the hill a fir tree, with only a little green at the top of it, whereby could be seen that it was alive. Its body, or stem, was bare and thin, and looked dry; not a twig was growing out from it: but the little green twigs on the top were sufficient to show that it was in connexion with living roots. In this could be seen an emblem of a weak child of God, whose evidences are feeble. There may be much that seems bare and barren about such an one; yet the fact of his having the least godly sorrow for sin, and the weakest faith in the Saviour, and the faintest love towards His dear name, proves he is in union with Him who is “the root and offspring of David.”

When a little higher, observed a high tree, with a very slender stem. The wind was blowing rather roughly at the time, and bent the tree a good deal. It seemed as though it would break; but the wind getting under the bent top of it, brought it back again to its upright position: the same wind did both. In this could be seen a figure of the condition of an elect “vessel of mercy,” when through the winds of cross providences, he bends and seems as though he would break, and go down to the ground; but, just as his head and heart get as low as his covenant God and Father will allow them, a gust of wind from the Holy Spirit comes, and lifts his bending head and fainting heart back to their right and blessed position.

When higher still noticed a tree which had been partly blown down. It, no doubt, would have fallen to the ground had it not been supported by a stronger, against which it fell when blown and bent by the wind. This brought to mind the words of the apostle Paul, “We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.” If this divine precept were carried out, what a different state of things there would be from what there is at present. How often it is that, when a weak brother is seen leaning or falling, the supposed stronger brother will get out of the way, and neglect to render his weak brother help. May the Lord save us from this spirit!

Saw near by the stump of a tree, with its roots turned up, which were withered and dead, in consequence of having been removed from their right place. Thought it was an emblem of those persons who in a sense prosper when they keep in their right places, but begin to wither as soon as they are removed from them.

In looking at another tree, remarked it was very bright on one side, owing to the sun shining upon it; on the other side there was a long shade. There would not have been any shadow if the sun had not shone upon it. Thought it was a type of the “trees of righteousness.” The child of God has his bright side as well as his dark and shady one. The tree had no light in itself—so with the child of God. That side of the tree was the brightest which was towards the sun. With the Christian, shade comes on when he gets looking in the wrong direction, and on wrong objects. He shines brightest when his face is Zion-wards. O Lord, keep our eyes looking in the right direction—“looking unto Jesus!”

Read on a board a notice threatening to prosecute all persons who were found injuring the young larch trees recently planted in the wood; and thought of the trees of “the Lord’s right-hand planting,” and of the threatenings He has

pronounced against those who do them any harm, more especially of this one, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." Many persons might injure the trees in the wood, and the owner not know anything of them, or of the injury they had done. Not so, however, with those who injure the children of God. "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye."

BANK ROOTS.—While looking at a bank full of roots, which were growing in among each other so closely that they appeared to be all matted together, and but for which it was evident the bank could not have stood; thus their being so united together was the means of keeping the bank up; it brought to mind the advantage of unity among Christians. If the members of Christian Churches were to stick together as these roots did in all kinds of weather, there would not be so many torn and divided Churches as there now unhappily are.

BUTTERFLIES.—Noticed several butterflies, neither of which kept in a straight course. They would fly forward a few yards, and then backward, on the right hand and then on the left, being attracted by pretty-looking flowers. An emblem of young persons who are hindered from pursuing a straight and right course, owing to being allured by the pleasures of sin which are but for a season; which pleasures are as short-lived as a butterfly's is after having alighted on a beautiful flower.

THE IVY.—Observed the ivy entwining itself around the stem of a strong tree. As far as could be seen, it was not cleaving to anything that was weaker than itself; which brought to mind the advice of Barnabas to the Christians at Antioch, whom he exhorted "with purpose of heart to cleave unto the Lord." Reader, is such a purpose in your heart?

NEARING THE HILL-TOP.—As the top of the hill was nearly reached, the more extensive were the views obtained of the beautiful scenery around. Is it not just the same in spiritual matters? The higher the believer ascends, or "mounts up with wings as eagles," the larger will be his views of the greatness, wisdom, power, grace, and love of His covenant God and Saviour.

THE SHEEP.—On the top of the hill there was a flock of sheep feeding; and while doing so they made no noise. Thought of times past when observing sheep taken from the pasture, and driven on to the hard and bare road, bleating as they went; evidently feeling uncomfortable, and not in their right place. Is it not so with respect to the Lord's sheep? They do not fall out with each other when they are quietly feeding in the "green pastures." It is when they leave the green pastures and go along the bye ways that they get foot sore, make a noise, and feel uncomfortable.

Observed two sheep knocking their heads against each other. Had they been feeding they would not have done so. So with the Lord's sheep; it is the feeding sheep that are most peaceable. Those that feed but little, might, at times, strike each other on the head, although it is wrong to do so. Better see ten goats (in a spiritual sense) strike one sheep, than two sheep striking each other. A child of God would rather receive a dozen head blows from the former, than one heart blow from one of the latter.

THE RIVER SEVERN.—While looking from the hill at this river, thought of the river "which makes glad the city of God." It could only be seen by the aid of the light from the natural sun. Neither can the river of the water of life be seen, except by the light of the Sun of Righteousness. The river could only be seen when the face was towards it. Every unrenewed man has his back, so to speak, turned against the spiritual river; nor can he see it till his face is turned

towards it by the distinguishing grace of the Holy Spirit. The tide being out, some parts of the river looked dark and dry, others appeared to be in holes, containing water; the higher parts, of course, being the dry, and the lower parts being those that contained the water. An emblem of a lowly and humble Christian. It is not the high and dry towering professor, whose heart contains the water of life; but the meek and peaceable follower of Christ. The larger the hole the more water it contained; and are not the humblest Christians those who are most copiously supplied with the streams that make glad the city of God? The holes did not produce the water that was in them, having come from the sea. Every child of God can say with the Psalmist, "All my springs are in Thee." The water in the holes was the same in quality, though not in quantity, as that in the sea. The living water of the well of everlasting life, which is in every believer, is as pure as it was when it proceeded out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, neither can it be defiled. The water in these holes would never find its way back to the sea, unless by that which is in the sea coming in contact with it; so the believer, after he has had a supply from the fountain of living waters, would never find his way to the source from whence they came if he did not receive continual supplies therefrom, which kept the springs in himself in constant connexion with the glorious fountain head. God has not given any creature authority or power to supply this water, it being His prerogative, who has said concerning His Church, "I will water it every moment;" it is therefore folly to expect a supply of this water from the impure fountain of which the poor old dry Pope is head, or from any of his empty pipes—the bishops and priests.

THE SWALLOWS.—Saw some of these birds flying about. The wind was blowing very high. As long as they continued flying near the ground they flew swiftly; but, when one of them attempted to mount up, its progress was interrupted by the wind, which blew to that degree as almost to stop it. Flying with the wind was easy enough, flying against it difficult. Considered it was the same, in some instances, with the child of God; so long as by God's grace he flies low, and goes in the direction of the wind of the Holy Spirit, he progresses safely—flying as a dove to its windows; but when he "waxes fat," lifts up himself, and, Jonah like, flies towards Tarshish instead of towards Nineveh, he will find that God will send out a storm after him, and that it will be hard work to fly when the winds are contrary. The swallows made a chirping noise when they passed each other, showing they were on good terms with each other; not like some persons who are at variance, and consequently will not speak to one another when they meet.

THORNS AND BRIARS, ETC.—Noticed a lot of nettles, thorns, and briars, growing together, and thought they were an emblem of wicked persons, particularly young people, who associate together for bad purposes. Among them was a beautiful craisey, which the writer got at by pushing the nettles aside with a stick, and picked; although he ran the risk of getting his hands stung by picking it. Thought that among a number of bad children there may be a flower or two, viz., a promising child which ought to be noticed, and with respect to whom efforts should be made to get him away from evil company, notwithstanding the danger of getting stung by so doing.

THISTLES.—They had blossoms, which made some of them look nice at a distance. An emblem of some persons, who look well at a distance, but give you uneasiness when you come to deal closely with them. It was almost impossible to pick one of the flowers with the hand without getting pricked by them; so with some persons' characters, when they come to be known they are

seen to be covered with prickles, which will run into those who come near them. There was only one flower on a stalk, but hundreds of prickles; like some showy persons who have more sharp prickles than beautiful flowers. It is not to be expected that a sweet and pleasant nosegay should be got from thistles, neither should what is delightful be expected from such persons. If you keep from touching the prickly thistles, they cannot harm you; and if you treat prickly-tempered persons in the same way, the same result will generally follow.

TALL GRASS.—Noticed several patches of long, strong, and coarse grass, which the sheep passed by without meddling with; an emblem of proud upstart persons, from whom nothing that can feed or nourish can be expected, and who ought to be shunned by Christ's sheep.

A LOWLY FLOWER.—Observed a very small, pretty-looking flower, which, owing to its being so near the ground, and surrounded by large coarse flowers, was scarcely visible; to be seen to advantage it required to be lifted out of its place. An illustration of a modest Christian, who will not be fully seen to advantage here; but he will be so seen after being lifted from his coarse surroundings here to his Father's house above. May it please the Lord to clothe us with humility as with a garment.

A WHEAT FIELD.—At the bottom of the hill was a wheat field. In consequence of the wind and rain, much of it had been blown down, and presented a very different appearance from that which stood upright. But still it was wheat, and belonged to the same owner as the other, who no doubt will, in due time, send the reapers to reap it and gather it into the barn. This brought to mind the fact that some of God's children, who, owing to the storms and tempests which they pass through, get thrown down. But will the heavenly Husbandman disown them on that account? No, no! Blessed be His name, He will, in His own good time, gather them into His barn. The wheat could not prevent the wind, &c., from beating it down; so the child of God has no control over the various trials which often bring him low. The wheat that was blown down was in the same field as that which stood uprightly, and had outbraved the wind and rain; and the poor child of God who may be weighed down with heavy burdens, stands in the same grace and relationships to the Triune God as those who may be more free from such burdens. The owner would not have allowed the enemy to injure the fallen wheat, nor have suffered him to steal it; nor will the heavenly Husbandman allow His wheat to be destroyed, although He may permit it to be cast down.

Dursley.

F. F.

THE WEeping ONE OF BETHANY.

JOHN xi. 35.

"Jesus wept!" Those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
'Tis His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany?

When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of our troubled soul.
Surely none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

"Jesus wept;" and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear,
Loving to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here:
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

"Jesus wept." That tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Loving One of Bethany.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SERMON PREACHED AT BOLTON STREET, KENNINGTON.

BY THE REV. J. W. GOWRING.

"Whose I am, and whom I serve."—ACTS xxvii. 23.

WHILE we are to be careful not to disjoint a text from its context, yet there are some instances like the present in which one clause of a sentence stands out as a great truth taken by itself. The special application of this truth by Paul was to assure his hearers by his own personal experience that the promise of deliverance, of which he told them, was undoubtedly true, for he knew Him who had given the promise *to be faithful and true*. When Paul was manifested as a child of God, he received a double call, not only as a child, but as an apostle, to witness of what he was taught as a child. He was a chosen vessel to bear the tidings of those things he heard and saw; and so in measure every manifested child of God is to witness of that which has become precious to his soul. It was no presumption to say with confidence that he was *God's child*; for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and His covenant, to make them know it" (Psalm xxv. 14). Our Lord bid His disciples to rejoice that their "names were written in heaven" (Luke x. 20). It is no secret who are the Lord's people, when He is pleased to reveal it. We know that there are some of the Lord's hidden ones that are yet to be made manifest, or else the gospel would not still be preached; for it comes on no uncertain errand: "My word shall accomplish that which I please, it shall prosper in that whereunto I have sent it" (Isa. lv. 11). When any one is called by God's grace, he is taught in the Scriptures to trace his call to God's predestinating love and choice (see Rom. viii. 30, and Eph. i. 4, 5). One, therefore, who can say, "Whose I am," owns that he is God's by everlasting covenant appointment: "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me;" "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love" (Jer. xxxi. 3). He also knows that he is Christ's, both as given to him by the Father, and as purchased by His precious blood. Thus he is one of a peculiar people, *i.e.*, His own peculiar and special property; or, as in the margin, "a purchased people" (1 Pet. ii. 9), who can therefore plead with Him: "Save me, I am thine" (Psalm cxix. 94). They belong also to God the Holy Spirit, by whom they are "born from above" (John iii. 3), "strengthened" (Eph. iii. 18), led and taught; "I will walk in them, and dwell in them" (2 Cor. vi. 16); and they are "sealed with that holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of our inheritance." But how can any experimentally come to the confidence of being the Lord's people? I would mention four words which seem to include that which is needful for this end, *viz.*, sought, taught, fed, and led.

1st. Has the Lord sought you out? "Thou shalt be called, Sought out, a city not forsaken" (Isa. lxii. 12). The good Shepherd goes after His lost sheep till he finds it (Luke xv.), and when he has brought it to his fold he says, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost." The finding of it did not make it one of His sheep; but it was found because it was one of the sheep that the Father gave Him. "Other sheep I have, them also must I bring; and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." Have you been found on the Shepherd's shoulders, *i.e.*, borne by His gracious power and controlling love? if so, you have been sought out, and most assuredly

He will not forsake, but will keep you to the end. But those who are sought are also taught; and in fact they are sought that they may be taught. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord," &c. Those sheep that are sought and brought to the fold are put forth by the Shepherd (John x. 4—9), that He may bring them forth into good pastures. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The "new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby;" and, having tasted that the Lord is gracious, they come to Him for instruction, and sit at His feet. There cannot be real childhood without the desire to know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings. We must link, however, our next word, *fed*, with the word taught. The desire after knowledge is only genuine when it leads to this, "that we may grow thereby." Those who have heard Him and been taught by Him, as the truth is in Jesus, will show that they are growing children having their senses exercised to discern between good and evil (Heb. v.). Thus, like Jacob, they will be enabled to witness of the Lord who has fed them all their life through. "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry with good things." There may be a seeking after knowledge on other grounds than that of being fed; like the stony ground hearers, who anon with joy receive the word, but lacking root there is no fruit. "Their root being rottenness, their blossom shall go up as dust." Such rejoice that they have discovered the truth, rather than that the truth has found them out. They have sought the Lord, and they have found peace; and therefore they pride themselves in what they have discovered. I have known many such make a fair profession for the time (and flourish for the time like the grass or the green bay tree); but they have passed away, and the place that knew them knows them no more. But there is our last word, *led*. The Lord of hosts, the Redeemer of Israel, saith, "I am Jehovah which teacheth thee to profit, and that leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go" (Isa. xlviii. 17); and this both in the kingdom of His providence and the kingdom of His grace: for the two kingdoms are linked in, one with the other. David witnesses that the Lord his Shepherd led him into the green pastures and beside the still waters; as also in paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. "He leadeth the blind by a way that they know not" (Isa. xlii. 16), and yet in a right path. He teaches Ephraim to go, taking them by their arms, and so leads them on, "drawing them with cords of a man, and the bands of love" (Hos. xi. 4). Now, wheresoever the things involved in these four words unite in any, such have the full right to say, "Whose I am;" also on the same grounds, and because they are such, they will be enabled to say, through God's grace preventing and following them, "Whom I serve." They serve as married to the Lord, not in the oldness of the letter, but in the newness of the Spirit; that they may bring forth fruit unto Him, whose they are. This consideration illustrates the kind of obedience that is rendered, as not under the law but under grace (Rom. vi. 14). Whilst they rejoice that they are not debtors under the law, yet they do not set at nought or despise the holy law of God. If the second Husband enjoins what the first husband commanded, the obedience rendered by the wife is not to the first husband, who is dead, although he may have enjoined the same things. Again, whatever the present Husband, *i.e.*, Christ, honoured and obeyed, cannot be considered as a matter of indifference by the wife who loves Him; therefore without contending for the expression of the law being a rule of life, yet we are bold to say that no believer would consider it a matter of indifference whether or not he lived in accordance with what the law prescribes as "holy, just, and good," in God's sight. "Being made free from sin and become servants to God, you have your fruit unto holiness, and the end

everlasting life" (Rom. vi. 22). Again, the service is that of a child who is a *son to serve*, because translated from the bondage of corruption "into the glorious liberty of the children of God" (Rom. viii. 21). He is taught by the Holy Spirit to cry "Abba, Father" (Rom viii. 15), and by the same Spirit is strengthened to "crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts thereof."

THE POOR STONEBREAKER'S BIRTHPLACE.

IN a village in Wiltshire there lived a curate, who did the duty of the parish church, also of the union-house. He was necessarily brought into contact with its inmates very often, and knew most of his parishioners, who greatly respected him. But some of them who had heard purer truth than he preached, attended a dissenting chapel in the village, whilst others of the more respectable drove occasionally to a neighbouring town, five miles distant, to attend where the Gospel was more faithfully proclaimed. Everything went on very quietly in the place, no one feeling hurt by his neighbour's conduct; but the clergyman often took a walk in his parish, and one day, as usual, he fell in with one of his most constant hearers, a poor man of excellent character. As a matter of course, he asked him how it was he did not see him at church, as in times past, and wondered how it was he could feel comfortable in his mind to absent himself from his duty. The poor man promptly replied that he had lately been visiting his *birthplace*. "Well, but I always considered that this village was your birthplace, as you were born in it, and have lived all your life in the parish." He respectfully answered *that was all true*, but he had lately found his *spiritual* birthplace, and earnestly wished *he* might do the same, and then he should be glad to attend his preaching again. The poor man very affectionately requested the curate to read the Bible, with earnest prayer, and more devout attention, and suggested his considering the *new birth* spoken of in the 3rd of John. At first the clergyman thought, "You, a poor uneducated man, dictating to a university scholar!" But, walking home, he thought, "John certainly meant it for his good, and he had spoken to him in a very affectionate manner." He resolved, therefore, that he would retire to his study, and ponder it over by himself. He did so, and began to find light dawn upon him. He could find no rest until he could visit John again, and request him to tell him how he obtained spiritual light and peace and comfort. In due time, by means of earnest prayer and reading the Scriptures, joy and peace were brought thus to his own soul. His preaching then became different to what it was before. Instead of a dry discourse, it was energetic and powerful—evidently flowing from the heart. His hearers were surprised, and some delighted with the change. Instead of a few people scattered in different pews, his church was filled with attentive worshippers; those who used to drive miles of a Sabbath were glad to remain and attend his preaching.

M. F.

CHRIST is the righteousness of all them that truly do believe in Him. He for them paid their ransom by His death. He for them fulfilled the law in His life. So that now, in Him, and by Him, every true Christian may be called a fulfiller of the law; forasmuch as that which their infirmity lacked, Christ's justice hath supplied.—*Archbishop Cranmer.*

THE CASE OF THE REV. J. W. GOWRING, B.A.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

6, Somerset Place, November 14, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I had fully intended, last Friday when you kindly called upon me, to have asked you if you could not preach one Thursday evening, before I leave Kennington, as there are many who I know would like to hear you once more in the old spot. If I knew beforehand when you could come, we could secure a better congregation than I usually have on a week evening. Application was made by some friends last week to the Incumbent of Kennington, to know if he would consent to a place being licensed to me, if it could be obtained or built, but he gave a most decided refusal, as he would not allow of anything over which he had not the perfect control. A similar answer had previously been given by a neighbouring evangelical minister, to whom application was made, as ground had been proposed in his district. Thus every door seems at present to be closed in this neighbourhood, and I therefore conclude that the work to which the Lord called and separated me in these parts may now be finished. Still, I believe that I shall not be laid on one side, but that in the right time, some other door will be opened, where I may be privileged to declare the glorious gospel of the blessed God. It is 31 years next month since I was set apart to exercise that ministry, to which I profess that I had been separated by the Holy Ghost; and, though I have endured some reproach and shame for His name's sake, yet I can witness "that I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is God's power unto salvation, unto every one that believeth." It will be five years the beginning of next March since I was appointed Afternoon Lecturer at St. John's, Horsleydown, and this being a permanent appointment, under a special act of Parliament, I am not liable to be displaced by any change of the incumbent—and, for an afternoon service in London, there is a good congregation. I have sometimes thought whether I might not obtain a Sunday evening or week-day lectureship, in some church in London. It is, however, difficult to hear when such lectureships are vacant, but I may probably mention it to a few city friends, and then remember, as to this or any other proposal, the last verse of the first lesson yesterday evening, "The lot is cast into the lap; the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." It has been truly said that the darkest cloud has a silver lining, and so I have certainly found it to be, for it is pleasing to find that I live in the remembrance of many of the Lord's saints, who, like yourself, have manifested a deep feeling and sympathy for me. "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," and how could this be realized, unless the Lord's people were at times called to endure privations and sufferings. "I am the Lord which teacheth thee to profit, and leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go." It is thus that many things untoward, in and by themselves, are yet amongst the all things that work together for good, so that when at times we are permitted to take a review of the way in which we have been led, we find that we have matter to record as experience, which, under the Lord's blessing, works hope for the time present and to come. Thanking you heartily for your most kind sympathy and brotherly love,

I remain, your faithful friend and brother in the Lord,

J. W. GOWRING.

REVIEWS.

Steps and Stages on the Road to Glory. By the Author of "God is Love," "Our Heavenly Home," "Truths for the Day of Life and the Hour of Death," &c. Virtue Brothers.

WE alluded in the number of the *Gospel Magazine* for October to a new work as about to appear from the pen of Mr. Grant, and as being uniform in size, appearance, and price, with the eight volumes of the series which had previously been published. Mr. Grant's new work is now before us. It is entitled "STEPS AND STAGES ON THE ROAD TO GLORY." The reason for the Author's choice of this title is stated in the preface. "It is," he says, "because it is his earnest wish that every page may help the Zionward traveller on a 'step,' and every chapter a 'stage' in his journey through this world to his glorious home in heaven." With this view his opening chapter is entitled "The Heavenward Journey;" and the concluding chapter of the volume is entitled "The Close of the Heavenward Journey." The intermediate chapters are twelve in number; and, as already mentioned, they have been written with the view and in the hope of helping the believer on in his journey through this vale of tears to that heavenly inheritance, in which there shall be no suffering nor sorrow, because no sin, and where God Himself shall wipe away all tears from off all faces. As a specimen of the contents of the book, we give the last three pages which constitute the concluding portion of the chapter entitled

THE CLOSE OF THE HEAVENWARD JOURNEY.

"I will not here advert to even a few of the many sources of perfect and perpetual bliss which the Christian traveller through this world will enjoy, when he reaches the end of his journey, and is introduced by the Lord and Master whom he sought lovingly to serve and honour when on earth, into his home in heaven. That I have endeavoured to do, though in the nature of things but very imperfectly, in my work entitled, "OUR HEAVENLY HOME; OR, GLIMPSES OF THE GLORY AND BLISS OF THE BETTER WORLD." Besides, it would in some respects be wandering from my subject, which, strictly speaking, relates to the close of the Christian's career, considered as a traveller from earth to heaven,—from this world to the world to come. The idea, then, which properly presents itself to our consideration when regarding the believer who has reached the realms of glory, as one who has got to the end of his journey, is that of his having arrived at his home. And with the idea of home, while associating general happiness, we especially connect ideas of rest and safety, after the fatigues and dangers of the way. And the glorified believer will, I feel assured, find it one of the most abundant sources of the happiness of heaven, to renew and to dwell upon the Lord's most marvellous and most merciful dealings with him, both in providence and in grace, while he was a wayfarer in this world. How wondrous alike in their wisdom and their graciousness will then appear many of the events in our lives on earth, which we regarded at the time as being most adverse to our interests as well as to our comfort. We shall then see with all the clearness which the effulgent light of heaven will pour upon the subject, that however much we may have oftentimes felt ourselves walking in darkness, and however rough and round-about the way may have appeared to us, it was the right way,—a way ordered by God alike in infinite wisdom and infinite goodness. And then the certainty that all the believer's wanderings and haltings, all his fatigues and falls by the way, have become things of the past, and never can by possibility, while eternity lasts, be experienced again,—how incalculably great must be the amount of happiness which that idea will contribute to the believer's bliss! How sweet, even in this life, is rest after fatigue! How blessed is a sense of perfect security after feelings of danger! What, then, must be the happiness of heaven, arising from the certainty of perfect and perpetual repose, of complete and eternal safety?

"Such is a faint—a very faint—outline of what will follow the close of the believer's journey to his home in heaven. Does any one wish to ask me, 'What more?' The question is one which I cannot answer. The most exalted archangel in heaven,

as I have before remarked, could not answer it. Neither could those glorified spirits, those once Zionward travellers, who reached their home in heaven some thousands of years ago,—neither could they answer it. None but God Himself could answer the question, ‘What will be the full measure of the believer’s bliss in glory?’ Eternity will be occupied in answering the question, but will never complete the task. It will be as true, immeasurably beyond the remotest period in eternity to which the human mind can point, as it was when Paul first uttered the words, ‘Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him.’

“It cannot be necessary, I feel assured, that I should dwell at any length on the practical improvement which all ought to make of what I have written in the previous parts of this volume. That improvement will suggest itself to the mind of every reflecting reader. If all believers are on their way to a home in heaven, so happy and so glorious, and from which no one will ever, even for one moment, go out any more, it is clear that the desire and prayer of our Lord, just before His crucifixion, that the joy of all His disciples might be full,—ought to be realized in all their blessedness, in the experience of every believer, at every successive step he takes in his heavenward path.

“The prospect of a destiny so bright, and so sure of realization, and as enduring as God’s own existence, may well solace our souls, and encourage our hearts amidst all the sorrows and all the difficulties incident to our present pilgrimage state. And what, let me say as my concluding words, could be more, what so much adapted to enable us to triumph in death, than the assured conviction, the absolute certainty, that the moment our connection with this world has ceased, we shall be for ever with the Lord? Amen.”

When we consider the manner in which this book is, like its predecessors, brought out, and the channels into which it will necessarily find its way, we cannot but rejoice in its publication. The very position of the author, and the easy, smooth style in which the work is written, as well as its tasteful appearance, will secure to it an introduction and a reading that would be denied to scores of books of the same character, as to their object and contents. Moreover, whilst the author dwells with clearness and firmness upon the fundamentals of our most holy faith, such as the Three Persons in the adorable Trinity—the nature and absolute necessity of the new birth—sobriety of conduct, spirituality of conversation, and the final perseverance of the saints; he insists upon, as a means to an end, the blessedness and the power and the indispensable nature of the word of God. Here the Author takes his stand firmly, boldly, unflinchingly. For this—especially in such days as those in which we live—we rejoice.

Although some who are specially conversant with the dark and the doubtful “steps and stages on the road to glory,” may at times be ready to apprehend that Mr. GRANT has rendered the course too smooth and too agreeable for those of whom it is recorded that it is “through *much* tribulation they must enter the kingdom,” yet it will be well for such to consider for whom the book is written. They must remember, too, as we have already intimated, that the grand verities of our faith are clearly and unflinchingly insisted upon; and that, not in a lax, indefinite, ambiguous way, but in a simple, straightforward manner, the indispensable teachings of the sacred word, as opened, expounded, applied by the Holy Ghost, are urged and advocated.

We cannot, therefore, but recommend the book, and, at the same time, express our belief that it will be eminently useful.

The Charge Delivered in July and August, 1864, at his Second Episcopal Visitation. By the Hon. and Right. Rev. SAMUEL WALDEGRAVE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Carlisle. London: Hunt and Co.; Carlisle: C. Thurnam and Sons; T. W. Arthur.

We again, as promised, take up this most important and admirable Charge; and, in doing so, we cannot but express our gratitude to God for such men as the

Bishop of Carlisle being placed in authority in the Church, in such times as these. The Bishop's testimony is clear, affectionate, scriptural to the last degree; and, as such, it *must* be blessed; seeing our God has covenanted, that "His word shall not return to Him void, but that it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and that it shall prosper in the thing whereunto He has sent it." Men themselves—God's own servants—may be the subject of doubt and fear and apprehension as to their varied course and its issues; but God Himself is not the subject of doubt, nor does His own precious word bespeak any uncertainty in the matter. *Faithfulness* must of necessity be followed by *fruit*. *Truth* must triumph. Labour shall have its reward. The seed-sowing shall, as God is true, be succeeded by harvest. But, as the husbandman in nature sows in *hope*, so must the husbandman in grace. Inasmuch, therefore, as singleness of eye to God's glory, and a scriptural, unflinching regard for His truth, have been most eminently the promptings of the beloved Diocesan of Carlisle, we believe that fruit will, in an equally marked and gracious way, be found to follow.

Having taken a retrospect of the history of the Church within the last few years, the Bishop remarks—

"Such is, my Reverend Brethren, a brief survey of those special events which have, during the past three years, acquired for our Church a painful notoriety amongst the nations of Christendom. No marvel that many of her sons should have become impatient of their ecclesiastical status, and should be seeking, each in the way most congenial to his natural temperament, an escape from the pregnant perplexity in which he finds himself involved.

"Some would quit the Church altogether. But whither shall they go? Shall it be to Rome? Has she 'the words of eternal life'? Can we believe and be sure that with her is 'that Christ the Son of the living God'?—Rome that three centuries ago, in the Canons and Decrees of Trent, crystallized all the floating errors of centuries, and bound them as a millstone about her neck?—Rome that has more recently, in the dogma of the immaculate conception, by implication conferred on the human mother, *de fide*, that superiority over the divine Son which had, *de facto*, in her churches, her pictures, and the homage of her people, so long been rendered? Shall it be to Dissent? God forbid that we should ignore the good, which some who follow not with us, have done in our own land and in supply of our own lack of service; God forbid that we should ignore all that they have done and are doing amongst the heathen. But shall a man be safe in the ranks of non-conformity from the leavening rationalism? Is all dissent orthodox? Most certainly not. Unregenerate human natures, unsanctified human intellects, are not confined to the Clergy and the Church. And wherever they are to be found, there—as contemporaneous history full surely proves—will the heresy of the day, whatever that heresy be, meet with patrons and disciples."

The truth of the foregoing is unquestionable, and to this may be added, that, if the Episcopal Church were to be deprived of her *status* in England to-morrow, some one or other sect (even setting aside Romanism) would seek for supremacy. Whatever other men may say, we contend, and ever have done so, that England's Church (with all her acknowledged imperfections) is England's bulwark; and we say of her Church as of England herself, "With all thy faults I love thee still."

"And this leads me," says the Bishop, "in conclusion, yet once again 'to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance.'"

"There is one pathway, my reverend and dear brethren, in which we are all pledged to walk, a pathway it is in which we cannot by any possibility miscarry, the ancient, the well-trodden, pathway of a diligent, a fearless, maintenance, both in life and doctrine, of those fundamental verities which have been called in question. 'Yea hath God said?' . . . 'Ye shall not surely die'—such was, of old, the destroyer's twofold insinuation of doubt to our parents in the garden of Eden—such is, now, the same destroyer's twofold insinuation of doubt, to us their children upon whom the ends of the world are come. Let our whole ministerial walk and conver-

sation be a living protest against his blasphemy, a living testimony that we do verily and indeed believe that God hath spoken;—that we do verily and indeed believe that all out of Christ, shall die eternally.

"Let it, I say, be clearly seen that we do believe that God hath spoken to us in that blessed book which is called 'the Bible.'

"In sixty-six separate documents—at one period in Hebrew, at another in Chaldee, and at a third in Greek—in history, in type, in psalm, in proverb, in prophecy, in gospel, in epistle, hath God the Holy Ghost, in divers ages and countries and by divers men, caused to be written a revelation of the mind of the Tri-Une Jehovah, for the full and sufficient instruction of the Church of every generation till the end of time. Further, that Tri-Une Jehovah hath Himself, by a never-failing providence, watched over the integrity of these Holy Scriptures, and transmitted them to us in a state of textual completeness, more than sufficient for the supply of all our need. Shall not all the loyal subjects of His kingdom read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the sacred volume? Have not we, the ministers of His word, solemnly sworn so to do? 'Will you,' we were asked at our ordination, 'be diligent in prayers, and in reading of the Holy Scriptures, and in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same, laying aside the study of the world and the flesh?' 'I will endeavour myself so to do, the Lord being my helper'—was our rejoinder then—what is our practice now?

"But a true faith in the plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, will not suffer us to rest satisfied either with the critical, or with the devotional, study of the sacred volume. Far from it. 'We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.' We must ever, in our preaching, make Him known to our people in all Scriptural fulness, proportion, and simplicity, who is the One universal subject of their testimony.

"Yes assuredly we shall proclaim, in all Scriptural fulness, the glory of Jesus' person, the dignity of Jesus' offices, the completeness of Jesus' work.

"Did I name the glory of His person? He is man, tempted once in all points like as we are, yet without sin: He is also God over all, blessed for ever. Take your stand, Brethren, firmly upon the truth of the essential Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ; build up your people carefully on it. 'And let no conduct, no companionship of yours, lead them in the least to doubt the sincerity of your protestations. There is, I can assure you, a close affinity between the Arian and the Socinian, on the one hand, and the teachers, on the other, whose pernicious ways we denounce to-day. Both deny the total fall of man—both, of necessary consequence, deny his need of an atoning Saviour—both proceed, the one openly and the other covertly, to controvert the divinity of Him who for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary. Shall we indignantly repudiate the offender within our pale, and yet hold fellowship with him who denies the Son beyond our bounds? God forbid! 'If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed. For he that biddeth him God speed, is partaker of his evil deeds.'

"Did I speak of the dignity of Christ's offices, of the completeness of His work? He is the Prophet, the Priest, the King of His Church: in each capacity He has high prerogatives, in each He performs excellent service.

"He is the Prophet like unto Moses, raised up unto us from amongst our brethren. As such hath He given us His word: as such doth He give us His Spirit. And thus, though now absent in the flesh, doth He yet open to us in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself. Yea and He makes our hearts burn within us as He reveals to us the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of a love which passeth knowledge. Let us direct our flocks to the same Teacher! Let it not, even for a moment, seem as though we claimed their allegiance for any other instructor. Neither doctor nor philosopher, neither tradition nor reason, may usurp His place. 'The Master saith'—'I have received of the Lord Jesus that which I also delivered unto you'—such, and such supremely, should be the authority for our every statement. Moses and Elias were with Him in the Mount. Excellent was the subject of their discourse,—the Exodus which He should accomplish in Jerusalem. But even they must altogether disappear, in order that Jesus may be seen alone, and the voice come forth which said, "This is my beloved Son! hear Him!" After this, shall any other authority intrude between Him and our flocks?

"Again, He is the Priest after the order of Melchizedec, who needed not often to offer the same sacrifices which can never take away sin—for He hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And now hath He passed into the heavens, not with the blood of bulls and goats but with his own blood, and there He ever liveth, by His irresistible intercession to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him.

"My Reverend Brethren, let us vindicate for Him the exclusive honour of so gracious a Priesthood, so efficacious a Sacrifice. Let us, I say, vindicate for Him that honour! Let not the enemy prevail in his soul-destroying endeavour to substitute His birth for His death, His incarnation for His atonement. The soul-destroying endeavour, I say;—for His incarnation and His birth were but preparatory steps, necessary to fit Him for that great sacrificial work which He accomplished, once for all, on Calvary. It is to Him lifted up there that the sinner who would be saved must look. To direct that sinner's eye to the manger of Bethlehem, or to any stage of His earthly pilgrimage short of that, is to direct it to that in which he cannot, shall not, find life,—for without shedding of blood is no remission."

We pray the reader, in these last solemn truth-pervverting days, well to consider this most sacred, incontrovertible, indispensable doctrine of the atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let reason and all the sophistries of proud and deeply-degenerated man fall before such glorious sin-subduing, hell-vanquishing truth.

"And then (proceeds the Bishop) let the Lord Jesus have the exclusive honour of such a Priesthood. True, He hath made all His people kings and priests unto God and His Father. Their joyful work is ever to offer up to God—not only with their lips, but also with their lives—the spiritual sacrifices of thanksgiving and praise. But no priests who can offer propitiatory sacrifice, are now to be found under the canopy of heaven. Any who claim that prerogative are *vain pretenders, daring usurpers*. From such vain pretence, from such daring usurpation, Good Lord deliver us!

"Once more, He is the King to whom hath been given a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. And now He uses His royal might in giving repentance unto Israel and remission of sins. Tell your people, Brethren, to plead with Him for these inestimable gifts of His kingly bounty. Bid them remind Him that He hath, by baptism, admitted them into His kingdom, and conferred upon them all the privileges of His outward and visible Church. Bid them draw from these gifts a plea, and ask for more—even for the matchless boon of the quickening, sanctifying, sealing Spirit of promise. Then, as subjects loyal and true, shall they be enabled, nay, constrained to serve their Prince in newness of life, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, and living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of their great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. For ye may not shun further to declare that there is a great assize near at hand, when the dead, small and great, shall stand before Him, when the books shall be opened,—the book of Revelation, and the book of conscience, and the book of remembrance,—and the dead shall be judged out of the things written in the books. Ye must not, I say, shun to declare these things—and I say so advisedly; for I cannot but think that the judgment to come is not as frequent or as prominent a subject in our discourses as it was in those of the Apostles. Study the fourteen Sermons of which we have epitomes in the Acts, and then say whether or not I am right."

With respect to faithfulness and fearlessness in preaching, the Bishop says:—

"But to return—these things, my Reverend Brethren, must be declared, and that in Scriptural proportion and in Scriptural simplicity.

"They must be made known in Scriptural proportion! There may be no keeping back any thing that is profitable, no shunning to declare all the counsel of God. And yet all things, and every thing, must be so told, as to give to none less, to none more, than the space which it occupies in the book of God. For example, let us make mention, for the comfort and edification of the believer, of the sovereign, the ancient, the unquenchable love of God for His people, His chosen; and yet let us not so tell of it, as for one single moment, to keep out of sight the willingness of the Father to

receive every one that cometh unto Him by His Son, and the certainty that every one who so cometh shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life.

"And these things must be made known in all Scriptural simplicity! All pains indeed should be taken in the preparation of our discourses; for we may not offer to our God of that which costs us nothing. Illustrations, suitable to the circumstances of them that hear us, should be drawn from every quarter. But our doctrine should be derived from one source alone. And, in propounding it, neither the taunts of the press, nor the solicitations of ambition, should induce us to be mere reasoners or mere rhetoricians; we have a great work to do, and we may not condescend to arts like these. For indeed 'conscience may be soothed by many a flattering word, intellect may be exercised by many a subtle speculation, imagination may revel in many a pleasant phantasy; yea, and the affections may be roused by many a pathetic appeal, in a heart to which not one single word of eternal life has found a saving entrance!'"

What a solemn consideration is this, and yet how true! What ground of satisfaction was that reflection of the apostle in regard to *his* preaching—"Not as pleasing men, but God, who trieth our hearts." Oh, how vast and how all-important is the distinction! Not preaching to *please*, but to *profit*—not seeking merely to *gratify*, but to be instrumental in the Lord the Spirit's hand of bringing *grace* to the hearers.

"No! (says the Bishop) let us speak 'the things of God' 'not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth,' 'comparing spiritual things with spiritual,' 'not handling the word of God deceitfully, but, by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God; then shall the Lord the Spirit work with us and confirm the word with signs following, for it is of such a word, and such a word only, that He hath said 'it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.'"

"And how, my Reverend Brethren, can we speak otherwise than thus, if we do indeed believe, on the one hand, that all out of Christ, shall die eternally; and, on the other, that it is by the preaching of this Gospel that Jehovah is ordinarily pleased to bring sinners of mankind into vital union with His dear Son?"

"And this carries me onward (adds the Bishop) to the one remaining topic of solemn exhortation.

"'The wages of sin is death.' 'Sin,' is any, the least, transgression of that law which saith, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind,' and, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'Death,' signifieth not only spiritual death in this life, and the severance of soul and body at the end of this life, but also that 'indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish,' originally 'prepared for the devil and his angels,' of which 'the damnation of hell,' 'hell-fire,' 'the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone,' 'the worm that dieth not,' the fire that never shall be quenched,' 'everlasting punishment,'—that is, punishment lasting ever—are the Scriptural exponents. Every one out of Christ—that is, every one unrenewed by His Spirit, every one unwashed in His blood, every one unmantled in His righteousness,—shall, 'without doubt' thus 'perish everlastingly.' Then surely are we bound, as in a question of life and death, clearly to ascertain, and accurately to state, what are the signs, what the criteria, of that oneness with Christ which is the result, not merely of the ligaments and ties of sacraments and profession, but also of the indwelling of His life-giving, incorporating Spirit. Nay more, it behoveth us to do more than state them. It is our duty, tenderly indeed, but faithfully also and fearlessly, to press home to the consciences of our hearers, collectively and individually, publicly and from house to house, the solemn question, whether those marks, those criteria, of being in Christ are manifest in them?"

"Beloved Brethren, I use great plainness of speech. I desire to be as faithful with your souls as I would have you to be with the souls of others. For indeed I cannot conceive of a conduct more cruelly treacherous, of a punishment more awfully miserable, than of the man—be he Bishop, Presbyter, or Deacon—who, in these matters, speaks smooth things and prophecies deceits.

"I do not now refer to these, if such there be, who have so far forgotten that the vows of God are upon them, as to join in the ignorant cry of the men of this genera-

tion, and to denounce any who are anxious about their own souls, and the souls of their flocks, by terms of reproach in which the world delights. Inconsistency, flagrant as this, almost works its own cure.

"But I do long to impress upon every serious and earnest mind amongst you, the imperative duty of giving their fullest possible force to words like these;—'Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven'—'If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold all things are become new'—'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God'—'That which is born of the Spirit is spirit'—'The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'

"Nor let a distinction be made between the new birth of the Spirit and the conversion of the heart. That distinction has, I would say it lovingly but fearlessly, no foundation save in the wants of a 'theological convenience.' And then, is it not practically reserved for extreme cases? And yet has the gate ceased to be strait? Is the way no longer narrow which leadeth to life?

"O that such would consider well how perilous the position in which they stand themselves, in which they place others. The wood, the hay, the stubble which they have builded upon the one foundation shall be burned. And even if they escape themselves, they shall suffer loss; they shall be saved, yet so as by fire. But may they not also perish themselves? And then how fearful shall be the aggravation of their woe! To discover that the new creation was something real, that they had not themselves been the subjects of it, and are therefore lost for ever; and during that "for ever" to hear the reproaches of them who once were of their flocks, and who shall tax them with having withheld the words which might have saved their souls, nay more, with having, when, being alarmed, they anxiously inquired what they should do to be saved, lulled them to sleep, the sleep of death again!

"Nor, Brethren, can I conceive of any labour more joyful here, of any reward more glorious hereafter, than of the man, the minister, who,—not content with entertaining the fancy, feeding the intellect, working upon the affections, courting the good will of his flock,—gives himself, through evil report and good report, to rousing their consciences and saving their souls. True it is that he shall endure hardness when thus acquitting himself as a good soldier of Jesus Christ:—true it is that there are times when he shall prove his apostolic descent by being 'made as the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things:'—yet shall his joy be great, as Jehovah, 'casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ,' 'always causeth him to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by Him in every place;' for his labour shall not be in vain, and much people shall be added to the Lord here, who shall be their pastor's joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of Christ, for then *Φανερωθήντος τοῦ ἀρχιποίμενος, κομιεῖσθε τὸν ἀμπαράντινον τῆς δόξης στίφανον*—'when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.'"

We can scarcely conceive of anything more solemn, and yet at the same time more encouraging in certain aspects of the case, than the terms in which his Lordship has thus summed up his most masterly, emphatic, scriptural Charge. It commends itself to the judgment, whilst it appeals to the conscience.

The City Diary and Almanack. London: W. H. Collingridge, "City Press," 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street.

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